Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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A FORLORN CONTINENT

BY THE EDITOR

As we cast our eyes across the water in search of signs of peace, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that Germany made a grievous blunder when she elected Von Hindenburg President. After having waited five years for opportunity to demonstrate her reconcilability to reason, she selected with true Prussian precision the very moment when France was appearing most perverse to prove herself incorrigible. It seemed incredible, so late as a week before the election, that she would do so and it is difficult even now to realize that she did. But the result stands. Germany deliberately and decisively, though by a relatively small margin, set the clock backward when she might have set it forward, vastly more to her own advantage than to that of all other European countries combined.

Personally, General von Hindenburg, of course, possesses no importance other than that of a symbol. He has not and, to his credit be it said, he has never assumed to have attributes of statesmanship. He is proud and has a certain, though limited, right to be proud that he is a good soldier and a true patriot. That he was loyal to his royal master is not to his discredit; quite the contrary, all fair-minded persons must agree. But, at the age of seventy-seven, he must be inevitably out of touch, and out of sympathy with the spirit which impelled the creation of a republic from the ashes of the most imperialistic state on earth.

The exultation at his election manifested by the former Kaiser

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and the ridiculous Crown Prince may undoubtedly be disregarded, but the baneful influence of Ludendorf and Von Tirpitz, who induced the old man to become a candidate, remains to be reckoned with. It is all very well to say that his actual authority is strictly limited by the constitution and that his power is practically negligible as compared with that of a President of the United States, but the simple fact of his election by the German people surely endows him with a moral dominance which, skilfully exercised, can hardly fail to prevail in the breaking and making of governments. Although chosen primarily as an emblem or allusive figure, therefore, Von Hindenburg becomes a factor of extraordinary power and subject to inscrutable control.

The retention of the old Cabinet headed by Chancellor Luther, probably the most liberal-minded of German statesmen, is reassuring, no doubt, but the concessions promptly made to the resuscitated spirit of the old order by the Chancellor himself are both significant and disquieting. His sharp demand, for example, following his conference with Von Hindenburg, that complete evacuation of the Rhine valley by French and British troops be held an essential preliminary of any peace negotiations whatsoever strikes a new and peremptory note, which is not only obviously impolitic in itself, but can hardly fail to prevent the consummation of the very purpose most ardently desired.

"Reaction within, caution without," authoritatively acclaimed "the policy of the Hindenburg-Luther government," indicates retrogression to a dictatorial attitude which not only revives unpleasing recollections of the past but bodes ill for the future.

Nevertheless, in fairness to the Chancellor, his precise statement should be given.

> During more than three and a half months, [said Dr. Luther], we have waited vainly for a substantial justification of non-evacuation. This justification, though constantly announced to us in the Allied notes, has not yet reached us. The German Government has untiringly repeated in public statements and diplomatic communications that it is absolutely out of the question that reprisals be imposed upon a nation because of a partial non-fulfillment of a treaty while, at the same time, that same nation is deprived of the possibility of explaining itself and of the possibility for objective discussion. We must definitely expect that the Allied Governments no longer will delay in putting an end to this state of affairs.

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Needless to remark, that is very sharp talk, much sharper than the diplomatic Chancellor would have essayed a month ago. The admission of "partial non-fulfillment of a treaty" is surprising, but contextually is hardly more than amusing and rather stupid.

Regarding the security compact, Chancellor Luther said:

> In her disarmed state Germany also is justified in demanding security. It is all the more to the interest of Germany to seek protection through treaties against future attacks, since she desires to wage no war, and, as any expert will agree, she is unable to wage war. Our attitude in this matter is so clear and distinct that there cannot be any doubt regarding our aims. It goes without saying that the stand taken by the German Government remains unchanged.

Now, oddly enough, while hesitating to admit that any alleged fact emanating from Berlin "goes without saying," we believe that this is a true statement. Germany does not "want war" any more than we or anybody else wants war. Nor, in our humble opinion, is she any better prepared and that, so far at least as we are concerned, in the phrase of a high municipal lady of our native land to a visiting queen, is "speaking a mouthful". But we are so fully convinced of the accuracy of our judgment that we cannot refrain from expressing the belief that, if the German people were to vote now, in the light of consequences that have ensued, they would not queer themselves so disastrously in what Mr. Thomas Jefferson pronounced "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind".

Why did they do it? Why did they set the clock back to night-like, instead of forward, to daylight saving? Any number of speculations have been advanced, but they are so familiar that they need hardly be recited. The one most interesting to our mind is that the German women, who voted for the first time in large numbers, were impulsed to testify their sense of the necessity of establishing authority in the home no less than in the nation.

If so, the condition is one which strikes at the hearthstones of our own country, for the simple reason that our young people have apparently passed out of the guidance, or at least the control, of their parents—a matter generally recognized as of most serious import to the coming generations of America.

This is not, however, a problem which should be considered

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incidentally in relationship to international affairs. Although vital, it remains and must be held to be purely domestic.

What we have in mind is that, as a consequence of the election, the German Government has decided to repudiate the Dawes-Young Plan presently and is paving the way to cease making reparation payments. This surmise seems to be presaged by Dr. Otto von Shliben, the Finance Minister, who declared promptly that the country faced a budget deficit this year of at least 250,000,000 gold marks and that, in 1926, "will come reparation payments of 495,000,000 gold marks, which in 1927 will rise to 675,000,000, in 1928 to 1,230,000,000 and in 1929 and thereafter to 1,540,000,000 gold marks."

> Even under the most favorable circumstances, [he continued], we must count on beginning 1926 with a deficit which it will be hardly possible to cover. Whether it will be possible in 1926 to obtain long-term loans sufficient to cover the least extraordinary expenditures is extremely questionable.

This means, of course, loans from America, and that undoubtedly was the intent of the statement. "Reich Threatens to Default on 1926 Reparations," is the headline of the newspaper dispatches from Berlin, and it seems to be fully warranted.

There is the usual camouflage, of course; we had enough of it years ago to become accustomed to it, and yet we forget so easily. Among our recent visitors to New York, was Mr. Herman Guttman, director of the Dresden bank and "a leading financial figure in Germany," who said pleasantly to the reporters who questioned him when he sailed:

> Regardless of whatever political turn there may be in Germany, relations between American and German bankers will remain the same as they have been with the inauguration of the Dawes Plan. I was highly gratified in being a guest of the New York bankers last Monday, and was pleased to note the calm and undisturbed manner in which they interpreted the election of Von Hindenburg as in no way changing the complexion of international affairs.

All of which was naturally most gratifying to the bankers who had entertained him. As it happened, on the same day, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, an honest and keenly observant American of socialistic tendencies, arrived and spoke also to the reporters.

> Conditions in Europe, [he said], are extremely serious. The election of

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Field Marshal von Hindenburg to the Presidency of Germany will, in my opinion, upset all of Europe. There will be no republican form of government in Germany now. His election means a return of a monarchistic form of government. I do not mean by that the return of the Kaiser, but I do feel that the form of government as of Ebert is ended. All Europe is in the shadow of another war and the election of Von Hindenburg is the most colossal disaster since the war. The United States is not getting the truth of conditions in Europe. All talk of universal disarmament will now come to naught.

Mr. Russell, we suspect, spoke the truth in substance. Although we are unable to perceive imminence of war while there continues to be no wherewithal to make it, we do comprehend the "colossal disaster" to which he refers and recall only too vividly the impressive declaration of the sober-minded Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain at Birmingham on April 6, to this effect:

Fear broods over Europe, the fear of war breaking out again, not to-day, not to-morrow, not, as I think, in my time; but unless we can alter the outlook, relieve these fears, and give security in the international sphere, it is brought home to me with every day that I pass at my work that Europe is moving uneasily, slowly, it may be, but certainly to a new catastrophe.

Happily we of America are still in a position of detachment, thanks to our prudence in avoiding political and moral entanglements through the League of Nations, to regard European affairs philosophically. We are at peace with the world; we wish all peoples well; we cherish no resentments. But holding, as we do hold unquestionably at the present juncture, certain peculiar responsibilities to mankind, we clearly should take exceptional care not to be deceived by others or by ourselves.

We may as well, therefore, take cognizance of the indisputable deduction from the German election that for some years to come Europe must continue to exist in a state of armed peace. All idyls of pastoral goodwill and universal trustfulness have faded into mist. Germany is defiant; France has warrant for suspicion and apprehension; Italy, Poland and the Balkan states shiver from nervousness and dread; Great Britain, unstrung by the certainty that her young men would refuse to take up arms for any cause other than actual defense of their island, is virtually helpless; and the United States, like Japan, can only look on.

We wonder whether, if ever before, in time of peace, the plight of Europe was more forlorn than it is today?

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AN ANNIVERSARY

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"I WILL give you," he said, "a subject for an essay: What is the ratio of the progress of civilization?"

It was Whitelaw Reid who spoke, as we were walking about his rose garden at Ophir Farm one afternoon, a quarter of a century ago. We had been discussing the achievements of the nineteenth century, then closing, and he had put forward the proposition that it had been more fruitful of great inventions and discoveries than all the preceding centuries of recorded time. I was inclined to dispute that, whereupon for half an hour we engaged in a matching competition, with the result that he was able to present a Roland for every Oliver of mine, with several to spare. If, then, he asked, that latest century was equal, in achievements, to the sum of all its predecessors, what rule of progress should we formulate? And so he gave me the essay topic which I have cited; but upon which, in a quarter of a century, I have not yet written.

It would indeed puzzle one to determine what had been the ratio of progress during the one hundred and ten years of the publication of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as indicated by the contents of its two hundred and twenty volumes—though that there is or could be a better standard by which to estimate that progress, I shall not concede. Indeed, as I review these opulent tomes, the strongest impression produced is that of the course having come full circle, placing us today for all the world just where we were at the beginning.

Where in the history of the globe is there a more striking analogy than that between 1815 and 1925? Politically, we were then, as now, at the close of the greatest war the world had known, and confronting a new map of much of the civilized world and a new organization of the nations; with the Holy Alliance seeking to dominate the world almost precisely as the League of Nations is

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today. We had ourselves just emerged from a war which, as our adversary in it confessed, had made us formidable; as we have now emerged from one which has made us for the first time the great creditor nation of the world. And because of those wars there was formed in that very year of 1815 the first peace society, to be a foretype of the various pacifist organizations of the present time. Industrially, we were then at the beginning of a new era marked with the factory system, superseding the cottage industry; precisely as now we are newly entered into the order of vast combinations of capital and plants. Commercially, we were experimenting with the steamboat and were about to develop the railroad; against which achievements I may place the motor vehicle and the air craft of today. In religious matters it is not amiss to compare the then widening breach between Unitarians and Trinitarians with today's controversy between Modernists and Fundamentalists.

If we regard the state of the world of letters, the analogy is no less suggestive. Then, as it is now, literature was in a transition stage. The intellectual splendor of the time of Queen Anne and the first Georges had passed into history, and the glory of the Victorian age and its analogue in America had not yet dawned; precisely as now that glory has vanished and its successor is still behind the veil of the future.

I might recall, too, that when this REVIEW was born, Decatur was fighting those Barbary States which are still among the troublers of the world; that legal authorization was just being secured for the construction of that Erie Canal which, after its unrivalled career of usefulness, some are even now seeking legal authorization to abandon and destroy; that the first cotton mills had not yet been built in Massachusetts, while now those establishments after a hundred years of prosperity are being menaced by rivals in the South; that not a city was yet lighted by gas, while today scarcely one is dependent upon that now antiquated system; that Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation* had not yet been heard in America, though today they are only occasionally tolerated as venerable relics; that Bryant's *Thanatopsis* had not been written, but Lydia Huntley Sigourney's *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse* held the centre of the *belles lettres* stage; and that

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Dietrich Knickerbocker's *History of New York* was still among the best selling novelties in the book trade.

It was at such a time that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW came into being, with the field of important periodical literature almost to itself. There had been numerous reviews and magazines in the eighteenth century, but nearly all had vanished, with some in the early years of the nineteenth century. There was an *American Review of History and Politics* which lasted only from 1811 to 1813. *The General Repository and Review* began and ended in the one year 1812. Joseph Dennie's *Portfolio* was opened in 1802 and closed forever in 1827; and *Niles's Weekly Register*, that mine of wealth to the historian, endured from 1811 to 1848. Most pretentious of all was *The Analectic Magazine*, of Irving, Paulding, and Wilson the ornithologist, from 1813 to 1830. N. P. Willis's *Mirror* did not appear until 1823; Charles Fenno Hoffman's immensely clever *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1833; *Harper's* in 1850, and the first incomparable *Putnam's Monthly* in 1853.

In Scotland, Jeffrey, Brougham and Sidney Smith had founded *The Edinburgh Review* in 1802; though Smith withheld his sneering demand "Who reads an American book?" until after THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had been started, so that Alexander H. Everett had an opportunity to make an effective reply to him in its pages. In London, too, Gifford and Lockhart had begun *The Quarterly Review* in 1809. But these were the only such periodicals existing in 1815. Jeremy Bentham's disciples did not start *The Westminster Review* until 1824, while *The Fortnightly*, *The Contemporary*, *The Nineteenth Century* and all the rest belong to much later dates. Even Blackwood's venerable *Maga* did not appear until 1817, *Chambers's Journal* in 1832, and *The Cornhill Magazine*, which has the air of being one of the oldest of them all, in 1860. *The Spectator* dates from 1828, and *The Saturday Review* from 1855. *Sharp's Magazine* may have antedated this REVIEW; but despite its brilliancy it perished and is so forgotten that I think even *The Encyclopædia Britannica* fails to mention it; though the persistent disciples of Joanna Southcott, who have just been reviving interest in her prophecies and seals, should cherish its memory. Finally, I may recall that

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in France the great *Revue des deux mondes* was founded by Ségur-Dupeyron in 1829, and reëstablished by François Buloz in 1831.

I have recalled all these dates, at risk of dulness, to make clear the title of this REVIEW to the deanship of periodical literature in America. But let us regard briefly the outstanding achievements of human progress, at whatever ratio, which have marked these eleven decades, and concerning which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may truly say

quæque ipse . . . . . vidi
et quorum pars magna fui.

How well entitled it is to make that latter boast may be realized when we remember that from the first it has concerned itself with the whole range of substantial human interests. In that respect it has always differed radically from *The London Quarterly Review* and other periodicals which literally justified their name by printing absolutely nothing on any subject save reviews of books, new and old. As I write there lies before me an old volume of *The Quarterly*, taken at random from my library shelves. The first article, of more than a dozen pages, is on *Labourers' Homes*, and it is a review of no fewer than twenty-three separate books, tabulated at its beginning, and covering a period of nineteen years in their dates of publication. Another, of twenty-three pages, is on *Fox-Hunting*, reviewing two books; and a third, on *Deaconesses*, deals with eight books, one of which was no less than a hundred and eighty-two years old. William Tudor, Jr., and his successors assuredly never thought of making THE NORTH AMERICAN a Review of that character. It has, indeed, always made authoritative reviews of important current books a leading feature, but it has also given much space to similarly authoritative treatment of other topics, outside of printed volumes—in diplomacy and politics, in civics and sociology, in science and invention, in travel and exploration, in music and drama and art. To paraphrase *Heautontimoroumenos*, it has ever been a humane Review, and it has reckoned nothing that concerned humanity alien to it.

And transcendent beyond all temperate expression have been the matters with which it has dealt during what we must

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unhesitatingly reckon—according to my friend's proposition—the most eventful century of human annals. It would be a vain and inadequate thing to say merely that in the span of this REVIEW's existence this nation has increased its population at the average rate of a million a year, though that is a tremendous fact. But within that same span the world has seen the origin and development of electrical science, including the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the electric motor, Roentgen rays, and the ineffable marvels of radiography. It has seen the rise of modern analytic and synthetic chemistry, including the incomparable blessing of anæsthesia in surgery; and of biology and bacteriology, with the concomitant conquest of disease through antisepsis and serum therapy. This era has comprised the development of evolutionary philosophy and cosmogony; and of Egyptian, Assyrian and Mayan archæology. It has seen the blank spaces on the world's map filled up, in both the Equatorial and the Polar zones; and the stupendous expanses of the stellar universe explored to an extent and to an effect as far beyond the visions of Galileo as his visions were beyond the superstitions of his persecutors. It has seen the steamship developed further beyond Fulton's *Clermont* than the latter was beyond Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*. It has seen the entire history of the railroad, from that quaint little "Puffing Billy" locomotive which has just been shipped hither as a curiosity and which was built in its completed form in the very year of this REVIEW's birth. Of course the modern submarine, the automobile and the various types of air craft all belong to the later years of that era. Nor must we forget the entire science of photography, with its many ramifications in science and art; the phonograph, with its power of preserving in perpetuity the actual tones of men's voices; and the revolutionizing of almost every department and detail of "the art preservative of arts".

Yet there is more. Let us think for a moment of the creation and development of our entire system of public instruction; of the transformation in character of hospitals, asylums and penal institutions; of the advance made from the time—since this REVIEW was founded—when in the United States it was lawful for a man to flog his wife, provided he used a stick no thicker than

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his thickest finger, and flogged her no harder nor longer than it was customary to flog a dog or a horse! Think of the reforms wrought through the prevention of cruelty to children, and to animals. Practically the whole of social science has been invented within these hundred and ten years.

Or if we turn to another phase of progress, there were the mewing of America's mighty youth, and its Monrovian defiance to the reactionary oppression of the Old World; the extension of our territorial domain to continent-spanning and then to globe-encircling proportions; the half century's strife of a nation divided against itself, half slave and half free, ended with a colossal Civil War, and then followed by an era of expansion and development such as had not been dreamed of before; our world-commanding leadership in the substitution of law for force and of arbitration or adjudication for war in international affairs; and the noble fulfilment of the ideal of the Father of His Country, that we should administer to the needs of other nations without implicating ourselves in their disputes or wars. Nor yet shall we incur the reproach of Randolph of Roanoke, that

> Beyond Virginia's border-line
> His patriotism perished,

by limiting the interest of this REVIEW to our own country and its direct relations. Named NORTH AMERICAN, it has never failed to realize that North America is an integral continent of the world, and that nothing, even to the antipodes, is beyond the legitimate compass of our regard. Therefore in its pages throughout two hundred and twenty volumes, the wars, the achievements, and all the forward marchings of all the nations, have found a sympathetic record, inspired by the impartial rule,

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

I am not, however, writing a history of the world, but merely attempting to suggest how that history has been set down and interpreted in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, by a company of chroniclers and commentators concerning whom—*ex pede Herculem:* Edward Everett writing on the Senatorial duel between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne; or William Ewart

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Gladstone writing on *Kin Beyond Sea;* or Ralph Waldo Emerson contributing his immortal essay on *Character.* No fugitive periodical literature, that, but "words graven with an iron pen and lead in a rock forever". I have said that book reviews have always been a conspicuous feature of these pages. In the second number, a hundred and ten years ago, Scott's *The Lord of the Isles* was thus introduced to the American public, and in the next number his *Guy Mannering* was elaborately reviewed. In a later volume, by striking contrast, appeared the first critical consideration of Webster's *Dictionary of the English Language*—one of the most vigorously discussed and debated books of the time, as well as one of the "best sellers". Later still, John Lothrop Motley reviewed the *Comédie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac, and James Russell Lowell reviewed Disraeli's *Tancred.*

Neither am I compiling a *Who Was Who in Letters.* Yet names the most illustrious in two worlds throng to the gates of memory like homing doves. France has her Forty Immortals; but what a Forty could be recruited from the roll of THE NORTH AMERICAN'S contributors!

Henry Adams; Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; George Bancroft; James Bryce; William Cullen Bryant; Caleb Cushing; George Ticknor Curtis; George William Curtis; Lord Curzon; Richard Henry Dana; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Alexander H. Everett; Edward Everett; John Fiske; William Ewart Gladstone; E. L. Godkin; Asa Gray; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Samuel G. Howe; William Dean Howells; Thomas Hughes; Robert G. Ingersoll; Washington Irving; Henry Cabot Lodge; Henry W. Longfellow; James Russell Lowell; A. T. Mahan; Cardinal Manning; John Lothrop Motley; Simon Newcomb; Charles Eliot Norton; Laurence Oliphant; John G. Palfrey; A. P. Peabody; William H. Prescott; Goldwin Smith; Harriet Beecher Stowe; Charles Sumner; George Ticknor; Francis Wayland; Daniel Webster; E. P. Whipple.

There! I have written forty-two names, and I do not know which two to omit, to reduce the list to the Immortal number. It would be easier to add thirty-eight more, and thus make a duplicate Academy. For these are all named from contributors now dead and gone, and they are only a few. I doubt not that

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many of my readers will be able to match each of them with another equally worthy. And for prudential reasons of the most obvious kind I have refrained from mentioning a single living contributor, though they are scarcely less numerous and no less distinguished than the dead.

I shall not pretend that this last decade has been equal to the sum of the ten which were before it. But I do make these propositions: That these last ten years have seen both in the domestic affairs of this country and in the general international affairs of the world, as momentous issues as any that were in the hundred years before; that these have been in them as great triumphs of scientific invention and discovery; and that the contents of this REVIEW have been as opulent and as authoritative as ever before in all that former century.

So then I come back to the theme propounded in the rose garden: What is the ratio of the progress of civilization? And I find myself answering it, in what I may perhaps be permitted to call an essay at the essay which was then demanded of me, but which I have neglected for all these twenty-five years. It is not Arithmetical Progression, but something—at times—far more expeditious. It is not Geometrical Progression, for it is not uniform. No; it is a ratio of progress that is constant in an infinite variety, never twice alike yet always the same, at once superficial and esoteric; moving simultaneously in length, in breadth, in thickness, and in that other direction which all have felt and yet which not even Pythagoras or Euclid could divine or define—the Progression of the Fourth Dimension.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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FIVE YEARS OF PROHIBITION AND ITS RESULTS

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *marks its One Hundred and Tenth Anniversary with what it believes to be a public service second in value to no other in all its career. This is the presentation of a National Symposium of authoritative surveys and opinions of the Five Years of National Prohibition which have just been completed, their results, and the need, if any, of further administrative, legislative or judicial action upon the subject.*

It has been the aim of the Editors to fulfil the ancient motto of this REVIEW *by giving to both sides of this highly controversial matter equal representation, in space and in the authority of the contributors. In the present issue appear articles on all important phases of the subject from representative writers on the side of those who regard National Prohibition as an error, an injustice and a failure. In the succeeding issue will appear corresponding articles from the contrary side, of those who regard National Prohibition as wise, just and successful.*

The present writers will be recognized by all as eminently appropriate and authentic exponents of the subjects in hand. The second group of writers, in the September number of this REVIEW, *will receive equal recognition, and will comprise the following:*

WAYNE B. WHEELER, *General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League.*

JAMES J. BRITT, *Head of the Legal Division of the Prohibition Bureau, Washington.*

GIFFORD PINCHOT, *Governor of Pennsylvania.*

R. J. HOPKINS, *Judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas.*

R. H. SCOTT, *of the Reo Motor Company, Lansing, Mich.*

JOHN J. COOPER, *Representative in Congress and Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.*

MRS. CORNELIA J. CANNON, *Essayist and Publicist, Cambridge, Mass.*

Dr. HOWARD J. KELLY, *of Johns Hopkins University.*

The Rev. WALTER A. MORGAN, *Chairman of the Law Enforcement Commission of the Congregational Churches of the United States.*

Professor THOMAS N. CARVER, *of Harvard University.*

HORACE D. TAFT, *Head Master of The Taft School, Watertown, Conn.*

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HAVE WE PROHIBITION OR ONLY PROHIBITION LAWS?

BY WILLIAM H. STAYTON
National Vice President, Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

A FEW Americans recently became enthusiastic over the discovery of "Prohibition laws", which they considered new, but which had, in fact, been plaguing the world for ages. Since Eden, man has not been perfect. His time has been largely spent in making restrictive laws; and then in flouting them. All of us know that terrible evils flow from the abuse of alcohol; all wish to lessen those evils; all believe that in *some* way it can be done.

But how?

And this question brings us to the age-long controversy as to whether—in dealing with vices, as opposed to crimes—we more effectively reach the hearts and minds of men by persuasion or by force and punishment. The United States has adopted the latter method in an effort to banish intoxicating beverages from our country and our lives. How far are we succeeding? How does the quantity of intoxicants now used compare with the pre-Volstead quantity? Though a specific answer dealing with gallons or barrels is difficult, there is much available evidence, both direct and circumstantial, justifying a verdict. We have evidence, first, as to the making of intoxicants in this country; second, as to the smuggling of foreign beverages; and third, as to the consequences, the actual consumption, as to drunkenness.

First, as to the production of intoxicating beverages in the United States.

(a) Great quantities of raw alcohol are made, under governmental supervision, for industrial uses. The Prohibition Enforcement Unit has officially estimated that about six million gallons of this (which would make sixty million "quart" bottles of whiskey) are diverted to illegal beverage purposes. Perhaps the diverted amount is more than six million gallons. The

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quantity of industrial alcohol allocated to the making of "barbers' specialties" was about one million gallons in 1914 and is now 7,756,764. Why the increase?

(b) Admittedly, large quantities of pre-Volstead whiskey stored in Government warehouses are being surreptitiously withdrawn for illegal sale. Some of the principal Federal enforcement officials in Ohio are under indictment, charged with conspiracy thus to empty the Hayner distillery. The Hon. T. Henry Walnut, ex-Assistant United States Attorney, referring to the stock of old whiskey, says:

> It was stolen in small quantities and in truckloads. It was passed out on forged permits and on permits fraudulently issued. . . . I have seen four (fraudulent) permits issued at one time releasing ten thousand cases. . . . The permits so issued by the Pennsylvania office in a period of 60 days, called for seven hundred thousand gallons of whiskey and alcohol. The corruption fund arising from these papers must have run close to four million dollars.

Much warehouse whiskey is distributed on forged prescriptions. The Federal Prohibition Director in New York, Mr. Canfield, is quoted as having recently estimated that five hundred thousand of such forged prescriptions were afloat in New York.

(c) Where there are active distilleries, there will be strong drink. Where there are more distilleries, there will be more drink. When the Prohibition laws went into effect, there were 34 distilleries in the United States employing 1,380 men (See *Anti-Saloon Year Book*, 1925, page 13). Since then the Federal Government alone had seized 40,675 distilleries up to June, 1924. Probably the States, forty-five of which have enforcement laws of their own, have seized as many more. These figures do not include mere stills, which are separately discussed. By a "distillery", the Government means a place where an illegal alcoholic beverage is commercially made for sale. Doubtless, many of these seized distilleries were smaller than those of former days; but surely 40,675 of them operated by 81,350 men (two to each distillery) would make a greater quantity than would the 34 operated by 1,380 workers.

(d). But beside these distilleries there are stills, and auxiliary hootch-making devices. The Enforcement Unit itself reports that in 1921 it seized 10,991 stills; that it has seized an even

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greater number each succeeding year, and that the total seized by it in four years has been fifty-one thousand eight hundred thirty-eight (51,838). It is doubtful if more than one still in ten has been seized. But how much hootch will 51,838 stills make?

Then there are "worms" and "fermenters". Of the former, 31,108 are officially reported as having been seized in the last four years, along with 400,775 fermenters. If we assume that two men can run a distillery and one a still, and if we omit the 431,885 worms and fermenters entirely, then those employed on the seized apparatus have numbered 133,188 as against only 1,380 employed in the industry when it was legal.

(e) One may well ask what evidence there is as to the volume of output of illicit liquors manufactured. The Government can give statistics for only that part which is seized and reported. As to the remainder, it knows nothing. The seizures from the date when the Volstead Act went into effect up to June 30, 1924, less than four and a half years, aggregate 44,584,879 gallons. The output seems to be steadily increasing, as the quantities seized have become larger every year. Thus, in the first half year the quantity captured was only 153,735 gallons; the next full year it rose to 5,805,295 gallons, and last year reached 15, 786,570 gallons. These figures include wine, beer, etc.

An analysis of the Government's figures enables us to calculate with a fair degree of accuracy the yearly output of hard liquor (alcohol) or "distilled spirits." Obviously the illicit distilleries do not keep their product on hand to age it. They dispose of it as fast as they make it. Rarely is there more than one or two day's product on hand. But let us assume that the amount captured represents one week's product from each distillery. Then the annual output of the 1924 captures equals the huge quantity of 173,965,272 gallons of 100 proof whiskey, or considerably more than the total quantity consumed in the United States in any pre-Volstead year.

These figures represent, as before, seizures by Federal officers. In view of the fact that in those forty-five States having enforcement acts the number of police officers charged with the duty of seizing liquor is more than one hundred and twenty times the

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total number of Federal Prohibition agents, it seems conservative to estimate that the State seizures are as great as the Federal captures. But in the figures used in this article we exclude State seizures.

Second, as to the quantity smuggled into the United States.

Let us first consider the operations of the "Rum Fleet" along the Atlantic Coast. On Good Friday of this year, Coast Guard officials announced that fifty ships were counted at anchor in rum row. The Attorney-General reports that the authorities last year listed 332 vessels engaged in this trade, 307 of which fly the British flag.

How much liquor do they bring in?

The ordinary freighter running between our Atlantic Coast and Europe will make six voyages a year. To be ultra-conservative, let us assume that these rum ships make only two voyages a year. A vessel big enough to engage in this trade and stand its boisterous weather will carry at least 500 tons of net liquor on each voyage, or 1,000 tons a year. The press agent reports given out when a vessel is seized, generally mention much larger quantities and deal lightly with million dollar cargoes.

A thousand tons of liquor means roughly 250,000 gallons for each ship a year. Three hundred ships would bring in 75,000,000 gallons annually, or very nearly the quantity of hard liquor the Nation consumed before Volsteadism.

The additional quantities coming over the Canadian and Mexican borders must be considerable. It was announced by the British authorities in April of this year, that the whiskey exports to the West Indies and Canada now amount to fifty per cent. of the exports to all countries.

Third, to summarize the evidence as to hard liquors.

Confining our consideration to beverages 100 per cent. proof, the foregoing evidence points to an annual consumption (in gallons) as follows:

Stolen from Industrial Alcohol allotments	12,000,000
Output of Illicit Distilleries	173,965,272
Smuggled	75,000,000
Aggregate	260,965,272

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That is, the annual consumption of hard liquor is twice as great as before the Volstead era.

Fourth, as to drunkenness.

Hard liquor tends to produce drunkenness. If we now consume more hard liquor than before, we may expect more arrests for drunkenness. On the other hand, if the Prohibition laws have actually prohibited, if we consume less hard liquor than formerly, the arrests should fall off.

What are the facts?

To avoid diatribes as to the fallacies of statistics, let us take those figures, and only those figures, given by the Anti-Saloon League in its *Year Books*. The League selects its own statistical territory. For that territory, it gave the complete figures up to 1922 inclusive. Then it seemed to become discouraged. The year 1920 was part pre-Volstead and part post-Volstead, and so cannot helpfully be included in analyses. For the year 1919, the last entire pre-Volstead year, the arrests for intoxication in the League's chosen territory were 178,519. In 1921, the first entire Volstead year, the intoxication arrests in the same territory had already risen to 202,038. The next year they reached 275,573, or more than fifty per cent. above the pre-Volstead figures.

This chosen territory of the League's had, at the 1920 census, a population of 20,468,330, or something less than one-fifth of our total population. If we multiply the League's figures by five, so as to make them applicable to the entire country, we have this result:

APPROXIMATE ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS

1919, last pre-Volstead year	892,595
1921, first Volstead year	1,010,190
1922, second " "	1,377,865

This enormous increase in drunkenness in so short a time is high corroborative evidence of the increased consumption of hard liquor. The League maintains the theory that crimes of all sorts are largely due to drunkenness, and consequently increase as intoxication increases. So, the *Year Book* gives for the chosen statistical territory the "arrests for all causes". If, as before, we multiply the figures by five, so as to have them cover the entire United States we have this result:

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ARRESTS FOR ALL CAUSES

1919, the last pre-Volstead year	4,600,860
1921, the first Volstead year	5,557,310
1922, the second " "	6,339,260

These figures of the Anti-Saloon League are supported by official figures, Federal, State and Municipal, and establish the fact that (1) arrests for intoxication and (2) arrests for all causes have greatly increased since the passage of the National Prohibition law.

To what are such increases due?

We believe them to be due to the greater consumption of hard liquor hereinbefore shown to exist. But if contrary to the prima facie proofs advanced, less hard liquor is now consumed, then it follows that when we have less liquor we have more crime, and the Prohibition hypothesis is worse off than before.

WILLIAM H. STAYTON.

PROHIBITION AND RESPECT FOR LAW

BY HENRY SAMUEL PRIEST

Former United States District Judge

THE question which will remain paramount in the United States until it is decided in accordance with the American principles of our supreme law is that of the relations of the Eighteenth Amendment and all acts intended to enforce it to the Constitution of the United States, to the American system of government, State and Federal, to the inherent, natural rights of every American, and finally to our peace, prosperity and progress. When Salmon P. Chase was making his way to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, it was through a definition of principle. It justified him when it was said he was opposing the Constitution as defined by the Supreme Court. We may get the definition in exact terms from Chase himself, from Theodore Parker, from William H. Seward,

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or from any one of a hundred others who by virtue of it emerged from obscurity into immortality during the nineteenth century and the eighteenth. It is simply that supreme law must be supremely reasonable, and hence cannot contradict itself.

In a speech in Boston in 1850, Parker defined the "American idea . . . a Democracy, that is a government of all people, for all the people, by all the people." As this reappears, paraphrased in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, Parker's conclusion from it had been accepted by Seward and Chase; that on any issue, when the supreme reason of the Constitution was contradicted by any clause in it, loyalty to the Constitution demanded, not passive obedience to orders, rulings and decisions, but appeal for rehearing to all the people as the sole supreme judges of the supreme reason of law.

If this is not a sound conclusion, how else are we to have a lawful and reasonable government by all the people?

As the appeal to all the people is now in progress, they are to decide for or against reason as the first principle of supreme law, and of enforcement for law in America.

It is said that after a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States already given, there is nothing left except passive obedience. This claim contradicts every precedent of American history and every principle of American law. It is so wholly unreasonable that its acceptance would make forever impossible a government "of all the people, for all the people, by all the people" as the final arbiters of the supreme reason, which they accept as the supreme law of their self control and self government. From their servants, the appeal lies to them. They will decide whether or not the Eighteenth Amendment denies them self control and self government. In so far as this is found to be its purpose, it opposes the whole Constitution as a guarantee of their right of self government, and under all precedents of American history, they may be expected to decide that it is a violation of right and reason.

The issues for debate are of American principle: the principles of local self government for the progress of a vast country under varying conditions; of personal reason and conscience, the right of dissent and the right to differ; of civil and religious liberty and

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personal initiative, and finally of minimizing compulsion as a government method, that we may have the greatest possible prosperity through the freest possible coöperation of all the people, in every part of the country with every other.

Government without principle is anarchy, and it increases anarchy through the multiplication of its statutes. This lack of principle was fully illustrated in the enactment of the Prohibition Amendment during the war period. We may pass over the question of fact—the question of whether the Amendment could have been forced except by the support of a militant oligarchy, say of less than a thousand men, greatly enriched by extraordinary profits on the war. In any event, such an enactment at such a time was as unprincipled as it was ungenerous, since war is practically a suspension of all principles of civil government.

These being outstanding facts of history, they help to explain an obtrusive fact of existing conditions. An increasing number of Americans who submit to the compulsion of the law, will take no part whatever in enforcing such compulsions against others. They add to self control, the self government which the purpose of the compulsion is to deny them and to force them to take part in denying others.

These sentiments are not begotten of a love for drunkenness, but of a love of liberty. This feeling of inhospitality to the law has been keenly sensed by its promoters. To sustain them they have discovered a new dogma as old and despised as that of sumptuary legislation. It is the doctrine of "passive obedience". Whatever is the law, it must be obeyed and revered. It is the old Tory postulate of the divine right and impeccability of kings and lawmakers. Our fathers mutinied against the laws of England of which they were subjects. Washington in precept and example led the fight. Daniel Webster said:

> The Fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. . . . It was against the recital of an Act of Parliament rather than against any suffering under its enactions that they took arms. They went to war against a preamble; they fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water in a contest in opposition to an assertion which the less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as a barren phraseology or mere parade of words.

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The sponsors of this dogma of absolutism forget the strenuous incidents in our history when it was directly challenged. They forget the Alien and Sedition Laws, the Embargo Act, the Fugitive Slave Law and the Enforcement Acts. We still hear the voice of Wendell Phillips ring out the sentence, "The best use of good laws is to teach us how to trample bad laws under our feet." The doctrine of passive obedience is a bruised and maimed heretic in a land of dignified freemen. We are free to criticise and intelligent enough to debate the wisdom of any law, and if faulty by the measure of reason, to repeal it or let it pass into oblivion.

In our long years of expansion and prosperity we have forgotten the principles of government by reason of which we have grown great. The currents and cross currents of propaganda and belief that our Government is a convenient power to be used in the ordinary social relations, is a conception abhorrent to the political philosopher. Illuminated by the experience of the past, the brutality and oppression of governments of divers forms, and the struggles of mankind for relief from oppression, the sages of our country planted its foundation upon axiomatic and just natural principles. They said: "All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that amongst these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men. . . . That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it."

The function of government thus rightly conceived and lucidly stated has to do only with natural rights, so as to preserve them. It has nothing to do with moral, religious or speculative abstractions. It has to prevent one from invading the rights of another and to give redress for any such transgressions. When this is done and the government provides a mechanism and means for self sustenance, it has discharged all of its rightful and just functions.

The invasion of any one of these natural rights constitutes a crime, and so appeals to the intuition of every person. These are crimes *malum in se*, that is, inherently and essentially evil. There is another class of crimes in the nature of necessary governmental regulations that are not inherently immoral, called

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conventional crimes, or *malum prohibitum*, such as tax laws and those that have to do with procedure. No law is justly bottomed that disregards the infraction of one's natural rights and does not concern his public duty. Such a law is an edict that neither deserves nor has the respect of intelligent and liberty-loving people.

It is the lack of clear perception of the function of government that is responsible for the horde of regulations that oppress our nation. We have hundreds of thousands of laws that should have no place upon the statute books and that come to be disregarded as a matter of course and merely stimulate a disregard of all law of whatever character. The Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing Act are a conspicuous type of such frivolous enactments. They are of a purely sumptuary character. They enforce no duty and protect no rights. They are wholly legislative. The Constitutional provision announces no fundamental principle of government. It is an effort to regulate the morals of the country; to make that immoral and criminal which is neither immoral nor criminal *per se*. The evil consists in the excessive use of intoxicants, not in their moderate use. It is a substitution of the force that makes for slavery instead of an appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the individual. When the law fails to discriminate in its sanctions, it sets an example of want of discrimination in the people. Men do not draw a clear line of demarcation between what the law prohibits and those acts that are evil in themselves, and hence the evasion of the law becomes a study of strategy to escape detection. If a thoughtless person observes one selling or buying intoxicants in disregard of law, he argues with an uninformed mind that there is no wrong in violating the law against theft or robbery if he can escape detection. The causes of crime are a profound subject for the exposition of criminologists. Some attribute it to a lack of education or compulsory education; some to economic conditions; some to class distinctions in wealth; some to the miseries of poverty; and others to the facilities for escaping detection and punishment. The most fruitful cause in the past has been the thoughtless enactment of laws like these that bear no intrinsic value either in the political or moral world.

This increase of unprincipled enactment, directed against the

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rights of person, inevitably reacts against rights of property. "Give every man his due" was long ago defined as the "rule of reason" in all enactment. But with it we have its limitation: "So use your own as not to injure another's." When wealth accumulated beyond all bounds of reason is used politically to abrogate personal rights, we have what John Ruskin defined as the rule of the "bag-baron" superseding the "crag-baron" in Europe. In America, during the same period, President Cleveland called it "the commune of capital", as dangerous to lawful government as the commune of poverty.

Against the threat of unreason from above or below, we may confidently look for safety to the principles of American constitutional government—to government for all the people, regardless of all insanities, whether of unprincipled wealth or crude fanaticism. Seldom if ever in the history of any people has the worst threat of demoralization come from the bottom. Historically the worst disaster from unreason has come originally from those who feel entitled to dominate in virtue of their own feeling of superiority. It is reasonable in those who are most acutely attacked by this feeling, whether they imagine it a right of superior means, virtue or intellect, to check it in themselves as it always threatens them with its logic of reaction. When they do so, we shall have no difficulty in reaching a satisfactory and peaceable decision of every vital question of American principle, including this, which is certainly vital.

HENRY SAMUEL PRIEST.

THE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION UPON CRIME

BY GEORGE GORDON BATTLE

IT is rare that statistics throw much light upon a controversial subject. In the first place, the statistics bearing upon any disputed question of fact always become themselves a matter for discussion and controversy. And even if it is possible in such case (and it is not often possible) to establish or agree upon

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authentic and correct figures, then inferences from these statistics furnish a new subject for debate. This is particularly true in the hot struggle that is waged around the vexed question of Prohibition. No advocate of Prohibition will admit for a moment that any statistics which seem to throw discredit upon his favorite legislation, can be by any possibility authentic. By the same token the opponents of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act will always protest against any figures which would seem to indicate that the effect of these measures has been beneficial. And even if the drys and the wets could agree upon any body of statistics as being correct, it is certain that they would still violently disagree as to the conclusions and inferences which might properly be drawn from this material.

Furthermore, our national Prohibition legislation has not yet been in effect for a length of time sufficient to permit the accumulation of an adequate volume of statistics to justify any general conclusions. In the years immediately following the enactment of the Volstead Law, and, indeed, up to the present time, the whole system of Prohibition has been and is in a preliminary and tentative stage of growth and evolution. The Nation has not yet become used to the idea of general and complete Prohibition. Consequently, the years during which this system has been in force do not constitute a normal period; and any statistics based on these years would not justify the establishment of any permanent rule or proposition. It is necessary, therefore, in my opinion, in considering the relation between Prohibition and crime to disregard for the most part all the so-called statistics bearing on the subject; and to study only the general conditions which underlie the whole situation. Following these lines, we can attempt to determine in what respect Prohibition has added to and in what particulars it has subtracted from the previous volume of crime.

In the first place, Prohibition has undoubtedly added to the crimes of our country a large and formidable category of offenses either directly or indirectly caused or occasioned by the enactment and enforcement of the Prohibition measures. The Volstead Act denounces almost every violation of its provisions as a crime. Indeed, there is a specific enactment in Section 29 of the

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statute to the effect that any person who violates any of the provisions of the act for which offense a special penalty is not prescribed is guilty of a crime. Under this Federal statute, therefore, and under the laws which in many of the States have been passed in aid of the Federal legislation, there have come into existence a vast number of statutory crimes hitherto unknown to the law. Throughout the country, our Federal courts, and in many instances our State courts, are clogged by these prosecutions. It will be recalled that in the State of New York, when the Mullan-Gage Act was in effect, our State courts were filled with these cases; and the United States District Courts are still largely engrossed in the prosecution of these offenses. It is an offense to possess intoxicating liquor, to transport it, to sell it, to give it away, and indeed, to deal with it in any way. It is interesting to note that within this catalogue of new crimes, intoxication, that ancient offense of which mankind has been guilty since the days of Noah, does not find a place. A citizen of West Virginia was called before a grand jury upon an investigation to determine whether the Volstead Act had been violated, and in the course of his testimony denied that he had been intoxicated during the period between January 16, 1920, and August 30, 1921. For this statement he was subsequently indicted and convicted of perjury. On appeal to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, the Court admitted that the defendant had been intoxicated during that period, saying delicately: "It may be conceded that the testimony warranted the jury in finding this denial untruthful." But the conviction was reversed upon the ground that "intoxication is not an offense under the Prohibition Act or any other law of the United States" (*Clayton vs. United States;* 284 Fed. Rep. 537–41). Inasmuch as intoxication is not a Federal crime, the defendant's testimony that he had not been intoxicated although untruthful was not material and therefore could not be the subject of perjury. And so, although the intoxication that follows the violation of the prohibited act is not in itself a criminal offense, nevertheless the possession of the liquor which is the means of intoxication, its sale or transportation, its gift, and almost any other act in connection with the prohibited beverage, is a crime. And in addition to these offenses which relate to the manufacture, to

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the sale, to the transportation, to the possession, to the importation, and the exportation of intoxicating liquors, there are innumerable regulations as to the keeping of records by those who manufacture and deal in intoxicating liquors for medicinal or sacramental or other legal purposes. Almost every violation of these procedural rules is a separate crime. The bootlegger and the rum-runner have become conspicuous figures in our national life. The assistance of the chancelleries and of the legislatures of foreign nations as well as of our own have been called into requisition to enforce this legislation. Treaties have been enacted, statutes have been passed, departmental regulations innumerable have been promulgated, all to the end that traffic in intoxicating liquors should cease.

But even more important than the acts proclaimed as crimes by this legislation are the incidental offenses which have sprung into being in connection with the efforts to enforce and to evade the law. Perjury and corruption are common in the courts where it is sought to enforce these statutes. Too often the suborner, the jury-fixer and the corruptionist find a fertile field for their activities in these tribunals. Recently a United States Commissioner of wide experience in the enforcement of the Volstead Act in New York City resigned his office and stated in his letter of resignation that when he entered upon his official duties he found the Federal court house the cleanest building in the city and that at the time of his resignation it was the foulest. Undoubtedly, this presents one of the most serious aspects of this subject. No one can deny that the attempt to enforce these laws has brought widespread corruption into the ranks of the Federal service. Hitherto there had been little or no corruption in this service. For example, the Post Office inspectors, who constantly prosecute the gigantic frauds that seek to use our mails, have been, and indeed they still are, men of the most undoubted integrity and beyond any suspicion of wrongdoing, although constantly subjected to very great temptation. And in the great majority of the branches of the Federal service the same condition existed. However, the widespread venality that has permeated the Prohibition service must sooner or later affect the other governmental departments. Corruption is like a cancer

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that constantly grows and spreads. Up to the present time the appointments in the Prohibition branch have been political spoils, with the result that many of the appointees have been of the most unworthy character. It would afford a great measure of relief if most of these appointments were placed under the Civil Service rules. Then, in addition to the crimes which are created by the law itself and those which have arisen incidentally in the enforcement of the law, there has been probably an increase in the use of narcotics, and therefore a greater volume of crime in connection with that unlawful traffic. While it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to tell with any degree of definiteness how far the narcotic crimes have been increased in number by Prohibition, it is reasonable to believe that many confirmed drunkards will turn to the use of drugs when they find liquor too difficult or too expensive for them to procure.

It must be conceded therefore by even the most ardent Prohibitionist that with the enactment and enforcement of these laws there has come a very great increase in the number of crimes. Has there been a corresponding or a proportionate decrease in the number of other crimes? It is probably impossible to prove with any reasonable certainty what has been the diminution of crime due to Prohibition. It has in my opinion undoubtedly diminished the number of petty crimes of disorder. There are by no means so many cases in which the culprit is charged with being drunk and disorderly. The barroom brawls and fights, so often ending in the police courts, are far less in number. These offenses, of course, are not of the first importance. There is, however, another category of crimes over which I believe Prohibition must have had a decided effect. The great weight of the evidence seems to show that Prohibition has decreased poverty, that it has improved the financial condition of the poor. In that class of crimes, therefore, such as larceny and fraud, which are so largely instigated by poverty, I am convinced that the influence of Prohibition must have been to diminish the number of such offenses. Then, too, in so far as Prohibition has reduced drunkenness it must have promoted peace and order. Consequently, in addition to the reduction in number of the minor crimes of disorder, to which reference has been made, undoubtedly Prohibition so far as

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it has diminished intoxication has proved a benefit in the cause of public order. The removal of the corner saloons in the cities and of the cross roads bar rooms in the country, so frequently centers of vice and crime, has undoubtedly been for the good of public morality and has tended greatly to reduce the amount of crime. It may be argued that the resorts of the bootleggers are sources of evil influence, and doubtless they are: but they do not compare in number with the saloons and bar rooms that formerly infested our cities and our countrysides. Few even of those most bitterly opposed to Prohibition contend for the return of the saloon. Almost every one admits that it was a great evil from which Prohibition has most fortunately relieved us.

From these considerations it is apparent that there has been a very real, positive and substantial increase in crime because of the enactment of these sumptuary laws. On the other hand, without doubt there has been a great diminution of crime through the beneficial results of the same laws. As to this decrease of crime, however, it is impossible to ascertain the facts so definitely as in the case of the offenses occasioned by the prohibitory statutes. And there is the general betterment of conditions due to less drunkenness, which undoubtedly exists wherever the Prohibition laws have been effective, and to the extent of such effectiveness. These elements are necessarily vague and impossible of exact ascertainment. The most, therefore, that can be said is that Prohibition has certainly added many crimes to our already overcrowded calendar. On the other hand, it has subtracted many offenses, but the amount of this latter tendency is very difficult of ascertainment.

In considering the general question, there are two thoughts which should be borne always in mind. In the first place, as indicated above, we are passing through a period of probation so far as the effect of these laws are concerned. We are in a state of trial and uncertainty. In many of the States, notably in Kansas, the Prohibition statutes were evaded and violated for some years, but eventually became fairly effective. There is little doubt that in this country, with the passage of time, our people will become accustomed to these laws, will grow less restive under their operation, and will be more obedient to their mandates. In the second

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place, there is now a very large class of men who have been addicted to steady drinking habits. These men feel bitterly the deprivation which the Prohibition laws have brought upon them. They resent this interference. The later generation will not have formed these habits except in a few instances. Consequently, they will not feel so keen an indignation at the operation of the laws as the generation which preceded it. This will be a decided factor in favor of the effectiveness of these measures.

Much has been said and written concerning the general contempt of law which will follow from the disregard of the Prohibition statutes. My own view on this subject has changed of late. I believe that the Prohibition laws are regarded as in a class by themselves. Very few of our people feel any obligation to observe these laws. But I do not observe that this habitual violation of the Prohibition statutes carries with it any general contempt of law. I believe that the great majority of men and women pay no attention to these statutes; but are as obedient as formerly to other laws. And in conclusion, I repeat that the most dangerous feature of the present situation is to my mind the official corruption which now forms such a scandal in the enforcement of these laws. If steps can be taken to cleanse the service of this evil, in my opinion, the principal menace of Prohibition will cease to threaten us.

As to the general policy and wisdom of these laws, I have expressed no opinion. It is an immense and a doubtful subject. There are very substantial arguments and considerations on either side of the question. There can be, however, no doubt that it is the duty of every good citizen to observe these laws, and so far as possible, to give them a fair opportunity. If after a reasonable trial for a number of years the enforcement of this governmental policy continues to produce lawlessness and corruption, then the people may well consider whether there should not be at least a modification of the rigor of the present system.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

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PROHIBITION AGAINST HUMAN NATURE

BY HENRY BOURNE JOY

It would be startling perhaps to many of our good but blind American citizens to advocate the cause of temperance and common sense in America, where alcoholic beverages are prohibited. Yet that is just the object of this article.

When Mr. Lloyd George spent some time in this country a few months ago he was asked what he thought of Prohibition. He replied that he had never been in a country where Prohibition existed. Mr. Lloyd George did not mean to say that America did not have adequate laws and hundreds of thousands of police and Prohibition officers to make our beloved country bone dry. He simply inferred that Prohibition did not exist as a practical fact.

In the recent hearing before the committee of Congress in which elaborate statements by the leading Prohibition enforcement officers and some of the leading Prohibitionists proved that their work was effective, that this country was practically bone dry and that they were earning their money, the tendency was to leave the impression upon those studying the details of that hearing that Prohibition was effective, that crime had decreased by half or thereabouts, that the jails were being closed and actually being sold—and it was so stated.

On the other hand, the average intelligent American citizen who goes about his business at home and abroad with his eyes open and his intelligence doing business, is confronted constantly with a contrary picture, that America's remarkable murder list continues its high rate per thousand of population, and that the various major crimes adhere well to their average level of years past per thousand of population.

We seem to be confronted with the cold fact that those presenting the Prohibition enforcement side of the case present their side of the argument and their supporting facts for that argument as they see the picture, but the other side of the picture, the actual, practical side of Prohibition as it affects all the people, is not presented at all. This is but a natural condition. None of us like to speak out and incur the attacks of fanatical

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zealots pressing for an impractical bone dry Prohibition condition. It is but natural that people should desire to take the easiest course and attend to their own affairs. However to very many who voted for Prohibition, as I did, it appears that America must open its eyes and recognize that human nature cannot be changed by legal enactment.

The great vast bulk of the people of America are not bone dry Prohibitionists; neither are they rabid wets and drunks and sots; the great average mass of the people of the United States, it seems but fair to assume, are people favoring the best interests of the greatest number of people in America, regardless of the views of extremists at either end. Temperance is a cause that all the people in America, except the extremists, are cordially in favor of.

Very many people who were righteously enraged at the conditions existing in the old saloon days, after trying to curb those evil liquor conditions then existing, voted for the Eighteenth Amendment, believing that the practical interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment would be a resulting beneficial temperance to all the people. However, the Prohibition pendulum swung so far at that time, pushed so vigorously by the fanatical zealots, who were supported by common sense people seeking a practical temperance, that the Volstead Act was passed in the great wave of anti-saloon prejudice, making any beverage containing alcohol content contrary to the law.

Then America settled down to a period of seeking to enforce the bone dry law. Even those who felt that it had gone too far said: "Well, let's try it, we may be wrong; let's give Prohibition a fair chance."

Five years have rolled by, and many think that Prohibition has had its chance. Many have come to think and believe that after the most diligent effort for five years by the Government of the United States of America to enforce bone dry Prohibition upon our people, it has totally failed. Vast appropriations have been made by the National Government and by the State Governments to no avail. In Michigan one of the leading State officials recently said that the more money we appropriate and the more people we employ to enforce Prohibition, the more freely is liquor available.

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Wherever we go in this broad land alcoholic beverages are available to those who inquire and seek them. These alcoholic beverages consist chiefly of imported "hard" liquor in the original package, smuggled into the country across our three thousand mile long Canadian border line, across our fifteen hundred mile Mexican border, or landed on our upwards of ten thousand miles of coast line. These alcoholic beverages also consist of every conceivable distilled product made by people in every corner of the country for their own consumption and that of their friends, and also for sale. Light wines and beers are not available at all. The people buy hard liquor in which they can get the most alcohol for the least cost. The conditions among the youth of the country generally, and especially observable in university cities, are severely criticized by some of the leading educators of our country.

The almost countless millions of dollars which have been appropriated and spent in five years to accomplish the enforcement of bone dry Prohibition have failed in that accomplishment. Not only has this country failed, as naturally must be the case, to make itself bone dry at the vast cost of the appropriations for the dry armies and dry navies, but also it has been foregoing during that period a revenue which it might readily have in its national treasury of approximately five hundred millions of dollars *per annum*, excise tax, and an amount of money approximating that sum has been going to the purveyors of alcoholic beverages, whom some people call bootleggers and others call merchant princes.

The bone dry Prohibitionists still zealously advocate more appropriations for larger dry armies and larger dry navies and more laws of still further inquisitorial search and arrest, when not only are our jails and prisons largely full of victims of bad liquor and of those arrested for purveying such liquor, but also are our United States Courts choked with Prohibition cases to so great an extent that normal industrial, commercial and personal important business and litigation of our people is largely at a standstill. Our Courts are consigning to jail to associate with thugs, murderers, burglars and every sort of villain a large number of decent young men who have taken a chance of making easy money by purveying liquor across the borders. Men have always taken such risks for easy money and men always will take such risks for easy

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money. They are not cheating our customs nor defrauding the Government of revenue, because there is no duty on the goods imported. They take the risk for the easy money. Again human nature prevails.

Have the American people lost their balance wheel of common sense so that they can no longer understand human nature? We might as well legislate against the natural functions of existence as to seek to continue on our present path towards a complete disrespect for our laws and for the natural rights of a free people.

It was once stated that this country could not survive half slave and half free. It is perfectly safe to state today that this country cannot survive with half of its people trying to put the other half of its population in the penitentiaries of our country for following the natural dictates of human instincts.

There must be some leaders big enough and brave enough to stand out and save this country from the disastrous disregard of our Constitution and of our laws, which laws as they pertain to Prohibition and which Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution are absolutely contrary to human nature.

HENRY BOURNE JOY.

THE WORKINGMAN'S VIEW OF PROHIBITION

BY JAMES P. HOLLAND

President of the New York State Federation of Labor

To write an article dealing with the effects of Prohibition from the standpoint of the workingman seems to be quite a futile undertaking. Prohibition has reached the point where it must be dealt with from the standpoint of the American citizen, without particular regard to any class of our citizenry.

The workingman, as an American citizen, still clings to the idea that the American theory of government, even if not perfect, is yet by far the best ever devised by the sons of man. The workingman still holds that the American people are capable of self government, not only politically, but also individually and morally.

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The workingman needs no sumptuary laws for his political or moral salvation. He holds that sumptuary laws of any kind have no place in the American theory of government.

And further, the workingman is aware that sumptuary laws—such as the Prohibition Amendment—are generally enacted for *his* particular benefit, and to help *him* to lead a "moral" life, to *protect* him from this, that and the other thing. He resents this patriarchial attitude of the lessees of all goodness and morality, such as the Anti-Saloon League, and demands the liberty to shape his own standards of life, now and hereafter. He rejects the inferiority complex which is foisted upon him by "benevolent" employers with the aid of professional reformers.

If there is any one body especially competent to define the general attitude of the workingman towards Prohibition, then it is the conventions of the American Federation of Labor. Beginning with the convention at Atlantic City, the American Federation of Labor has gone on record as opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment, and advocating the modification of the Volstead Law. The Executive Council and the President of the American Federation of Labor have been instructed to work in this direction. Representation has been made to the President of the United States and to the Congress for relief from the drastic provisions of the Amendment and the Volstead Law.

No normal-minded man will seriously deny the curse and evil of intemperance—not only in drinking, but in many other habits. The virtue of temperance in all things needs no particular elucidation. But five years of National Prohibition give us the proof that the ideal of temperance cannot be achieved through coercion, assumption, fanaticism or governmental tyranny. In fact, through all phases of its development, from Local Option to Nation-wide Prohibition, it has proved an absolute and dismal failure. In no case have such laws ever gained voluntary obedience, and never has it been possible to enforce obedience.

The Prohibition Amendment is an unreasonable and unnatural law. There is no use at all in discussing the question, whether or not it can be enforced. It cannot. Obedience to any and all laws is not at all such a great virtue as some people try to make believe. In fact, all that is good in governmental theory and

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practice throughout the world is due to disobedience of unreasonable, unnatural and consequently tyrannic laws. The Fathers of our own Republic, who made the original Constitution, knew that sumptuary laws are against Nature. That is the reason why they kept the power to make such laws out of the original Constitution by an overwhelming vote.

Being against the laws of Nature, the maintenance of the Prohibition Amendment and its enforcement act, the Volstead Law, is a physical impossibility. Force creates force. The more force you use against another, resisting force, the more resisting force you create. You create very little steam in the teakettle on the stove with the lid and spout open. But solder both of them tight and soon the explosion will wreck your stove and rock your house.

Just as long as God hangs out the sun and the moon and guides them through the ether, there will be stored in every fruit, in every cereal, in every root, in every flower growing on earth, from the heavenly grape to the humble potato or dandelion, some sunshine and moonshine, in some form or an other. And when the last man walks on the cooling crust of earth, he will use all his wits to get at that stored sunshine in the last fruit growing. Man has done that in all ages and stages of civilization, from Adam and Eve in Paradise up to the present day. The natural appetites of man can be limited and controlled by necessity, by taxation, and by police power; they can be guided by education and advertising; but they cannot be prohibited by legislation.

As an American citizen the workingman has another just as strenuous objection to the Prohibition Amendment. The workingman insists upon remaining a *citizen* of the United States of America, and refuses to become a *subject* of the Government, without his specific consent.

The Prohibition Amendment was not ordained and established by a power competent to do so. The entire constitutional history of the United States from 1776 to 1917, the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution itself, and the Bill of Rights, absolutely deny the assumption that the State Legislatures can constitutionally ratify any amendment to the American Constitution, if such an amendment interferes in the slightest degree

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with the rights and powers of the people and infringes upon the guaranteed liberties of the individual citizen.

This fact was well known to the Constitution makers, and this knowledge was the means of obtaining the ratification of the Constitution through the Conventions of the People themselves in the then existing States. The Constitution would have never been adopted by the Convention of any State, if the slightest doubt in that regard had existed.

Article I of the Constitution enumerates the powers granted to the Government over the People themselves. All other powers over the natural rights of the individuals remain with the people, making their will in such matters absolute. This Article I operates on the American People themselves, and no syllable of it can be constitutionally changed, altered, added to or deleted, excepting by the People themselves in conventions assembled.

This power is reserved to the people, all-sufficiently by implication in the Constitution itself, but also expressly by declaration in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments. The exercise of this power is reserved in Article V of the Constitution to the Conventions of the People, assembled in their respective States.

The State Legislatures are by no means "the States". A State Legislature is the agent of the citizens of its State, but it is by no stretch of imagination the agent of the citizens of the United States of America. But, when the Prohibition Amendment was proposed, Congress, driven by greed of power and by the whip of the Anti-Saloon League, forgot all about the natural rights and the exclusive power of the People of America.

The assumption that Article V of the Constitution is a grant of power to the Congress to augment its enumerated powers by simply excluding the Conventions of the People from the ratification of any and all amendments, is simply ludicrous. Even more ridiculous is the other assumption, that Article V is a grant of power to State Legislatures from the People of the United States, who made the Constitution, to act as their agents in ratifying Constitutional Amendments encroaching upon the natural rights of man, and upon the constitutionally guaranteed rights and powers of the American citizen.

The American citizen, not only the "workingman", with his

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proverbial good nature and patience, awaits his day in court. Just as soon as the Prohibition Amendment will be correctly and determinedly challenged before the Supreme Court of the United States as to its constitutionality, it will go out of the Constitution. There is no question in my mind, that the Supreme Court will preserve the rights and powers of the People of the United States, if given a fair chance to do so.

I refrain from surveying what has happened in the United States since the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Law. That is really public history. Denying the possibility of complete Prohibition enforcement, the observer feels that ever since enforcement began, the United States entered a vicious and destructive circle. First enforcement and defiance of enforcement. Then stronger enforcement and stronger defiance. In fact, it seems that defiance always keep a little ahead of the next step in more rigid enforcement. Prohibition enforcement in the United States during the last five years is a practical illustration of Government by force, of the philosophic saying: "It is the curse of an evil deed that it continuously breeds evil!"

JAMES P. HOLLAND.

NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES AND THE VOLSTEAD LAW

BY CHARLES L. DANA, M. D.
Of Cornell University Medical College

WHAT I am writing is neither a plea for, nor an attack upon, Prohibition. I wish only to give my experience with and study of nervous and mental diseases as I found them before and since the Volstead Act. My opportunities in connection with Bellevue Hospital, the Neurological Hospital, and various clinics, have extended over three decades.

Many years ago Dr. George M. Beard, the original describer of "nervous exhaustion," and the first to note the facts of American nervousness, stated that no legislation was advisable or needed, in

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America, for the prohibition of alcohol as a beverage. The temperament of the American race, he said, was an over-sensitive one, and citizens would gradually find that alcohol was not a wise thing for them to use except in a most temperate way; that its use as a beverage would gradually grow less as our civilization progressed. This prophecy had already begun to come true before the Prohibition Amendment. The drinking of alcohol was steadily decreasing, and it is very likely that if the matter had been left alone we would now be using much less alcohol than is actually being consumed for beverage purposes today.

Taking up my special topic, let me call attention to the facts concerning the effect of the Volstead Law upon mental and nervous diseases. A study of the statistics of insanity in New York State, as furnished by the annual volumes of the State Hospital Commission, shows that insanity in this State has not been advantageously affected since the year 1917. If anything, there has been an increase in mental disease since that date. Thus the rate of admission to State hospitals for the insane, from 1909 to 1915, averaged about 475; while in the years 1917 to 1923, it averaged 496. That is, in the first period, the rate of insane to 100,000 population ranged from 65 to 70; and since the time of prohibition it has ranged from 69 to 71.

Much has been said about the decrease in alcoholic insanity as a result of this Volstead Law, and there has no doubt been a decrease. This, however, is not nearly as important as the further fact, which statistics now show, namely, that the serious, organic, and degenerative insanities which are incurable, are increasing in proportion to the total number of the insane. Alcoholic insanity is a relatively mild and minor type of mental disorder, and a large percentage of the cases are curable. Note the fact, however, that one of the constitutional and very serious insanities known as "manic depression" in 1909 and 1910 made up only about 10 per cent. of the total number of the insane: since Prohibition (1921 and 1922), the percentage has risen to 14 and 15 per cent. Another serious form of insanity, chronic and incurable, is known as "dementia præcox." In the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, the percentage of cases of dementia præcox to the total number of insane ranged about 16 per cent. In the year 1921 and

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1922 it had risen to 26 and 29 per cent. In other words, instead of making up about one-eighth of the insanities, as it had before the Volstead Act, it now makes up, in New York State, over one-fourth of all the insanities.

With regard to the nervous diseases themselves, statistics are not available. We know that in a general way a serious nervous disease like epilepsy is just as prevalent as it ever was. The functional conditions known as the "psycho-neuroses," in my experience, have increased to a very great extent. Of course, this was due at first to the War; but the War has been finished for six years. Yet the subject of the psycho-neuroses—which is the technical name for nervous prostration, hysteria, and obsessive mental conditions—is attracting vastly more attention than it has done before. The literature upon these themes has quadrupled in amount over that which was listed before the Volstead Law.

I do not attribute this increase specifically to the absence of alcohol; but I think it is due in part to the irregular and unwise methods in which alcohol is now taken. People of nervous temperament who want alcohol, when they get it, drink too much and drink it too fast. Our experience in the psychiatric wards at Bellevue Hospital shows this to be the case. In former days, if a laboring man were inclined to drink alcohol to excess, he would drink it in moderate amounts at first, and then gradually increase them until at the end of about two weeks he was thoroughly drunk, and had to be taken to the hospital. At the present time, the patients who come into the wards are evidently the victims of short, violent debauches.

On the whole, the evidence rather favors the view that there is a relative increase in the defective and neurotic classes. This fact, if it is such, is quite in accord with the views of Professor Stockard, of Cornell Medical College, to the effect that the use of alcohol favors the elimination of the unfit, and promotes the improvement of the stock; and that elimination of alcohol is injurious to the race. As a matter of fact, the ability on the part of man to use alcohol temperately and wisely is the sign of good stock; the inability to use it even moderately is evidence of a constitutional instability.

The facts regarding admission of patients to the Psychiatric

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Department at Bellevue Hospital are important and interesting as showing the effect of the Volstead Law upon this particular community. All cases of insanity, mental defect, and alcoholism needing hospital care by the city—in Manhattan and the Bronx—are received in this department. I was at one time visiting physician to these wards, and made some studies in alcoholism as the results of my experience. I am now only a consultant, but the Director, Dr. Gregory, has kindly kept me informed of its work. Ten years ago we used to receive about 7,000 cases of alcoholism annually, and 2,000 or 3,000 mental cases. In 1918–1919 the alcoholism fell off to 2,000 or 3,000; but it has now increased to 6,000 or 7,000,—i. e., to about the same number as before the Volstead Act,—while the nervous and mental cases have increased until this department of Bellevue now receives a total of 14,000 cases a year instead of 9,000 in ante-Volstead years.

This increase is not due to increase of population. It may be interpreted as indicating that the Volstead Act does no good in New York, or that it is not enforced here. As a matter of fact, I am assured that the city is full—is literally honeycombed—with places where alcohol is sold as a beverage. The much-advertised "padlocking" gives some notoriety to the padlocking lawyers, but has no real beneficial effect on the community represented by the proletariat. It may even be questioned whether the closing of saloons has not done more harm than good in this city. All experience shows that the methods of State control of the sale of alcohol, such perhaps as exist in Quebec, or Sweden, are infinitely better than the stupid and ineffective Volstead Law. This opinion is not in conflict with the theory of Prohibition. We are solemnly told that "the law ought to be obeyed", and that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to obey it. This kind of Apostolic admonition makes good Sunday editorial; but it carries no conviction. The law forbidding one to play ball on Sunday, or to carry a bottle of wine to a sick friend, makes a very different kind of appeal from that law which forbids one to steal, or assault, or murder. I suppose that all over the country men and women of the finest moral type are breaking the Volstead Law with a feeling of satisfaction rather than reproach; for sumptuary law is not in the class with moral laws.

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As my theme is alcohol in its relation to disease, I may say in conclusion that the majority of physicians regard alcohol medically as a therapeutic necessity. This means that the doctor who prescribes it wisely is a better doctor than the one who does not, and is of greater service to the community. This particular use of alcohol applies especially to those who have reached or passed middle life. "Wine is milk for the aged," said the celebrated author of a treatise on Longevity.

That such views are sustained by physicians of wide experience is shown by an open letter addressed to the Medical Profession of the United States and signed by Dr. Samuel A. Brown, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, Dr. Robert A. Hatcher, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Dr. Harlow Brooks, Dr. George B. Wallace, Dr. Walter B. James, Dr. Warren Coleman, and the present writer. The open letter, published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, June 4, 1921, is as follows:

The purpose of this letter is to bring to the attention of the physicians of the country the significance of recent and pending legislation affecting their liberty in the selection of remedies. While the restrictions of the Volstead Act form the basis of the letter, we wish distinctly to disclaim any intention of initiating among physicians a propaganda for or against Prohibition. In fact, from the present point of view, it is immaterial whether a physician does or does not believe in Prohibition. The point at issue is the right of the physician to select his remedies and to decide what doses of these remedies each patient requires.

The Volstead Act denies this right. While recognizing the medicinal value of alcohol, it says to the physician, "Thou shalt not give more than a pint of whiskey (or brandy) to any patient within ten days." Further than this, recent interviews given by persons interested in promoting similar legislation contain the threat to prohibit altogether the medicinal use of alcohol. While there is difference of opinion among the physicians of the country with respect to the therapeutic value of alcohol, the number of those having faith in it is sufficiently large to receive attention.

The medical restrictions of the Volstead Act constitute an indictment of the integrity of the whole profession, in that it is assumed that many of its members, unless restrained by law will pander for gain to the people's desire for drink.

Under the provisions of the Volstead Act physicians who believe in the therapeutic use of alcohol are debarred from the practice of their profession with respect to patients who, in their opinion, require more than one pint of whiskey (or brandy) within ten days, since the statute states, "Any person

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violating the provisions of any permit . . . or violates any of the provisions of the law shall be fined for the first offense. . . . If a permittee is guilty of willfully violating the law . . . permit will be revoked and will not be reissued to such person within one year thereafter." We have been told, however, at the office of the Prohibition Director in New York City that he (Director) may, in his discretion, permit physicians to continue to treat patients who require alcohol.

Another provision of the Volstead Act reads that "Physicians may not prescribe liquor for their own personal use and pharmacists should refuse to fill any such prescription presented to them." In other words a physician who is ill and needs alcohol is prevented by law from obtaining it unless a fellow practitioner with a permit to prescribe it is near by.

In some sections of the country, especially in rural districts, it is impossible for physicians to prescribe alcohol, though they may have licenses, because local conditions prevent druggists from carrying it in stock.

Further, it should be pointed out that the Volstead Act contains the most drastic legislation affecting the medical profession yet enacted. A physician becomes a criminal by the mere fact of writing a prescription for more than a pint of whiskey for one patient within ten days and so far as the revocation of his permit is concerned is denied his constitutional right of trial by jury. The law states that "After a permit has been revoked by the Commissioner the permittee may have a review of the decision before a court of equity. During the pendency of such action such permit may be temporarily revoked."

The precedent established by the Volstead Act in restricting medical practice should, if physicians value their therapeutic liberty, be met with a protest which will command attention. To-day it is alcohol, to-morrow it may be any remedy which falls under the ban.

We would suggest that the physicians of the country write to their Senators and Representatives in Congress in terms which leave no doubt with respect to their attitude concerning the regulation of therapeutic procedure by statute.

I would like to add, with reference to the foregoing, my opinion that we all are strongly in favor of wise regulation of the use of alcohol.

CHARLES L. DANA.

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THE ENFORCEMENT OF PROHIBITION

BY OSCAR TERRY CROSBY

LET us assume that the power of government is to be exercised in restraining the conduct of individuals when such conduct becomes injurious to others. With such a definition, the police powers of any government might reasonably be directed to a prevention, by various means, of actual intoxication. But the definition would not include the restraint now exercised against the vast majority of the population of the United States in respect to the use of alcoholic beverages. Because a large number of citizens believe that this restraint is one not properly exercised by government, we now are witnessing a very general revolt against the law in question. State Governments had by no means exhausted preventive and punitive measures directed against *drunkenness*, when the whole power of the United States was turned against *drinking*, or rather against the *commercial traffic in intoxicating beverages*.

It is to be remembered that the Eighteenth Amendment does not prohibit the drinking of intoxicating liquors. Why this tenderness on the subject by those who put the Eighteenth Amendment into our Constitution, is not clear. The result is, that the courts will be burdened in interpreting nearly every word of that Amendment. All of the significant words are those usually connected with commercial transactions. They are "manufacture", "transportation", "exportation", "importation", "sale". And the word "intoxicating" must yet be defined. Even the word "beverage" is not innocent. It would have been simpler to prohibit, once for all, the drinking of the intoxicating beverages save under medical or religious direction.

There would be little point in exhibiting the imperfections of the Amendment as it stands, were it not that drinking, which is not prohibited in terms, becomes difficult, though not impossible, under the Congressional interpretation given to the Amendment, and that a vast system of law-breaking is set up in order to do that which, in itself, remains free from legal prohibition.

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There is also a certain exasperation in the minds of those who oppose such sumptuary legislation, because of the peculiarly unwise form in which it appears. A subject concerning which it was thought all men would agree in calling it one of *experimental* legislation, has been placed in our fundamental law, modification of which is extraordinarily difficult under our system. The whole subject-matter is removed as far as possible from the laboratory of political experiment, and placed where Moses endeavored to place the Decalogue.

This statement would be challenged by many, both of wets and drys, who hold that it is competent for Congress to fix, at its discretion, any alcoholic content dividing intoxicating from non-intoxicating beverages, and thus experiment with the very spirit of the Amendment. In support of this position, words of the Supreme Court in the case of *The State of Rhode Island vs. The Attorney General, et al.*, are cited. Yet will any of these hold that the Court meant to declare that Congress could make of our forty per cent. whiskey a legally innocent beverage? Surely if the case were squarely presented to the Court, it would hesitate to decide that Congress could thus effectually repeal a Constitutional provision. Surely the Court will eventually check such juggling with words, and hold that the Eighteenth Amendment prohibits the traffic in beverages that are *in fact intoxicating*. And if this position be reached, it does not seem doubtful that what we commonly call light wines must be held as intoxicants. They have been condemned and celebrated as such throughout the ages. If, therefore, Congress should eventually yield to what is apparently an ever-growing demand for such legislation, the victory thus gained would probably be turned into defeat. That would certainly be the result, if the nine silk robed gentlemen, sitting under the dome of the Capitol, should apply to this case the common rule of giving to statutory language the common meanings of words appearing therein, unless technical definitions are plainly required.

I know many men, who account themselves good citizens, and who declare that, by reason of a supposed practical impossibility of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, they will now hold themselves, in their consciences, as freed from an intemperate, tyran-

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nical, evil-doing legislative act. In this attitude they follow another good citizen, the great Emerson, who, with an emphatic "By God!" declined to recognize moral responsibility for obedience to the Fugitive Slave Laws. These citizens contemplate a practical defiance, general throughout the land, of an enactment which endeavors to make them, in respect to a harmless and pleasurable habit (as they view it), slaves of fanatical law.

The fate of the Fifteenth Amendment is cited by such persons as indicative of the fate which awaits the Eighteenth Amendment. In this prediction they may be right; but if so we are to be involved in a more widespread, more insidious, more insistent, more intimate degradation of the law than has resulted from the experiment established by the Fifteenth Amendment. Those who have set that Amendment at naught, have believed that in no other way could they save vast populations from a tragedy of the first magnitude. They have been able to cover their evasions by forms of law. And the resort to these forms is only occasional. The sense of law-breaking, if it exists, is not felt by them in their daily lives. There is an acceptance of the situation created by these forms, to such extent that probably the vast majority of young men and women growing up in the South do not believe that they are participating in a violation of the Constitution. Those who do so understand the matter, understand also that they are engaged in a sad, a very serious, a possibly tragic drama. And they may cherish the hope that in the future, observance, not evasion, will be found practicable.

Now the fundamental belief upon which the evasions of the Fifteenth Amendment are founded, may be erroneous. I am only now concerned to point out that, in case of the Eighteenth Amendment, its evasions enter into the daily life of people, not in one section only of our country, but throughout its length and breadth; evasions practiced by old and young of both sexes.

These evasions result in the sudden affluence of thousands of men otherwise not competent to earn more than the wages of the unskilled. They familiarize the industrious poor with the discouraging fact that higher rewards are obtainable by illegal bootlegging than by the most assiduous and honest efforts in their various callings.

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Thousands of officials throughout the land are being corrupted because they are undertaking the execution of laws which are not approved by vast numbers of citizens who, in respect to other laws, stand for leading and light. And we can scarcely cherish the hope that, if present laws remain on the statute book, these bad conditions can be bettered.

The lure of the gin cocktail as forbidden fruit seems to have largely increased the number of young people of both sexes who turn to intoxicants in their social gatherings. I am not as pessimistic as many others concerning excessive drunkenness that may result from these habits. The practical objections to drunkenness will be discovered, doubtless, by these young experimenters, even as they were discovered when intoxicants could be legally had. Our strenuous modern lives forbid excess to those who would succeed.

It is probable that the number of those now drinking injuriously is about what it was before Prohibition days. I have asked a great many people at what figures they would place that number, expressed as a percentage. I believe the average of answers to these many inquiries is something like one per cent. There have always been thousands of total abstainers and there have always been many more thousands of moderate drinkers. Presumably the present rigid laws were enacted to prevent one man in a hundred from drinking to such excess as would make of him a nuisance and a danger to others. *It seems safe to say that if Government had exercised but a small fraction of the tyranny now employed for the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating beverages, it could have dealt with the small fraction of drunkards among us with equal success, as far as their elimination is concerned, and without producing the evil results now familiar to us.*

Every man is a potential thief, but we are not prevented from coming in contact with the property of others, we are not arrested or otherwise punished, until we actually have committed the offense of stealing, or are charged under oath with the crime.

May we not ask that as potential drunkards, we shall be similarly treated? May we not claim that it is best for all, that all should be left some freedom, even of doing slight injury to one's self, if we but restrain our propensities to do evil to others? May

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we not ask that our neighbors should not concern themselves with how we spend our money, so long as we do not spend it in ways injurious to them? And when I say "we", let me include all classes of citizens. I, for one, shall take no part in the absurdly snobbish attitude of many people of my acquaintance, who excuse the Eighteenth Amendment in all its tyranny, because it presumably imposes upon the so-called "working classes" particular methods of spending their money. Heaven help us! Let us have done with what may be indeed a sincere form of meddlesome-Mattie activity, but what often seems to be a mere affectation of superiority. I, therefore, am in favor of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, leaving the subsequent treatment of intoxicating beverages to State legislation. My own radical views as to the wisdom of *laissez faire* policies will probably not be adopted in any State. But at least experimentation by different communities will be possible. From that, I hope corruption of the liquor administration will be less, and law-breaking will cease to be fashionable.

OSCAR TERRY CROSBY.

THE PARADISE OF THE OSTRICH

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH
President, Carnegie Institute

FINDING myself seated one night at dinner beside a United States Judge who possesses one of the greatest judicial minds that our country has produced in this generation, I asked him what he thought of Prohibition. "Regardless of what your feelings may be concerning the use of liquor," he replied, "the American people made the greatest mistake in the world when they inserted the statute itself in the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The Amendment should have given Congress the power to legislate for it, or against it, or to prohibit it, in accordance from time to time with the changing views of the people. But now that they have got the statute itself in there, it will be difficult to get it out, and in the mean time—", and his

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deep-seated eyes, sparkling with humor, fastened themselves upon a man across the table who was at that moment raising a glass of wine to his lips, "—in the mean time—there you are!"

And that, indeed, is just where we are! Moved by the deep emotions of the war, we have indolently permitted a well-organized and enormously financed body composed of zealots, fanatics and bigots, together with their paid orators and professional agitators, the whole of them clearly less than five per cent of the potential vote of the country, to insert a Draconian statute in the great charter of our liberties, while on every hand the man opposite is raising a glass of liquor to his lips. And there you are! We have thrown away the precious fruit of a true temperance for the hollow shell of a false abstinence. Year by year we were approaching nearer and nearer to a very practical system of temperance through the development of character. Then came this vindictive edict that no man should use wine at any time, and straightway—chaos is come again!

We forget, in this mad endeavor to control the conduct of men whose thoughts or habits differ from our own, that nations cannot be made virtuous or abstinent by acts of Parliament. If laws could constrain human actions there would not today be any vice or crime or immorality in the world, yet there never was a moment when there is so much vice and crime and immorality as there is today, and in the attempt to make society virtuous by further legislative enactments we are slowly but surely destroying those liberties in striving for which our nation had its birth. I have before me now an invitation to join the National Morality League, boasting a large membership from every State in the Union, whose purpose is to follow up Prohibition with a complete stoppage of tobacco, public boxing, public dancing, and Sunday recreation, establish a restrictive censorship of the theatre, moving pictures and books, and effect the outlawing of all games for prizes, including bridge. An agent of that society—a gray-bearded minister, of a grim and earnest mien—who called to ask for a contribution, informed me that they had already secured initiatory legislation in seventeen States and hoped soon to have it in final form in all of them. He told me that only that day it had been decided that he was to devote the whole of his time

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to the suppression of tobacco by new laws, for which he was to receive a salary of $10,000 a year.

We are living in an age which is softening the brains of our people. Yet we do not want a soft age. It is softness that makes bandits and crime. Is it not humiliating to the soul to know that in a great nation like ours no man can take a purchased mug of beer, a drink of whiskey, or a glass of champagne without violating the fundamental law of the land? An American statesman who has more than once held high position told me recently that after having made a careful survey of the history of the world he had come to the conclusion that the only nations that had contributed anything of permanent value to the progress of civilization were those whose men drank whiskey and wore suspenders, and now that we in America had been forced to give up whiskey and are wearing belts our decay is a foregone conclusion. These meddling reformers and their paid agents and attorneys are taking away the things which, when well-used, are blessings to men, and when ill-used, teach men the dangers and penalties of life. Oliver Cromwell put the case for all of us when the Puritans begged him to close the public houses of England. "It is not well," answered the great Protector, "that nine men should go thirsty because the tenth man drinks too much."

We have the teaching of the Lord himself that wine is necessary to good health and the proper enjoyment of life. He drank freely of those fine wines of Palestine and He rather plaintively mentions the fact that they called Him a winebibber. We must not forget that His first miracle was turning water into wine at the wedding feast, nor that the Bible gives us the startling declaration that the wine that He made was better than that which the guests had already used. And Paul exhorted his ascetic young friend, Timothy, to give up water and drink wine for his infirmities.

A year ago we took my sister to the hospital with an attack of influenza which was paralyzing the heart. Dr. Robert McClelland said to the nurse, "You must give her a tablespoonful of whiskey at once, or she will die, and after that the same dose with each recurring attack." The nurse said she would do so, but added that "the whiskey we have here would kill a horse."

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I told them I had some whiskey at home that would not kill a horse, and in a few minutes I came back with it, not realizing until afterwards that in thus saving my sister's life I had made myself liable to fine and imprisonment and the confiscation of my car. A prominent Frenchman who was to have visited us at the Carnegie Institute came a month late, and explained that upon leaving the steamer at New York his wife had developed such a severe influenza that he took her to the hospital, and there the doctor ordered port wine to keep up her strength. Not being able to find any port wine on sale in that city, our friend took his wife to Bermuda, where he could get wine, and kept her there until she recovered. Congress, having ordained the denaturing of alcohol, and then, with a sort of hoodlum instinct, decreeing that as denatured it must be defiled with dirt, has made it impossible for the devoted nurses of the sick to give their patients the alcohol baths which from the time of Æsculapius have added so much to the convalescence of their patients. And if the poor use this stuff for the manufacture of a beverage, the penalty is death. Chronos is once more devouring his own children!

These harsh dictators have recently built up a specious and fallacious argument on the economic side which they are putting forward on every occasion. I met it last night at a dinner. We were discussing Prohibition, and I said that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had invited me to write an article on that subject. One of our most successful business men finished his cocktail—his second one in ten minutes—and said to me in profound earnestness: "Don't do it. You'll get into trouble if you do. Why, with Prohibition as we have it now, Monday morning comes and all our men are at work. In the old liquor days we could not start our works on Monday mornings. You had better not write anything—I hope you won't." I replied to my friend that if trouble came I was prepared to meet it with a good wallop of my own, and then challenged the accuracy of his statement about Monday morning. All the Prohibitionists say—while drinking their own glasses—that the workingmen were away on Mondays. They assume that the American workingman is naturally a drunkard. It is not true. I have been in the

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direction of industries as large as theirs—as large as theirs combined—and I say it is not true. A few men—six or seven—may have been missing from the big works. The same six or seven are missing now!

The short-sighted frenzy of our fanatical tormentors, who deny us good and wholesome wine and beer, is fast making us a nation of whiskey and gin drinkers. Some ministers of the Gospel, who would have been ashamed ten years ago to have liquor on their breath, take their cocktails now with the rest, and have learned to ask for their "dividends"! And when we see that it has become a national habit for boys and girls to carry flasks to their parties, and that their conduct is patterned upon the conduct of their elders, is it not high time that we should abandon the making of laws, and go back to the appeal to conscience, which after all is the basis of that righteousness which exalteth a nation?

Prohibition is the paradise of the ostrich. With his head in the sand the stupid bird believes that what he will not see does not exist. But all around him there has been created a business worth hundreds of millions a year, which pays no tax, knows no control, is without responsibility, dispenses more or less poisoned liquors, debauches youth and age, corrupts the politicians, demoralizes the police, and spreads everywhere a contempt for all law. And the jails!—the jails which were to have been made empty are building new cells for our malefactors, because the total arrests in 100 cities in 1920 (the last year of free drink) were 950,000, while in 1924 the figure had expanded to 1,500,000. Where then are the benefits of the scheme? Just the other day the Governor of Tennessee signed a law which, if enacted in Pennsylvania, would make it impossible to continue the exhibition of our great collections in palæontology and natural history in the Carnegie Museum because of their suggestion of evolution. Yet he declared that he knew that the act was unenforceable but had signed it because of a popular outcry. And now the Indiana statute is the final atrocity.

Hundreds of laws have been passed in this country which cannot be enforced because they conflict with the natural rights or the natural impulses of mankind. Three of these occur to my mind at this moment. First, the Connecticut statute which

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made it a punishable offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. Surely nobody but a fish would heed such a law! Second, the Fugitive Slave law which men like Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Cullen Bryant exhorted the American people to disregard utterly. And third, this fanatical attempt to prohibit absolutely the use of wine, which under temperate control is one of God's greatest gifts to the human family.

The annual cost of so-called enforcement is mounting by leaps and bounds until the latest appropriation is now $30,000,000. Soon it may well be $100,000,000. The money might as well be thrown into the sea. A United States Attorney in New York declared on taking office that he had "gone on the water-wagon" and was going to padlock for a year one thousand restaurants in New York City. The inconvenience and hunger that are to be suffered by a great community when one thousand restaurants are summarily shut does not seem to give him pause. He even hinted that he had three thousand in mind. He further stated that there were now enough liquor suits pending in the New York City courts to occupy the full time of all the judges for 600 years!

The tyranny of those who would fix their standards of life upon an unwilling nation has brought with it a haunting sense of disquiet, of anxiety, of fear. There is a feeling in the most innocent heart of the shadow of hostile laws. No man—no free man—knows when he is being followed, when his habits are being watched, when some hired agent of the fanatics, anxious to disgrace him, will put the rude hand of law upon his shoulder and arrest him for some neglect or act which sustains no accusation from his own heart.

Is it not time to organize the men who love their country as a land of liberty and fight the bigoted programmes of these misguided moralists to a finish?

If prohibition really existed I would be for it to the end. I am myself very nearly a teetotaler. But prohibition cannot exist because it contravenes an imprescriptible right of human nature.

There are practicable and immediate ways of relief from this intolerable oppression. Compromise on the proposed 2.75 basis would simply add to the confusion. It ought not to be considered. But Congress can repeal the Volstead Act, declare

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that no liquor is intoxicating when not misused, and permit it to be sold in hotels and restaurants, and also in stores where it shall not be drunk on the premises. This would do away with the saloon, which is now flourishing, and would abolish the bootlegger, who is likewise now flourishing. To attempt to regulate it, as they are trying to do in Canada, would simply preserve the present graft of thrifty politicians. A better way would be for the Supreme Court to declare even at this late day the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment was never legally adopted because of the absence of a constitutional quorum in the House of Representatives, and because the referendum required by some of the States had been wilfully neglected. And yet again the Supreme Court can say that under the exact wording of the Eighteenth Amendment Prohibition cannot exist in any State that does not enact concurrent legislation. This last method would make it a State issue pure and simple, as it ought to be, and would furnish an easy way out of the mess.

In the meantime, Uncle Sam finds himself seated at the shore, like King Canute, surrounded by his fawning courtiers, and as with nervous and faltering voice he orders the roaring tide away —behold! the encroaching flood in not only wetting his feet but is engulfing his soul.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

STATES AND STATISTICS

BY LAWSON PURDY

A GREAT many citizens seem to take it for granted that the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Law are more generally violated in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania than in any other three States of the Union; and that New York stands far ahead of any other State in the number of violations per thousand of population. One reason for this widespread belief lies in the admixture of foreign elements in New York; in the fact that opportunities for smuggling contraband liquor across the Canadian border are not lacking, and that further opportunities

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are provided in and around New York harbor, along the coast of Long Island, and the near-by Connecticut coast.

Without expressing a personal opinion regarding this phase of the Prohibition effort, it may be interesting to note a few definite statements in official evidence provided by the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Each year he publishes a report of activities of the Prohibition unit. In order to consider actual accomplishments for the year ending June 1924, it is necessary to combine the data he furnished for several States in a group, because in addition to State units there are larger supervisory units composed of more than one State.

For present purposes we will consider, therefore, two groups of States: one consisting of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; and a second group consisting of Georgia and South Carolina. Taken as a whole these five States have a population of 26,820,000 —nearly one-fourth the population of the entire country. Of this 26,820,000 the three States in the Northern Group have 83 per cent., and the two States in the Southern Group have 17 per cent. Bearing in mind the contrasting percentages of population just mentioned, it is interesting to see what the Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports about the seizures by Government agents, in a single year, of apparatus for making distilled liquors. Here is a summary of his report in this respect:

	Distilleries	*Stills*	*Still-worms*	*Fermenters*
Seized in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania (Pop. 22,250,000)	439	794	665	1,146
Seized in Georgia and South Carolina (Pop. 4,570,000)	2,248	2,612	1,097	29,868

The figures do not, of course, tell the extent to which distilleries and other apparatus for making hard liquors are being used, contrary to the Volstead Law; but merely give the number discovered and actually seized by Government officers. The two Southern States, it should be remembered, have only about one-fifth the population of the three Northern States. If as many seizures had been made, according to relative population, in the Northern States as were made in the Southern, then in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania there would have been seized not

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439 distilleries, but 11,240; not 794 stills, but 13,060; not 665 still-worms, but 5,485; not 1,146 fermenters, but 149,340.

Why is it that the illegal manufacture of distilled liquor is apparently so enormously greater in the Southern States than in those three Northern States which are supposed to constitute the "wettest territory of the whole country"?

The natural inference, is that the people of Georgia and South Carolina learned, under former years of State Prohibition, how to make their own whiskey and other hard liquor; while the people of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, not having lived under State Prohibition laws, are just now learning how to do it under National Prohibition law.

For purpose of quick observation, let us jump from the Eastern States across the continent, and see what has happened in the extreme Northwest.

The Seventeenth Prohibition District is composed of Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and Washington. They have a total population of 3,173,000. How do they compare with conditions as reported by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to exist in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania? Again the parallel column shows at a glance:

	Distilleries	*Stills*	*Still-worms*	*Fermenters*
Seized in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania (Pop. 22,250,000)	439	794	665	1,146
Seized in Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington (Pop. 3,173,000)	216	685	548	2,552

Arrests for violations in these five Northwestern States numbered 3,089, which is almost exactly one arrest a thousand of population. If there had been as many arrests in proportion in the three Northeastern States the arrests would have numbered 22,000 instead of 13,000, as was the case. It does not seem that violation of the Volstead Law is confined to any one or two parts of the United States.

Figures of arrests for drunkenness compiled by the Research Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism are summarized for the year 1923. For present purposes data given for

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fifteen cities, scattered from coast to coast, is reproduced in tabulated form:

State and City Cited	*No. of arrests for Drunkenness, 1923*	*No. to 10,000 Population*
California—Los Angeles	12,839	222
California—Sacramento	2,331	358
Colorado—Denver	3,111	121
Georgia—Atlanta	7,003	350
Indiana—South Bend	2,096	299
Iowa—Des Moines	4,489	356
Maine—Portland	1,754	254
Minnesota—St. Paul	4,364	186
Nebraska—Omaha	4,817	252
New York—New York City	10,643	19
New York—Albany	3,555	314
Oregon—Portland	3,099	120
Pennsylvania—Philadelphia	45,226	248
Washington—Seattle	7,974	253
Wisconsin—Milwaukee	3,789	82

Even a cursory glance at the figures just quoted may cause some surprise to those who have not followed with close attention this phase of the Prohibition problem, and the experiment being made with it in our country. It will be noted that only two of the cities in the list have a record of less than 100 arrests for drunkenness to 10,000 population. One of these cities is Milwaukee, with 82 arrests, while—incredible as it may seem—New York City in the year 1923 had but *nineteen* arrests for drunkenness to 10,000 of its population.

It is probable that these statistics are not absolutely comparable. There are at least two sources of error: 1.—The policy of the police in making arrests for drunkenness probably differs in the different cities; in some, arrests may be made for much less cause than in others. 2.—The classification of arrests employed by the officials in the different cities may differ. After making every allowance for these possible differences, these statistics nevertheless show that the City of New York is not as great an offender as are other cities of the country.

LAWSON PURDY.

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A STATE'S RIGHTS REMEDY FOR VOLSTEADISM

BY JOHN PHILIP HILL
Representative in Congress

THE Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted on the theory that all matters of personal rights and obligations were to be regulated by the individual States, while the Federal Government was given certain definitely specified functions to perform for those interests which were common to all the States and to all of the people who lived in those local units of self-government, and collectively constituted "the People of the United States." No language could be more explicit than that of the Constitution securing to the people of the various States entire control of personal dress, food, religion, education, and other matters relating to personal conduct. The people of the several States differed quite radically in their personal habits and points of view. The people of Massachusetts were Calvinistic in religion and preferred rum as a beverage, while the people of Virginia were mostly of the Church of England, and preferred Madeira or some other wine more suited to a warmer climate than the rum of the cold North. Their local points of view were different, and naturally so; yet, by the Constitution, they could all live as they pleased in their own communities, and still be Americans.

Massachusetts had the right to prohibit the Puritan faith or the use of Medford rum in its borders if it desired, and Virginia had an equal right to adopt the doctrine of infant damnation and to prohibit all alcoholic beverages in its limits. If either State did so, the people who dissented from the new laws could go to another State and still remain Americans. If, however, the Federal Government had the power to prohibit Calvin's creed or Cana's wine, those who dissented must renounce their personal liberty in that regard or else leave the United States. Under the safeguards of the Constitution, there was room for all creeds and personal inclinations. From 1789 till 1919, this theory of government prevailed, and the Nation was honestly governed, while its people were prosperous and content. Nobody in Maryland

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objected to the prohibition of wine and beer in Kansas, any more than the people of Maine objected to the preference showed by the people of Louisiana for French cooking. After one hundred and thirty years of content, however, there came into the Constitution a new theory of government called National Prohibition.

On December 8, 1922, President Harding said to Congress: "There are conditions relating to the enforcement of prohibition which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our political life." The President also referred to "men who are rending the moral fiber of the Republic through easy contempt for the Prohibition laws". Today, the Eighteenth Amendment has been on the books for over five years. What is the situation on the liquor question, the old question which has been with man since Noah rejoiced in his vineyard in celebration of his liberation from the dryness of the Ark? Does "easy contempt" for the Prohibition laws still rend the moral fiber of the Republic, or is it possible that Prohibition may yet fulfil the dreams of the people who sought temperance in drinks as in all else?

There are three important dates in the Prohibition calendar—December, 1917, January, 1919, and October, 1919. In order to understand the injection, after one hundred and thirty years of good government, of a new theory of Federal control of local police power, we must note conditions in 1917 and today.

December 17, 1917, was a memorable day, both at home and abroad. On that day a German raid in the North Sea destroyed a convoyed merchant fleet—one British and five neutral ships. On that day, such was our excitement, the United States Submarine F-3 rammed and sank the United States Submarine F-1 in American waters and nineteen lives were lost. On that day the Congress of the United States proposed to the war-absorbed Legislatures of the various States the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Before the War, the best, or from the Prohibitionist point of view, the worst, beer, came from Germany. The brewers who made beer here and sold it in the saloons were alleged mostly to be German. In the House and the Senate, in the debates on the Eighteenth Amendment, frequent references were made to the German extraction of American producers of beer. On December 17, 1917, the mind of

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Americans was on German raids on the merchant fleets, not on Anti-Saloon League raids on the American Constitution.

So, on December 17, 1917, a new theory in American government was proposed, just one hundred and thirty years after Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania had voted against the Federal Judiciary Bill, which created, for the first time, a system of Federal courts, judges, clerks, marshals, jurors, prosecuting attorneys, jails and penitentiaries for exclusively federal purposes but entirely separate and different from the machinery of law enforcement existing in each of the several States for their own laws.

Senator Maclay fought this bill because he thought it proposed "a vile law system, calculated for expense and with a design to draw by degrees all law business into the Federal Courts." He then expressed an opinion which, as late as 1916, was smiled at by students of American government, but which today makes thoughtful men very grave. Senator Maclay added: "The Constitution is meant to swallow all the State Constitutions by degrees, and thus to swallow by degrees all the State judiciaries."

The manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors before the Eighteenth Amendment, had been considered as much a matter for exclusive State control, as was the manufacture, sale and transportation of beef, or bread or ginger ale. By the Eighteenth Amendment, however, the Federal Government selected one out of many vital local police questions and assumed to enforce laws that contained in them no scintilla of Interstate and therefore of Federal interest. If a State really wanted to do away with any form of beverages, it had full power to do so, for a State could not legally be invaded by any liquor outlawed by that State. The Webb-Kenyon Act had so decreed, and the Federal Government had properly assumed the duty of protecting a Prohibition State from having its laws violated by outsiders. The proponents of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, feared the Intra-state dissenters more than they did the Interstate violators, and so they proposed that the Federal Government should enter the local police field on a new venture.

The Eighteenth Amendment was declared part of the Constitution in January, 1919. The minds of the American people were still centered on the War in Europe, the Peace Conference had not

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yet settled to its work, and our troops were still abroad. The Volstead Act was passed over the veto of President Wilson and became a law on October 28, 1919. The Volstead Act has therefore been in force over five years. What are the admitted results?

The annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that in 1919 there were 3,487 illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses seized by Federal Prohibition Directors and general Prohibition agents during the fiscal year ending June 30. It might be expected that this new law would take some time to become effective, and in 1922 we find that the number of illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses so seized was 95,933. We should expect, however, that the number of such seizures would thereafter decline. However, in 1923, there were 158,132 illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses seized in the United States, and in 1924 this number had increased to 159,176. The effect, therefore, of the Volstead Act and National Prohibition upon illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses, was to increase the seizures from less than 4,000 to nearly 160,000 in five years.

The annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue also show arrests by Federal Prohibition Directors and general Prohibition agents which are very significant. In 1921 there were 34,175 such arrests. The following four years this number doubled, and in 1924 there were 68,161 arrests. In those years of the Volstead Act arrests had increased one hundred per cent. The greatest number of seizures of the above illicit distilleries and distilling apparatuses were made in States which had local Prohibition laws before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

What is the effect of Prohibition on general crime increase? Today, the Leavenworth and Atlanta prisons, both Federal penitentiaries, are so overcrowded that they are caring for several hundred convicts above the institutions' facilities. There are about 3,200 now in Leavenworth and 3,023 in Atlanta. Temporary dormitories for the two prisons probably will have to be provided in the industrial shops. Apparently, the experiment of National regulation of local beverages and habits has been a failure and has brought with it increase rather than decrease in general crime. What is the remedy?

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The Eighteenth Amendment is fundamentally improper, but the Federal Government should, with all of its powers and facilities, prevent outside infringement of the liquor laws or any other local laws of any State. The Federal Government should have power to do what it attempted to do by the Webb-Kenyon Act, which was intended to prevent transportation into any State of any beverages forbidden by the laws of that State. The protection of the States in their local self-government is a proper function of the Federal Government, but farther than this it should not go.

The Eighteenth Amendment is therefore fundamentally wrong, and it should be repealed; but such repeal is difficult. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are nullified by common consent. If the Eighteenth Amendment is not repealed it will be nullified in certain portions of the United States by the common consent of the people in those communities, or else its interpretation must be brought into accord with the prevailing sentiment in such local communities.

The Volstead Act is inherently dishonest. It establishes a definition for "intoxicating liquors" which is artificial and untrue. It prohibits beer with one-half of one per cent. of alcohol, but permits cider and home-made wine with as much alcohol in them as the individual jury may consider non-intoxicating in fact. When the Eighteenth Amendment prohibited the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors, it prohibited the manufacture, sale or transportation of an indefinite thing. The Eighteenth Amendment did not say what constituted "intoxicating". That duty, in accordance with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, was left to the Congress. Congress may make any definition which the people of the country desire, and the Supreme Court will sustain such definition. As a matter of fundamental government, however, I should prefer to see Congress delegate to the various States the power of defining the word "intoxicating," such definition to be necessarily subject to review by the Supreme Court.

In 1914 I advised the American Express Company that the Webb-Kenyon Act was constitutional and that it should not ship liquor into West Virginia. As a result of this opinion, a case was made and the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act was

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tested in the Supreme Court. It has become apparent that the Federal Government can not enforce the Volstead Act within the States, and gradually the Federal Government is retiring from Intrastate enforcement and attempting to protect the States from liquor invasions from the outside. I should like to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed, power being retained by the Congress to protect the States from outside interference with their local laws, but while the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution I feel that there might be a substitute for the Volstead Act which would greatly improve the existing situation.

Repeal the Volstead Act and enact the following:

Section 1.—Each State shall for itself define the meaning of the words "intoxicating liquors" as used in Section 1 of Article XVIII of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and each State shall itself enforce within its own limits its own laws on this subject.

Section 2.—Any person who transports or causes to be transported into any State any beverage prohibited by such State as being an "intoxicating liquor" shall be punished by the United States by imprisonment for not more than 10 years or by a fine of not less than $10,000 nor more than $100,000, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The first section of this proposed enforcement act is based on the theory of local option; the second section is based on the Webb-Kenyon Act, by which the United States guarantees the States from outside interference. The proposed substitute, taken as a whole, permits concurrent action each in their own sphere by the United States and by the individual States to carry out the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Volstead Act is certain to be modified. The Eighteenth Amendment, in the minds of the majority of the American people, was never intended to apply to wine, beer and cider, and by the adoption of such a law as I have proposed, those States which wish such beverages may obtain them legally even while the Eighteenth Amendment remains part of the Constitution.

JOHN PHILIP HILL.

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JOHN SINGER SARGENT—RECOLLECTIONS

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD
President, National Academy of Design

THAT one of the most sensational losses in the Art World of the last hundred years should have come through the death of an American painter is not a little noteworthy in its relation to our pride and our place in the development of nations. On April 15th died in London John Singer Sargent, painter of portraits, decorations, genre, landscape, in oil, water-color, pastel and black and white, and a leader in whatever he undertook. This article will contain neither a catalogue nor an appreciation of the body of his works; the latter were too numerous and are too dispersed to have come under the notice of the writer of these lines, and he will have to confine himself to Sargent as he knew and met him, mainly, indeed almost entirely, during his younger days.

My earliest memory of him is vague, for he was only fourteen years old and had it not been for his later fame, the vagueness would have become oblivion. Yet the appearance is still faintly present with me of a slender American looking boy as he stood with his mother, the wife of a Boston physician, just at one end of the Carraja Bridge over the Arno in Florence, for he was born in that famous city. He chatted with some Chicago people who happened to be with me, and then he disappeared from my thoughts until several years later.

My temporary home had become Paris, my comrades the group of Montmartre American men who belonged to the Atelier Bonnât. Now and then some momentary visitor from the Rive Gauche, Carroll Beckwith, perhaps, or Frank Fowler, would tell us of their wonderful fellow pupil under Carolus Duran, a Boston boy named Sargent, a painter who was the envy of the whole studio and perhaps a bit the envy of Carolus, himself, who had, however, to admire generously. There was not any story

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of his painting an angel as did Da Vinci for Verrocchio in the latter's picture, nor was he as yet a Michelangelo so overtopping his master Ghirlandaio, but all the same we watched his growth and wondered whether Carolus were teaching him or he were stimulating Carolus. The latter at all events carried the pupil as far upward as a ceiling of the Louvre, a "Triumph" of something or other, in which there are blue sky and clouds and banners and things, and incidentally, decorative portraits of some of Duran's pupils taking part in the pageant, and looking in places more like Sargent's than like Duran's work. The younger man's canvases always bore a reminder of the master, but the reminder became so faint as to be negligible, for Sargent sublimated the texture of Carolus's handling into something more felt and distinguished. By and by during these early Paris days came the portrait of Madame Gautraut (Madame X in the Metropolitan Museum). The family refused the first portrait and it is said regretted the refusal, for the canvas made both Sargent and Madame Gautraut so famous that among the stories of the painter's sitters is one to the effect that the very small daughter of Madame G., on being admonished one day and urged to be good, asked, "And if I *am*, will the morning papers say that the little daughter of the beautiful Madame Gautraut has been good?" In spite of "all Paris" flocking to see this picture, Sargent went over the Channel, and the long sojourn began in the island which he loved so well, yet for which he did not, like his friend Henry James, change his nationality, whether he ever may have been tempted to or not. And so the studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs became the studio in Chelsea and the Bostonian-Parisian began to paint Englishmen, Bohemians, and Lords, some of whom today are in the National Portrait gallery, soldiers and sailors, and whole families of bankers who are in the Tate Gallery, and who came near to breaking all rules and finding a permanent home in the National Gallery.

What a wonderful room those Wertheimer portraits made up! Good luck enabled me twice to pass time there in the companionship of Professor John Vandyke, our enthusiastic Rembrandt expert. How we both thrilled to those canvases!—they were *not* canvases—canvases were in the other rooms at either side, the

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Wertheimer portraits were *alive* as the Frans Hals portrait groups of Haarlem are alive. Only a fortnight ago Mr. Ernest Ipsen, a distinguished portrait painter himself, in talking of the character displayed or concealed in the faces of sitters, told me a story of Sargent. It seems that in painting Wertheimer, the artist was watching eagerly for the psychological moment. "Finally," said he, "I deliberately asked him a question about an interesting investment—*then* I GOT him." But indeed he nearly always GOT them; the strong set face of a soldier like General Wood, the lady whose gowns were more important than herself, and the lady whose face in its character would make you forget any gown, the wind and sea tan on the skin of an Admiral, or the soft texture of the complexion of a little Beatrice Goelet, the person who was bursting with health and the one who would soon see the doctor.

Yes, he *got* them, and he was so modest about it. One day in the 'nineties my wife went with me to his London studio. A huge and superb canvas with five Baltimore lawyers grouped in their gowns and mortar boards was lashed to the biggest easel, and Sargent spoke with real anxiety about remarks of press members to the effect that the canvas was over big, or something of the sort. As we left, we thought and partially, though perhaps not quite, insisted to him, "Oh, if you only knew how little difference it makes what people *say* about such a picture as that!" and as we quite got out, my wife remarked, "and did you notice that he is still SHY?" This was at a time when Sargent had the world at his feet, was painting half the descendants of the people of the Domesday Book and more still of the "new creations", and he *was* still undeniably shy.

The lovely "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," is in the Tate Gallery today. It was my fortune to see the picture painted from start to finish. My wife was with me, we passed the summer in little Broadway of Worcestershire, beginning with a visit at the Millets with whom both Sargent and Edwin Abbey were living.

The garden at Russell House was lovely, and the interior abounded in rooms and arrangements which Abbey needed to change but very little, when drawing his backgrounds to *She Stoops to Conquer*. It was midsummer—each evening at

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twenty-five minutes to seven Sargent would drop his tennis racquet and going into the seventy-foot long studio would lug out the big canvas as if he were going to fly a huge kite. We would all leave our tennis for a time and watch the proceeding. Little Pollie and Dollie Barnard, daughters of the well known English illustrator, who himself was hobbling about the garden on crutches, after an accident, would begin to light the Japanese lanterns among the tall stemmed lilies. For just twenty-five minutes, while the effect lasted, Sargent would paint away like mad, then would carry the canvas in, stand it against the studio wall and we would admire.

In the morning when after breakfast we went into the studio we always found the canvas scraped down to the quick. This happened for many days, then the picture, daughter of repeated observation and reflection, suddenly *came to stay*. And it really did stay, and in staying grew more beautiful; the very slight crudity incidental to *premier coup* painting had mellowed and the purity of color and atmospheric limpidity almost inseparable from the *premier coup* method made the picture, when seen by me six months since, even more fascinating than it was when Sargent finished it and Pollie and Dollie put out the lanterns and took them down from the lilies that withered thirty-eight years ago.

This picture was an emphatic instance of Sargent's inclination toward the unusual and very difficult problem, twilight in the open air, the tall stemmed flowers, fighting bravely against the rather feeble incandescence of colored Japanese lanterns, and two flower-like little girls to pull the composition together—what could be *more* difficult? It is as if the artist had felt that here was no place for bravura, the inherent difficulty sufficed, he had been very simple, and to me this picture purchased for the British nation from the fund of the Chantrey Bequest remains one of the artist's most satisfying productions. The Ellen Terry hard by it in the Tate Gallery is dramatic and splendid as she lifts the diadem of Lady Macbeth before assuming it, but she is not quite so satisfying because we all who have seen that most fascinating of women have behind our eyes and in our memory a whole gallery of Ellen Terrys, each one vying with the next. We wish to recognize them all as resumed in one and not even Sargent can

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make us see beyond the arrested moment. He realized this as must every portrait painter and spoke of it humorously now and then. "His portrait is *finished*," said he to us of a sitter one day, "finished and he doesn't know it. Tomorrow I have to break it to him." "Yes, that is Mother," admitted the family of a multi-millionaire's widow, on whose entire personality sadness was stamped, "but can't you make her look a little more cheerful?" Sargent summed it all up thus: "On any portrait painter's tombstone, no matter how successful he may have been, there should be inscribed 'there was something about the mouth'!"

The summer of 1887 comprised by far the greater part of the time when Sargent was much with us. We saw him often during the first short stay in New York, but during his many Boston sojourns hardly at all. The last time we met, the slender handsome man in the middle thirties had become almost colossal in breadth and depth and so full blooded that, said he to me; "When the American summer comes I am frightened. I have to get away to the top of a mountain somewhere to breathe." In 'eighty-seven we passed three months in Broadway, first with the Millets, then in the ancient Tudor built hostelry, the Lygon Arms. The Millets, most hospitable of mortals, had a dinner party many times a week; when, as not unoften, they had an overflow, and more guests than space, either Sargent or Abbey was sent down to dine with us, after which we all proceeded always up to the big studio to join the dinner party. It was more often Sargent than Abbey who came, and he was apt to linger long with us over the piano before we started up the road. Mr. Johansen has spoken in *The Times* of Sargent's wonderful proficiency as pianist, saying that he might have had a career. This is probable, for he did everything easily and well. In 'eighty-seven he had not quite reached that point but was a wonderful reader and did not tire of playing Wagner for us, especially the Ring which he had just heard in Bayreuth. Even as early as 1887 Sargent and Abbey were magnets. The "county families" liked to drive over from their country seats to see what the artists were doing in the big studio—very interesting things, Abbey's illustrations to Shakespeare's Comedies, Barnard's characters of Thackeray and Dickens, Millet's Eighteenth Cen-

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tury genre pictures—or to play tennis with us all. There again Sargent showed his aptness for taking up anything that interested him. Hundreds of tennis games we played, Alfred Parsons, Abbey, Millet and myself. Sargent took a hand more rarely but at once was a redoubtable bat; especially at the net.

When a man becomes so eminent that he is in a class quite by himself legend springs up all around him and everything that he says is quoted and handed about. It is noteworthy indeed that among all the stories not one has ever been to Sargent's disadvantage. Modest he was and generous to his fellows, delicately considerate and magnanimous. When Carroll Beckwith, one of the most intimate friends of his youth, died, his widow told me that John, as she always called Sargent, retouched for her many of Carroll's studies to put them in more finished and saleable condition, and when Abbey's hand was arrested in the midst of his decorative work for the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg, Sargent hurriedly made a long journey to superintend the completion of some of the panels, superintending, *nota bene*, with a careful avoidance of personally touching a brush to the canvas. Wise he was, too, as to theory, and valiant as to principle: in the days of reactionaries he was a progressive, and when the race for notoriety at any price began he was a conservative. In one of his letters to me, he declares that, as for himself, as he grows old he is "becoming rather proud of being called *pompier*."

If one turns to what must be a very summary consideration of the main points in Sargent's work, perhaps his superiority may be established upon four fundamentsls, his capacity for characterization, his dazzling technique, his sense of values, his originality, or if you prefer, his unusualness, his difference from other men.

To me nothing in the painter's performance was more fundamentally assuring than his almost miraculous sense of values in nature; values, the things that give roundness, depth and existence to objects. Sargent was sometimes a little indifferent about color, he was not a great colorist, not even by temperament naturally a colorist, though superb color passages are often to be found in his work—but he never, never slighted the values.

For the last thirty years at least, preoccupation with the surface of one's painting, manipulation of pigment and especially

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the applying of a mass of pigment in broadest strokes, has been almost the first desideratum of the average younger painter. What he has called feeble painting has seemed to him contemptible, what he has styled dashing has appeared to him triumphant. But it is not triumphant "to flog the canvas with swift strokes" as Gauguin has it (or was it Van Gogh?). Fred Vinton was far nearer the truth when he said to his pupils "*don't* GOB up your canvas." It is not triumphant to load on a big lump of paint, or strike in a very fluent passage. The triumph is in making the lump of exactly the right value and putting it in the right size and shape and color upon exactly the right spot. And that is the kind of certainty which Velasquez and Frans Hals and John Sargent controlled. In relation to this means of making things exist, sound and solid upon a flat surface, namely a perfect sense of values, Sargent was a master of masters, his eye was almost unerring. He cared very greatly, too, for draftsmanship—good proof of it is not only in his work, but in the story told of him that quite recently while bending over one of his own pictures, in an exhibition, he was heard to mutter "Well! I had better go home and learn to draw." That is the way in which the Michelangelos and Ingres and Sargents of this world think about their work and about the potentialities which lie hidden in further study. In exerting the species of spell which manipulation of pigment, handling, as it is called, has exercised over a generation and more of artists, it may be said that Sargent was one of the master enchanters; countless passages in his portraits are of the "I can't see *how* he does it" kind, that provoke the onlooker nearly to hopelessness of envious admiration.

His splendid *bravura* of execution is of course most notable in his larger canvases, or at any rate his life-size portraits. In the earlier ones like the Boyt group, for instance, and some of those in which ladies and sofas appear to be tobogganing down to the edge of the frame from a very high perspective point, the bravura is distinctly French; in some later work, take the magnificent Higginson portrait as an example, it is more the bravura of a man feeling the steadying influence of the Van Dykes, Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, Raeburns, which surrounded Sargent in his English days. He did not especially admire Van Dyke's English phase,

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and said to me once: "They are too *voulus*, don't you think? Too *appretés*, with the inevitable column and curtain;" and he added that the painter's earlier period of his Italian visit pleased him better, more still the Flemish period when Van Dyke was really at home and painting his artist comrades. But if such handling in larger canvases, almost culminating in the portrait of Wertheimer, most caught the eye, some of his really magical passages are found in small water colors, apparently just records done for fun. In one impression of a garden (Italian?) shown at the Grand Central Galleries in his exhibit of last year, there is a white vase standing against a white wall. It is tiny but it seems as if Sargent with his brush tip had created a vase without a shadow in it, yet sound, solid, and ornamented, and relieved against a white wall, where again there is no shadow, and having done all this, had squeezed sunlight out of tubes and made the ensemble blaze till it dazzled one's eyes. Whimsy in selection was often his and enhanced the interest of his technique. Sometimes it illustrated an underlying principle, as in his Hermit of the Metropolitan Museum, where a half naked man, and deer and trees and dead leaves, are mixed in a manner which nature accomplishes and military and naval camouflage tries to imitate and use. Sometimes it was just whimsy, as in his "muddy alligators", where his droll and hideous little saurians are certainly as muddy as they are alive.

Again he would reproduce amazingly the tumbled bed clothes in a small room in which some student, or may be priest, had made a litter of books and writing material and breakfast things. Apropos of breakfast things, one morning in English Broadway he exclaimed with delight over the table where the white cloth was covered with magenta colored flowers, dazzling silver shining among the buds, and said "Oh, I MUST make a study of that!"

Just at that time (1887) he seemed to have a predilection for the aniline suggestion in colors. One evening at a birthday party in the big garden we had been ordered by the hostess to wear wreaths, ladies, men, and all. The rest of us were contented with roses except Alma Tadema, who wove big leaves together in a manner so skilful as to provoke attention, but Sargent was splendid in a garland of big dahlias of the color that in 1860 or

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thereabouts was a new creation of the dyers dubbed Solferino. In fact, he was not only able in everything, but also a little original.

Was he a composer? Emphatically so, where he wished to be, and he could find or invent most delightful movements which he sometimes used as a part of his characterization—notice, for instance, the trailing, shawl-draped, charming, slatternly girls in his Venetian interiors, or his cigarette smoking Spaniards in their tilted chairs of a sketch in his last exhibit.

But although he disposed his spots and filled space so judiciously in his portraits, and could be so beautifully rhythmical in his "Blokes Dancing", composition did not seem to be a special preoccupation with him, as it was for instance with Raphael. He knew he could accomplish it and make it tell whenever he wished to, and he let it go at that.

As for characterization, its achievement is a part of the whole Sargent legend. Perhaps it culminates in the Wertheimer portraits, perhaps Sargent sitters were not always and unreservedly grateful to him, perhaps the story that he diagnosed in paint a malady in his sitter, so insidious that it baffled the physicians, is a *true* story, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps acquired momentum of impression counted for much, but the impression was great and the characterization penetrating and forceful, a cloud of witnesses could rise up to testify; of them Henry Marquand and Thomas Lee Higginson are enough in themselves to satisfy us. Once the artist characterized a gown so thoroughly that the family of the sitter protested. The story goes like this: Sargent said to them, "But, ladies, can this be the picture which you so unstintingly praised in my studio a few days ago?" "Yes, but later criticism makes us ask you to add a touch or two to the corsage." So the kindly painter, for he was very kindly, went to the Chairman of the Jury of the Salon, Cabanel, and asked if he might do a little retouching. "*Ah non, monsieur, cela ne se peut pas.* I will not deny that we debated the picture, but now that it is accepted it must remain unaltered." And surely we all say *ainsi soit-il*, whenever a great painter, expressing himself fully, even to the pleasing of his sitter, is afterwards expected to amend himself.

When Sargent in 1893 set up his first mural paintings in the

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Boston Public Library the sensation created was great. In addition to the shock from the intrinsic impressiveness of the work, came the extrinsic suggestiveness of the problem presented to a portrait painter suddenly subjected to new æsthetic limitations. Mr. Royal Cortissoz, that broad minded and discriminating critic, who does not make radical mistakes, says that the artist never was able to feel the constructional, architectural demands of space filling in mural painting. Perhaps the critic judged correctly, but he would have been the first to acknowledge and celebrate the superb qualities shown by Sargent, *in other directions*, in his mural painting.

Where among the so-called old masters do we find much finer presentation of the Prophets, than in the figures which our artist has marshalled along one end of the hall in the Boston Library? More of tremendousness there is in Michelangelo's Jonah of the Sistine Chapel, more closely studied characterization of the *illuminé*, the inspired, the almost fanatical, may be found in the Saints of Cima da Conegliano, and some of the Apostles of Dürer are perhaps more *Biblical* looking to us. Sargent's creations seem to derive rather from a mixed souvenir of Syrians or Fellaheen, muffled against the sun of the desert, or of those monastic-looking, heavily hooded figures that support certain mediæval Burgundian sarcophagi in European museums; but at least this painted threnody of wild, arm-tossing creatures is a new presence in the mural painting of the last three hundred years, the product of a mind with a quite outstanding visual outlook.

That in this cycle of Boston decorations there are more or less unrelated parts is undeniable, the horizontality of the frieze of Prophets does not melt into the "Confusion of Religions" above as it might and perhaps architectonically *should*, and even the idea of spiritual confusion is, may be, a little too directly translated into a material jumble.

But what unusualness, how it all catches your surprised attention! At the other end of the gallery the artist, years later, filled the lunette with his Trinity, in solemn, balanced, ordered opposition to the "Confusion". Again it seems unrelated to the rest, does not quite flow into the sequence. But what interest is in the relief work, modeled we are told by the painter's own hands!

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What a puzzling suggestive *mélange* of hints that refer one's remembrance to the tangle of beasts and people and ornament on the lintels of Moissac, for instance, or other kindred Romanesque churches of southern France; or again to a Spanish souvenir, as if Our Lady in the archivolt had journeyed thither from some altar of Santiago da Compostela.

And the row of angels with the instruments of the Passion,—the make of them, their facture, is so interesting; they are washed in, one may almost say *swashed* in, as with a broom; there are two of them almost entirely of a first rubbing of Indian red, with a few touches of blue and liberal touches of gold; again there are nearly blue angels with just a little of red and gold. And their type is beautiful, they are all alike, androgynous looking, as angels should be, one would say, and suggesting in their faces classical antiquity, good fifteenth century panels, Botticelli and Burne-Jones, with a virility which the latter artist certainly did not show in his work.

In the lunettes of the side walls, the compositions are extraordinarly daring and personal, especially in the one where the youthful Christ triumphantly advancing towards the spectator is apparently mounting an incline in a manner that seems almost a preparation for an Ascension. Some of the lunettes are confused and make one ask whether Sargent did not sometimes and somewhat smother his effect with his symbolism.

In the Museum of Fine Arts at the Fenway, the treatment, so far as the writer of this article has seen, since the later decorations are not yet in place, is quite different. In his very low-relief-modeling and light-toned decoration, Sargent has not tried for the power and solemnity of his Library figures; here he has rather remembered the Palazzo del Te in Mantua, Primaticcio at Fontainebleau, or even in some of his best groups those elongated but most distinguished stucchi in the Museo dell Terme of Rome. The two later panels in the Harvard Library are yet another proposition which make one wonder a little as to where Sargent would have eventually arrived had he continued to give most of his time to mural painting.

The two arched, upright spaces contain decorations which are heavy, very nearly black and white, and have no beauty of color

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whatever, the red and blue of the Stars and Stripes detaching themselves unpleasantly from the surrounding surface. And yet Sargent is again different from any one else and stimulatingly so; banality did not exist as a word in his dictionary or as an element in his personal expression. The doughboys in khaki and helmet pouring down the right hand panel, as if descending a stairway, make up a composition different from any other that one has in one's mental gallery.

If the enthusiastic question asked of him at the Fenway museum: "What are those wonderful people?" referred to his rhythmical intertwined figures of one of the panels, it is easy to imagine the internal grin with which Sargent, the contemner of hyperbole, made his often quoted answer: "Just blokes dancing," for all the pictured choreography that one recalls does not offer anything more antithetical to "just blokes" than are those exquisitely composed figures.

In mentioning four fundamentals as main supports to Sargent's work, a fifth quality has been omitted which is of great importance—the quality of style.

Style informs everything that he touched. One may even say that no matter how plebeian the subject, the treatment of it, the conception and painting of it, are patrician. Lately on a wall of the Grand Central Gallery hung the portrait by him of a social leader. He had made her look as distinguished as a race horse, or an Empress—an Empress as we should like to have one look. Near by, upon another canvas, was a lady, prominent in a great educational institution—she was round, rosy, comfortable, with plenty of keenness behind the comfort, not a bit like a race horse or an Empress, but very capable of being a modern Hrotswitha, say, able to write Latin plays and dominate a nunnery, *terre à terre* perhaps when it became necessary, but unmistakably a lady. Said my companion, again a lady, as we stood before the canvases: "A man who can inform two such types with style and character, making both sympathetic, is a very big interpreter." And Sargent's Spaniards and Venetian women (before mentioned) in a kind of semi-twilight of low toned interiors, bounded by bare walls—onions and garlic and the oily smell of mandarin oranges are in the little pictures, but style, style, style! Indeed

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when the style fell away as it sometimes, though very, very rarely, did, one feels that—Sargent was bored, "and there's an end on't."

And now there *is* an end on't—an end of his abundant, superbly vitalized production; but of his influence there is no end that can be perceptible to us. Velasquez and Frans Hals, Pope Innocent in the Doria palace, the banqueters of Haarlem, are as dominating today as in their own past; more so, since they address a wider audience. Will Sargent's legend grow as this has grown? Probably, since his work is robust and subtle at once, sanitary and absolutely characteristic of the time he lived in.

Said Sargent to my wife and myself one day long ago, when he was showing us a portrait of Mrs. Henry Marquand that we were warmly commending: "Ah, but don't you think that it is rather an *éloge* than a portrait?" If a critically minded reader feels that this article is an *éloge*, the only answer which the writer of it makes is, that to him, any fully-felt appreciation of John Singer Sargent must perforce become a eulogy.

EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

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REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

President, American Museum of Natural History

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing on May 4, 1825, and died at Eastbourne on June 29, 1895. He was a man of powerful and vigorous constitution, physical and mental, and it may be said that his life was shortened to threescore years and ten by his excessive and simultaneous labors as a scientist, as a teacher, as a reformer in education, as an ardent defender of Charles Darwin, as a public speaker, as a philosophical and forensic writer. I had the privilege of listening to his great course of lectures on comparative anatomy and evolution during the winter of 1879–80, of working in his anatomical laboratory in South Kensington, and of forming his personal acquaintance in his own home. In each great sphere of life that he entered he was for a time *facile princeps*.

Beginning in 1850, long before the Darwin controversy, Huxley crossed swords with the veteran Richard Owen, at the time Director of the British Museum of Natural History and the uncrowned prince of comparative anatomy and palæontology in Great Britain. Owen was trained in the school of the great French comparative anatomist and founder of palæontology, Georges Cuvier. Cuvier had enjoyed an almost despotic influence in France because, as opposed to the early evolutionists Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, he had both the Church and the State on his side, whereas both Church and State were against Lamarck and St. Hilaire. Lamarck, an even greater genius than Cuvier, died in dire neglect. Cuvier was the leading exponent in France of what may be termed a compromise between his own palæontological discoveries, which pointed strongly toward evolution, and the Mosaic account of creation, which pointed as strongly toward fixity of species. Cuvier met the dilemma between palæontology and Genesis by the theory not of

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a single creation but of a succession of creations. Thus Richard Owen, when the mantle of Cuvier fell on his shoulders, could not rid his mind of supernaturalism and of constant divine interference in the natural order of things; he could not fully accept our modern view that the natural order of things is entirely without divine interference. Owen inherited another cloak which was equally archaic and cumbersome, namely, of German transcendental anatomy, the chief exponent of which was Lorenzo Oken. According to the school of Transcendentalists certain great archetypal ideas of a Platonic order were being worked out by a supernatural plan; according to these ideas parts of the skull of man could be compared bone by bone, piece by piece, with the parts of the backbone of man. The great transcendental scheme of comparison was imbued more or less with the Special Creation idea, that in fashioning the backbone and skull suddenly the Creator had in mind a certain type of mechanical architecture to which all parts must conform in varying degrees. Anticipating Huxley, the great German natural philosopher and poet, Goethe, sharply combatted these ideas and sought to substitute the true notion that the skull of man is built up in adaptation to one set of functions, while the vertebral column is built up in adaptation to another set of functions. But Goethe journeyed to Italy and became a poet, and thereby the world gained *Faust* and lost a great comparative anatomist. From Huxley came an unceasing flow of tributes to Goethe and recognition of his anatomical genius.

Richard Owen was a man of extraordinary ability, energy and resource; he gathered animals, living and extinct, from all parts of the British Empire, and soon gained a commanding position in British science. Mingled with his sound anatomical descriptions were philosophical generalizations imbued with Transcendentalism; finally his work culminated in his great volume on the archetypes of the skull, correct in detail but thoroughly unsound in theory. It was this Goliath of comparative anatomy that was to be slain at a single blow by a youthful David whose philosophic mind was entirely free both of supernaturalism and Transcendentalism and was ever open to untrammeled acceptance of facts. The stone which delivered the fatal blow was young

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Huxley's now famous Croonian Lecture of 1858 before the Royal Society, entitled *Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.* While entirely innocent in language and non-polemic in tone, this Croonian Lecture gave the deathblow not only to Owen's theory of the skull, but also to Owen's hitherto undisputed prestige. Huxley at the time was only thirty-three years of age, but his temperament, his education and his experience were such that this courageous and forceful attack at once established his supremacy in the whole field of comparative anatomy and caused Owen's power rapidly to wane.

Without a university degree, Huxley's scientific education included thorough anatomical training in the medical school of the Charing Cross Hospital, which he entered in 1842, and arduous medical service in the Royal Navy as assistant surgeon on H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in a voyage in the Southern Seas. Sailing from England in 1846 and returning in 1850, after viewing the Barrier Reef and coasts of Australia and New Guinea, his mind turned rather to the anatomical than to the natural history side, leading to his first important paper, *On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Medusæ*, published in 1849. Not the least benefit of this voyage, as he himself described it, was his "being on the bare bones of existence," thus gaining in the physical world fortitude which he was destined to transfer to his intellectual and moral life. The fruits of this voyage and the whole tendency of Huxley's precocious and very productive scientific career mark him as a comparative anatomist rather than as a naturalist, whereas Charles Darwin on the voyage of the *Beagle*, between the years 1831 and 1836, was always a naturalist rather than a comparative anatomist; in fact, Darwin's lack of comparative anatomical training and insight was a distinct loss to him throughout his life. This reciprocal intellectual and complementary relationship between Huxley and Darwin proved to be a very great advantage to both when the time came for the great comparative anatomist of England to apply the principles discovered by England's great naturalist.

Another propitious circumstance was that in 1854 Huxley, somewhat reluctantly, succeeded the distinguished zoölogist, Edward Forbes, in the Royal School of Mines as Palæontologist

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and Lecturer on Natural History; as a great teacher he held this post until his retirement in 1885, strengthening his lectures year by year through his own researches and observations in the fields of comparative anatomy, zoölogy and palæontology. When I entered this course of lectures in the autumn of 1879, Huxley was at his very best—brilliant, forceful, epigrammatic, humorous. He would enliven a long spell of anatomical description not only by a concurrent series of beautiful blackboard drawings in colors, but by an occasional shaft of humor. I recall my own rapidly flying pencil and colored crayon as I sought to take down his sound anatomical descriptions and his occasional bits of humor. Always on the same evening I extended these hastily written notes from memory, writing out the entire lecture so far as I could fill in the missing gaps. Thus I am still in possession of the fullest and most mature statement of Huxley's views and theories up to 1880 as to the evolution of animal life. At this point I may quote from my Memorial Address of 1895, the year of Huxley's death, which was reprinted in my *Impressions of Great Naturalists* (1924):

> Huxley as a teacher can never be forgotten by any of his students. He entered his lecture-room promptly as the clock was striking nine, rather quickly and with his head bent forward "as if oppressive with its mind." He usually glanced attention to his class of about ninety and began speaking before he reached his chair. He spoke between his lips, with perfectly clear analysis, with thorough interest, and with philosophic insight which was far above the average of his students. He used very few charts, but handled the chalk with great skill, sketching out the anatomy of an animal as if it were a transparent object. As in Darwin's face, and as in Erasmus Darwin's, Buffon's, and many other anatomists with a strong sense of form, his eyes were heavily overhung by a projecting forehead and eyebrows and seemed at times to look inward. His lips were firm and closely set, with the expression of positiveness, and the other feature which most marked him was the very heavy mass of hair falling over his forehead, which he would frequently stroke or toss back.

It may be of interest here to quote one passage from Huxley's address of 1868, entitled *On the Physical Basis of Life:*

> In order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "Protoplasm," which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I

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suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel—so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected, may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase, "*the* physical basis or matter of life," that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense. . . . This semi-fluid lining [of nettle hair] is protoplasm. . . . When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. . . . In addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. . . . Sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. . . . Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants and . . . they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Passages from Huxley's writings which are truisms today were in his time regarded as materialistic heresy. Materialism was the scientific bogie of the decades preceding Darwin's *Origin of Species*. On the one side were those who believed that the Creator breathed life into the dust, and on the other those who believed that mind, intellect, and soul were entirely incorporeal. It required some courage to attempt to define the physical basis of life in all its manifestations.

Almost incredible progress has been made since that time by the ardent study of protoplasm and the enveloping cell, which has recently culminated in such a masterly work as Edmund B. Wilson's *The Cell in Development and in Inheritance*. The mind of Huxley, like that of Darwin, was of the generalizing, sweeping order, capable of making biological generalizations, distinctive of that great period of English thought. We are so crowded now with an infinitude of anatomical and physiological details that the

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day of epoch-making generalizations seems to have passed. We cannot see the forest for the trees; we cannot look beyond the detailed vision afforded by our wonderfully perfect microscopes and optical instruments. Rapid accumulation of facts has become a veritable *embarras de richesses*. While we are making great discoveries of detail which far surpass anything within the grasp of Huxley, we have lost the power of generalization. We seem to be stunned, stupified and silenced by the very magnitude of our knowledge and the incapability of our human intellects to keep pace with it. In Huxley's own words:

> We are in the case of Tarpeia, who opened the gates of the Roman citadel to the Sabines and was crushed by the weight of the reward bestowed upon her. It has become impossible for any man to keep pace with the progress of the whole of any important branch of science. It looks as if the scientific, like other revolutions, meant to devour its own children; as if the growth of science tended to overwhelm its votaries; as if the man of science of the future were condemned to diminish into a narrow specialist as time goes on.

All the more intense in this centenary year is our admiration of Huxley for his indomitable courage in overcoming difficulties. His mind was inhibited only by the fact that his tasks were superhuman, larger than even his great strength could compass; they prevented those quiet hours of reposeful thought which enabled Charles Darwin to pour out his flood of generalization. Thus, admiring Huxley as we do, we cannot credit him with the achievements of which he was capable if the conditions of his life had only been different.

Huxley's first encounter with Owen well fitted him for his second and greater encounter with the established order of thought in Great Britain. In defence of Darwinism he had to face not only the entire established Church of England, with the single exception of Canon Charles Kingsley, but the no less invincible established order of science, including such really great men as Owen the anatomist, Sedgwick the geologist, and Louis Agassiz in the height of his prestige. It is a significant fact that Huxley's Croonian lecture of 1858 anticipated by only a year the appearance of the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Huxley's first words on this epoch-making volume are found in his review of it in *The London Times*, from which I quote:

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Mr. Darwin abhors mere speculation as nature abhors a vacuum. He is as greedy of cases and precedents as any constitutional lawyer, and all the principles he lays down are capable of being brought to the test of observation and experiment. The path he bids us follow professes to be, not a mere airy track, fabricated of ideal cobwebs, but a solid and broad bridge of facts. If it be so, it will carry us safely over many a chasm in our knowledge, and lead us to a region free from the snares of those fascinating but barren virgins, the Final Causes, against whom a high authority has so justly warned us. "My son, dig in the vineyard," were the last words of the old man in the fable: and, though the sons found no treasure, they made their fortunes by the grapes.

The ensuing period is so fully portrayed in Huxley's *Life and Letters* that we need not go over the familiar ground. The controversy really bore more heavily on Huxley than on Darwin; Huxley was continuously on the firing line, while Darwin rarely replied to his critics but devoted himself to his quiet researches at Down. I had an opportunity of comparing the health of the two men on December 8, 1879, on the one occasion when Charles Darwin visited Huxley's laboratory while I was a student there. Darwin was in his seventieth year, Huxley in his fifty-fourth, I in my twenty-second. I observed that Darwin stood much taller than Huxley and had a ruddy face, with benevolent blue eyes and overhanging eyebrows; his face was comparatively free from worry, anxiety, or care, while that of Huxley already showed the burdens and strains of London life. Although the younger man by sixteen years, Huxley looked less hale than Darwin. His unselfish solicitude for Darwin's strength was highly characteristic of him; from the first he realized that such a life should be prolonged by every means. Often alluding to himself as "Darwin's bull-dog," he took the brunt of the fighting.

In his logical mind he at once clearly distinguished between the enduring and well-established and the transitory elements in the whole body of the evolutionary doctrine which we now call Darwinism. From first to last he maintained that it would require years of study before naturalists could say whether Darwin overestimated the creative power of Natural Selection. In these doubts Huxley anticipated the widespread modern scepticism as to the force of Selection. As to the permanence of Darwin's rediscovery of evolution Huxley never had a shadow of doubt, and his final defense of this great principle was before the British

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Association at the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, which had witnessed his famous previous encounter with Bishop Wilberforce. The Chancellor of Oxford, the Marquis of Salisbury, had been chosen as President of the British Association, and the meeting proved to be the most notable in the history of this famous gathering of scientific men. The President dwelt, as some of the Fundamentalists today are dwelling, not upon the overwhelming evidence but upon the many doubtful points and unsolved problems which with delicate irony he said were glossed over "with the comforting word, evolution." As I was present on this historic occasion may I quote from my notes of the time:

> It was well worth the whole journey to Oxford to watch Huxley during this portion of the address. In his red Doctor of Laws gown, placed upon his shoulders by the very body of men who had once referred to him slightingly as "a Mr. Huxley," he sank deeper into his chair upon the very front of the platform and restlessly tapped his foot. His situation was an unenviable one. He had to thank an ex-Prime Minister of England and present the Chancellor of Oxford University for an address the sentiments of which were directly against those he himself had been maintaining for twenty-five years. He told me the following day that when the proofs of the Marquis's address were put in his hands the day before, he realized that he had before him a most delicate and difficult task.

As Huxley made his incomparable rejoinder, he gave the impression of consummate ease and enjoyment, but he told me later that he had never found it more difficult to convey a compliment at the manner and form of the address combined with a complete dissent from the substance of it.

The vindication of Huxley as fundamentally of a reverent and religious nature came not during the heated period of his lifetime, when all the embers of the bitter controversy were still glowing, but eleven years after his death, on the occasion of a meeting convened by the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society for the purpose of raising subscriptions in aid of the Huxley Memorial Fund. On this occasion the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, "in no uncertain voice declared himself a supporter of the principles which guided Huxley's noble life and proclaimed the righteousness of scientific truth" (*Nature*, May 14, 1896). Of this beautiful address I may quote one passage which gives the keynote:

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I am here to do honor to one, for whose truthfulness of character I have the profoundest admiration. Professor Huxley had what might almost be called an exaggerated tenacity for the thing which he believed to be true, and a reluctance to surrender the truthfulness of his spirit at the bidding of any man or any authority. "But," some may say, "he was antagonistic." This is not the place nor the occasion to speak of Professor Huxley's attitude towards Christianity, or even towards faith; but it should be remembered that the antagonism of his spirit was far more called out by the unfortunate attitude adopted by some who professed and called themselves Christians than by anything in its (Christianity) own nature. The moral and lesson of it is perfectly clear. A man may show himself the antagonist of other men's errors and of other men's methods without in the least degree being hostile to those precious things on which the hearts of men were wont to repose.

This olive branch extended by a man of great spiritual influence in the Church of England is not to wither but is to continue to blossom and bear fruit in the growing harmony which now exists between the spiritual and intellectual leaders of British thought, a harmony which has particularly found expression of late in the noble addresses, sermons, and writings of men like Dean Inge of St. Paul's and Canon Barnes, now Bishop of Birmingham.

Huxley once told me that his early training by a devoted Christian mother imbued him with a Puritanical reverence for the truth, a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and a strict Sabbatarianism which denied him even the enjoyment of an apple orchard on the Lord's Day! Certainly this training in absolute veracity and scorn of dissimulation fitted Huxley to combat dissimulation whenever he discovered it, as in his famous reply to the Bishop of Oxford. Of his reverence for the Bible we can find no nobler tribute than that contained in the following citation from the Prologue (*Controverted Questions*, 1892) of his collection of essays on *Science and Christian Tradition:*

Twenty-two years ago I pleaded for the use of the Bible as an instrument of popular education, and I venture to repeat what I then said:

"Consider the great historical fact that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national Epic of Britain and is as familiar to gentle and simple, from John o'Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso once were to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind, who never left his village, to be ignorant of the existence of

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other countries and other civilizations and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the Eternities; and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"

The test of Huxley's reverent attitude toward religion is to be seen in his choice of training for his own children and the recommendation he made for the training of children of the elementary schools. With italics of my own I quote two of his declarations on these points, because they are now of paramount interest in connection with problems in American education:

"When the great mass of the English people declare that they want to have the children in the elementary schools taught the Bible, and when it was plain from the terms of the Act that it was intended that such Bible-reading should be permitted, unless good cause for prohibiting it could be shown, I do not see what reason there is for opposing that wish. Certainly, I, individually, could with no shadow of consistency oppose the teaching of the children of other people *that which my own children are taught to do.*"

"I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures *the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct,* was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion, without the use of the Bible."

Of all Huxley's battles the most prolonged as well as the greatest was that for freedom of thought in matters scientific. This battle was not contained in any single one of his addresses but pervades all of the ten volumes in which these masterpieces of scientific, philosophical, and literary discourse have been collected and republished since his death and which should be on every bookshelf beside the two classic volumes of his *Life and Letters* and the four great volumes known as *The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley.* Now that we enjoy absolute freedom, if not license, of thought, now that men of all shades of scientific, religious, and philosophic belief may express their opinions without fear or favor, it is very difficult to imagine the state of things which prevailed all over western Europe during what we now perceive to be the dark intellectual ages of the close of the eight-

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eenth century and the first half of the nineteenth. No one was free either to say what he believed or even to record freely what he observed without incurring a certain amount of social disfavor. But while Europe has been freed from its thralldom, while England has attained a perfectly free voice in matters scientific and natural, and while the ancient University of Louvain, that most conservative center of Catholic thought, has placed Darwin beside Newton, today it is our own country that is benighted and where the battles of Huxley are being fought over again.

If in the close of the great Victorian Age the name of Herbert Spencer shone far more brightly than that of Thomas Henry Huxley, it may now be said that while the star of Spencer has been gradually waning that of Huxley has been gradually ascending and brightening in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual firmament.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

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THE PROTOCOL, SECURITY, AND DISARMAMENT

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

TODAY all the world is thinking and talking about the prevention of war. To this end there are at present three possible programmes. There is the general and rather drastic plan put forward in the Geneva Protocol. Secondly, there is the plan of regional security which is now being discussed in Europe. And thirdly, there is the possibility of a second Conference on the Limitation of Armament which may be called by the United States. The purpose of such thought and discussion is to promote the settlement of disputes between nations without recourse to arms. Public opinion, the strongest ultimate force in the world, is being assailed on all sides to declare itself in favor of this or that particular solution of the problem of war. The result is that there is confusion of mind and often opposition as to methods among people who really wish to promote a reign of justice and peace.

Consequently what seems to be needed at present is an honest discussion of the possibilities of the situation rather than a passionate advocacy of any one of the various formulas that are now before the world. Out of such discussion and analysis there may come a clearer understanding of the factors involved and a realization of the many adverse elements which must be met before success can be won. Certainly the mind and heart of Europe have been deeply affected during the past eighteen months by the idea that it is the duty of the present generation to try to provide in advance against the day when the next generation, that knew not the horrors and the suffering of the late struggle, may again have to make the dread decision between peace and war. If the present wisdom of the world cannot provide a means and a method whereby aggressive war can be tamed and exposed to the annihilating ridicule of public opinion then the outlook is indeed sad.

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One of the most distinguished and powerful Foreign Secretaries in Europe said to me last November: "If the Protocol is not the right way to deal with the subject, we must find another way. We must find an alternative method for public opinion demands it. We must do something." This sentiment was common to many others as well. Indeed, it is chiefly in the United States that feeling is sluggish and that for one reason or another the best minds of the country are not as yet applying themselves to the task of providing a reasoned and reasonable solution. Americans have been in part responsible for the definition of aggressive war as provided in the Geneva Protocol; but the fact that the United States is not a member of the League of Nations has prevented the full effect of American influence and has led to neglect by those responsible for the Protocol of fundamental principles of American foreign policy. It is all very well and, I dare say, very necessary that various organizations and bodies of influential citizens should proclaim the slogan of the outlawry of war and present earnest petitions to the President to promote disarmament among the nations. There is, however, nothing concrete or solid as yet in the manifestation of American public opinion regarding the entire matter. Still less is there a firm, clear notion at Washington of what should or should not be done. That may come in time.

In examining first of all the Geneva Protocol we must remember that though this document has apparently been disposed of for the time, the ideas of which it is the product are alive and ardent. The matter is to come up again next September at Geneva at the meeting of the Sixth Assembly. Then there may be an amended Protocol or the British may offer an alternative method to produce similar results. Certainly the programme of the Protocol deserves careful study rather than a contemptuous pigeon-hole. That I am by no means in complete support of the Protocol does not in the least prevent me from recognizing that in it there is an ambitious effort to promote international coöperation for peace. Historically it has set a pace which other plans sooner or later must meet if they are to win popular approval and final acceptance in the Foreign Offices of the world. The Protocol was finally signed by twenty States, including France, and in every nation there

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were important sections of moderate and liberal opinion which heartily supported it. Although it met a chilly reception in America, so important a document deserves careful if brief analysis, even if it did come from the League of Nations which remains anathema to so many Americans.

In general the Protocol states that compulsory arbitration is to be the fundamental basis of settlement of future international disputes. Arbitration is set up as a part of the machinery for pacific settlement of such disputes under the auspices and direction of the Council of the League of Nations. The principles of international law are to control, but the equitable jurisdiction of the judges is clearly recognized and back of their decision rest both moral and actual force which the establishment of "sanctions" sets up. Aggressive war is prohibited and the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice is extended to all international disputes, though "compatible" reservations are still permitted.

The position of the Council of the League is left untouched by the Protocol as regards its original power of action with a view to the reconciliation of the parties to a dispute. In case such action fails recourse under the Protocol may be had to one of three alternatives: (a) Compulsory arbitration at the request of one of the parties: (b) A unanimous decision by the Council: (c) Compulsory arbitration enjoined by the Council. The Assembly of the League may also act within moderate limits to assist in this procedure. In case one of the disputants claims that the matter is wholly within its own domestic jurisdiction and the Permanent Court agrees, a further provision of the Covenant may be invoked whereby under Article 11 the League has the duty "to take any action that may be deemed wise and effective to safeguard the peace of nations." The presumption of aggression furthermore rests against the State which refuses to accept arbitration or which increases its armaments or effectives pending a decision or which disregards the decision of the Permanent Court.

In cases where the dispute is between a State which has signed the Protocol and one which has not accepted either the Protocol or the Covenant of the League of Nations, Articles 16 and 17 of

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the Covenant would come into effect. These provide in general that in case of refusal by a non-member State to accept the jurisdiction of the League, such a State shall "be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations" and the prohibition of all intercourse. "It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." The Protocol, however, modifies this fixed rule of the Covenant by stating (Article 11) that the obligation to maintain such "sanctions" is "in the degree which its [the State's] geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow." Further articles of the Protocol define and elaborate the use of such "sanctions."

As the Politis-Bénes reports on the Protocol state:

> Our purpose was to make war impossible, to kill it, to annihilate it. To do this, we had to create a system for the pacific settlement of *all disputes* which might ever arise. In other words, it meant the creation of a system of arbitration from which no international dispute, whether juridical or political, could escape. The plan drawn up leaves no loophole; it prohibits wars of every description and lays down that all disputes shall be settled by pacific means.
>
> But this absolute character which applies to the system of arbitration should also apply to the whole of the scheme, in regard to all questions of principle. If there were one single gap in the system, if the smallest opening were left for any measure of force, the whole system would collapse.
>
> To this end arbitration is provided for every kind of dispute, and aggression is defined in such a way as to give no cause for hesitation when the Council has to take a decision.
>
> These reasons led us to fill in the gaps in the Covenant and to define the sanctions in such a way that no possible means could be found of evading them, and that there should be a sound and definite basis for the feeling of security.
>
> Finally, the Conference for the Reduction of Armaments is indissolubly bound up with this whole system: *there can be no arbitration or security without disarmament, nor can there be disarmament without arbitration and security.*
>
> The peace of the world is at stake.

Obviously such a plan had an ancestry. If we take the matter only since the establishment of the League of Nations we find

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that the plan proposed by Lord Esher to fix set ratios for land armaments broke down. A draft treaty of mutual assistance (Cecil-Réquin plan) was rejected by major States within the League in 1924. This treaty provided that aggressive war was a crime, obliged those States accepting the treaty to assist a victim of aggression, and indicated a recognition of the "obligation to reduce armaments proportionate to the security offered by the treaty." An unofficial American committee contributed the ideas of the "outlawry of aggressive war, of international inspection of armaments and recurring international conferences on disarmament" in which the United States could join, and of open registered treaties of defensive alliance which might also provide for arbitration. There was also the Levinson-Borah plan to outlaw all war. This plan magnifies the power of public opinion and will not make use of "sanctions" or of force to carry out the decisions of international law. As such it rests on the supposition of a utopian world in which democracy and public education shall have advanced to a stage in which all peoples and States have accepted the American idealism which lies back of such notions. As such it is not a plan for a "practical" world today, though it has provided the misleading slogan of "the outlawry of war." Out of such programmes and such diverse elements came finally the Protocol of 1924.

The advocates of this plan have, I think, made the mistake of continually exalting the League of Nations and of declaring that only through the League could the restraint on war be secured. This has, of course, had an ill-effect on American public opinion. Indeed the plan has suffered in America from its most sincere and ardent supporters. If I may judge of American opinion today, it is far more sympathetic to the general ideals of the League than it was a few years ago. It believes that the League is doing a great and helpful work for international coöperation, for justice, and for peace. But, on the contrary, public opinion is stronger against our joining the League (except possibly as an associate or non-official member) than it was in 1919. The helpful sympathy of the United States has been won though full membership in the League is more distant than ever. In particular, the way in which the Protocol ignored or ran counter to historical principles of

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American foreign policy made its acceptance or support in this country impossible. Certainly no American who was familiar with the ideas which have governed our foreign policy could come to its unqualified defence.

To mention only two or three of these fundamental principles of American diplomacy—what is to become of the rights of neutrals in case the Protocol should ever come into effect in the world as it is? And here we must remember that the rights of neutrals are historically wrapped up with the principles of American foreign policy.

Secondly, what effect would the adoption of the Protocol have had on the Monroe Doctrine in case the Council of the League of Nations had decided that the United States was an aggressor in maintaining that Doctrine? A third doubt would undoubtedly arise with regard to the efficacy of economic "sanctions" as a deterrent to war in the present organization of the League or in the present development of the world. Fourthly, as regards "domestic" questions, did not the Protocol give the League the right under Article 11 of the Protocol and Article 17 of the Covenant to "take such measures and make such recommendations as will prevent hostilities and will result in the settlement of the dispute"? Such measures might well enough place the United States and the League of Nations at war with each other in case a matter which was clearly "domestic" in character should also seem to the Council of the League to warrant action on its part.

Further criticism of the Protocol came from the British Government when Mr. Austen Chamberlain stated last March that Great Britain, "after discussing the subject with the self-governing Dominions and India," saw "insuperable objections to signing and ratifying the Protocol in its present form." This decision was due in the first place to the refusal of the Dominions to send representatives to London to discuss the matter and to the almost uniform objections, which they made by telegraphic dispatches, to acceptance of the Protocol. In the second place, it was also probably due to the fact that immediately after Mr. MacDonald had pledged the Labour Government of England to the support of the Protocol an animated discussion began in the British press

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regarding Anglo-American relations with reference to the possibilities of the Protocol. It was clear the United States would not sign or accept the Protocol in its actual form. It was also clear that the new British Conservative Government, which came into office in early November, was unwilling to accept it in case the Protocol held the seeds of possible future dissension between the United States and Great Britain. The influence of the feeling of British friendship for America was cast strongly against the acceptance of the Protocol. These factors combined with technical objections were, therefore, responsible for the speech which Mr. Chamberlain made at Geneva on March 12.

Mr. Chamberlain criticized the system of economic "sanctions" as provided in the Protocol; he pointed out difficulties as to the regulation of preparations for war, particularly as regards the distribution and use of a fleet; and he objected to the restriction fixed by the Protocol that only money damages might be demanded even from the most flagrant aggressor in war. He referred to the possibility of providing international security, with the coöperation of the League, by supplementing the Covenant, "by making special arrangements in order to meet special needs." In general Mr. Chamberlain commented as follows:

> The Protocol purports to be little more than a completion of the work begun but not perfected by the authors of the Covenant. But surely this is a very inadequate description of its effects. The additions which it makes to the original document do something quite different from merely clarifying obscurities and filling in omissions. They destroy its balance and alter its spirit. The fresh emphasis laid upon sanctions, the new occasions discovered for their employment, the elaboration of military procedure, insensibly suggest the idea that the vital business of the League is not so much to promote friendly cooperation and reasoned harmony in the management of international affairs as to preserve peace by organising war, and (it may be) war on the largest scale. Now, it is unhappily true that circumstances may be easily imagined in which war, conducted by Members of the League, and with its collective assistance and approval, will become a tragic necessity. But such catastrophes belong to the pathology of international life, not to its normal condition. It is not wholesome for the ordinary man to be always brooding over the possibility of some severe surgical operation; nor is it wise for societies to pursue a similar course. It is more likely to hasten the dreaded consummation than to hinder it. And it certainly seems to His Majesty's Government that anything which fosters the idea that the main business of the League is with war rather

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than with peace is likely to weaken it in its fundamental task of diminishing the causes of war without making it in every respect a satisfactory instrument for organising great military operations should the necessity for them be forced upon the world.

Thus the Protocol was postponed for future consideration and the Disarmament Conference planned for June, 1925, under the auspices of the League of Nations was also delayed. The fact was, however, that the Canadian reply to the League of Nations was by no means as stiff and harsh in its language as was the British. The Protocol was rejected especially because the absence of the United States made its "sanctions" largely unenforceable. But Canada continued loyally to support the League and was ready to consider the adoption, with reservations, of the principle of compulsory arbitration for all justiciable disputes and the extension of the principles of arbitration and conciliation to all non-justiciable disputes. The spirit which seemed to lie back of the Canadian note was more helpful and sympathetic than that of the official British reply. Certainly the general ideas which lie back of the Protocol have now become familiar to millions of peoples. Out of this there may well come the basis of a guarantee for peace.

Meanwhile, as Dr. Bénes pointed out, the States which had most eagerly supported the Protocol were the new or small States stretching from Finland in the north to Greece in the south. They represented the Continental system which in the main had been established by the treaties since the Armistice. They were constantly subjected to alarms of war and they stood to gain much if their frontiers could be guaranteed by such a pact. For the Protocol was clearly a Continental project to ratify and secure the system which some have called the "Balkanization of Europe." France as well had been the first to sign the Protocol thus seeking to establish under the aegis of the League of Nations the approval of the world for what she had already accomplished by diplomacy, namely, the creation of a group of States bound to France by quasi-alliance. Thus a peace movement served to shelter a move to make the League of Nations a pawn of France. This is not at all to the discredit of France in the game of diplomacy as it is played by the practical idealists at Geneva. Natu-

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rally with the postponement of the ratification of the Protocol eastern Europe is once more extremely anxious. The principle of compulsory arbitration backed by "sanctions" would have consolidated every new frontier and have given a new guarantee to peace in that part of the world. Now if instead of this we have a new regional pact which affects only western Europe these new States will feel that they have been bereft of such protection as they had hoped for under the protection of the League.

Nevertheless, that is what is possible under the "special arrangements for special needs," to which Mr. Chamberlain referred. Such a programme would guarantee certain frontiers as they now stand by an agreement between Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany. This differs from the treaty of mutual assistance projected in 1923–24, for this pact would include Germany. Naturally the progress of such negotiations is slow. It has been affected by the cabinet crisis in France and by the presidential elections in Germany. Indeed a combination of events has made Mr. Chamberlain's task much more difficult than would otherwise have been the case. Nor is it to the public interest that the full and detailed course of these preliminary negotiations should now be revealed. At every turn the foreign political and military commitments of France stand in the way of more rapid progress. Poland, in particular, has been vociferous in her protests that the eastern as well as the western frontiers of Germany should be included in any such security pact. On every side the suspicions and anxiety of France are evident and M. Briand, who has stood out strongly for the Protocol is now, as I write, French Foreign Secretary. Neither he nor Dr. Bénes enjoyed Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Geneva in March. In England as well Mr. Chamberlain has his critics. *The Manchester Guardian* has already said: "Our present Government seems to be thinking of such a pact of guaranty to France as an alternative to the Protocol. It is an alternative with no advantages. Alliances, as 1914 showed, are the mother of wars. * * * The choice is between the old diplomacy and the new route through Geneva. It is, at last, the parting of the ways."

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Such comments, backed as they are by the official Opposition in the House of Commons, and supported by those who like to figure as ardent supporters of the League of Nations have perhaps given color to the idea that Great Britain is now in some way less firm in her adherence to the League of Nations. Mr. Frank Simonds in *The Review of Reviews* and others have given voice to the idea that England is drifting away from the League. A clever English writer, Mr. Roth Williams, has written of an Anglo-American understanding as an alternative to British commitments to the League and has declared that an English-speaking alliance is both undesirable and impossible. Such remarks seem to me far from correct, for if you talk with the people who really count you find that the British Commonwealth of Nations is as firm as ever in support of the League of Nations. The fact that they do not agree to support the Protocol does not in any fundamental way indicate that there is any loosening of the connection between Great Britain and the League. On the other hand, as Sir Esmé Howard well said the other day, if Great Britain and the United States seem to follow similar channels it is only because their own interests so guide them. He expressed the mind and the heart of England when he concluded:

> All I should like our friends over here to understand is that the people in Europe cannot, and will not, give up spending money on fire insurance and on fire brigades unless their houses are made fire proof. I feel certain that once that elementary fact is understood there will be less criticism, and also a desire to coöperate to this end so far as possible without endangering the interest of the United States. It is possible that Great Britain may have to go rather further in coöperation with the European nations than the United States may be able to go in order to produce that confidence that will lead to disarmament and peace. But this need not, and should not, be construed as implying any possibility of a clash between the two great English-speaking nations, the Powers of the world, which possibility the other nations of the world must learn to consider, as all of us here consider it, as the one thing which we will neither admit nor endure.

To return now to the proposed security pact which should include Germany. If we pass over hurriedly the negotiations which took place during February and early March we come to the announcement made by Mr. Chamberlain on March 24. He

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then stated the terms proposed by Germany for such an agreement as follows:

In regard to her western frontiers Germany is prepared to renounce all desire of change and to enter into a mutual pact to guarantee the existing situation. In suggesting arbitration in the East, she does not propose or suggest that the eastern frontiers should become the subject of such treaties of arbitration. She is prepared to say that she renounces the idea of recourse to war to change the frontiers in the East, but she is not prepared to say in regard to those frontiers that she renounces hope some day to modify some of their provisions by friendly negotiations, by diplomatic procedure, or, it may be for aught I know, by the good offices of the League of Nations.

Mr. Chamberlain also stated that:

Germany's interest is in the establishment of a special treaty foundation for a special understanding with France. Germany is prepared to consider a comprehensive arbitration treaty and to enter into a mutual pact with the Powers interested in the Rhine. Similar arbitration treaties may be concluded with the other States which have common boundaries with Germany. If these States desire, a further pact universally guaranteeing the present territorial status on the Rhine would be acceptable to Germany and the pact may further guarantee fulfillment of Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles.

He concluded by the solemn warning:

Ever since peace was signed, no less than when war was still being waged, Europe has been ranged in two camps, divided as were the combatants in war. Fear, haunting, restless, brooding fear, haunts the councils of every nation and the homes of every Continental people—fear that warps judgment and affects policy, which leads to irritating acts, to fresh provocation, which renews day by day the bitterness of war and the rancors of war. If this continues, sooner or later, Europe will march to a new Armageddon.

It was only natural that France should make counter moves in such negotiations and finally that Germany should begin direct dealings with France. So far these negotiations are still progressing favorably. The admission of Germany to the League of Nations is to be a part of the bargain. It remains to be seen how quickly an agreement can be reached and how clearly such a treaty would meet the natural and essential demands for security which must precede any effective plans for disarmament.

Certainly the election of Marshal von Hindenburg as President of the German *Reich* gives no pause. His character and views have, however, been quite commonly misunderstood. He is not in favor of a belligerent attitude by Germany and he favors peace

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at present. His election, however, tends to restore German self-respect. Chancellor Luther, after conference with Hindenburg, has stated, according to press reports, that German foreign policy remains unchanged. He said:

> In her disarmed state Germany also is justified in demanding security. It is all the more to the interest of Germany to seek protection through treaties against future attacks, since she desires to wage no war, and, as any expert will agree, she is unable to wage war.

At the same time negotiations have begun looking to the organization of another regional pact of States to the south and east of Germany. These steps have been at the initiative of Dr. Bénes, Foreign Secretary of Czechoslovakia, and have as their purpose both to consolidate that part of Europe and to bring it more closely into touch with the League of Nations. Such attempts rest on the knees of the gods. At least, we can believe that they are full of promise.

Under circumstances like these, it was obvious that the original proposals to hold a disarmament conference at Washington which were thrown out last summer and autumn were premature. In December it was clear that the Department of State would do nothing till the Geneva Protocol had been disposed of or had been accepted. Now comes the question as to whether this Chamberlain plan for regional security may not also interpose delay on the part of the authorities at Washington. They waited to see what was to happen to the Protocol; will they not now wait to see what happens to regional security before they issue a call for a second Conference on the Limitation of Armament at Washington? The early suggestion as to the holding of the first Conference came from Great Britain at a time when public opinion in the United States was alarmed as to the situation in the Far East and was anxious to promote a friendly understanding as to the limitation of armament. Is it not possible if not probable, therefore, that American action may wait on the development of negotiations in Europe?

In the meantime, in response to private criticism from the League regarding American action, I would point out that there was no smaller or preliminary conference prior to the Washington Conference, because such a conference might have wrecked the

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plans for the larger and formal Conference, and the United States particularly objected to such preliminary discussions as habitually take place in the Council of the League. For the power of the Council, particularly now that Foreign Secretaries of first class Powers are forming the habit of attending its sessions, is immense to direct and formulate and also to veto proposals laid before it. The Council, furthermore, is composed of representatives of States most of which are involved in negotiations with each other, which have no part in the subject under discussion but which nevertheless under the surface inevitably affect, if they do not determine, the decisions of the Council regarding the ostensible subject under debate. These preliminary discussions seem, therefore, harmful to the United States. Moreover, there was certainly as far as the United States was concerned no attempt to extend or to force the decisions of the Washington Conference.

It is undoubtedly true that careful consideration is being given to the whole matter at Washington. Possibly by the time that this article appears in print a decision may have been reached. Certainly, however, to succeed in any broad sense such a Conference must have definite objectives to start with. Those who light-heartedly advocate a disarmament conference know nothing of the strenuous preliminary preparation, of the careful determination of the agenda, of the meticulous care with which each aspect and possible phase of the matter must be surveyed. Only such work made the first Conference a success. If a second Conference is to be held, it must in all probability be confined to naval armament. The United States has nothing to trade as far as land armament is concerned. Indeed as regards naval armament, only the programme for light cruisers and submarines could seriously come into consideration. America might trade as to her potentialities in construction. Certainly those are vast. Such considerations, however, do not readily lend themselves to definite formulation at present. As far as aircraft are concerned, America would find in the first place that France considers her air strength as part of her land armament and the relation of commercial flying to combatant flying is so close that the argument in favor of the limitation of aircraft would be subject to vigorous opposition. Lastly as to submarines. Here the British

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would undoubtedly urge reduction, but the opinion of the American naval authorities would be extremely apt to disagree with the British. It is, therefore, difficult to see along what lines reduction might be advocated except in proposed construction of light cruisers. There the set ratios of "five, five, three" might be extended from capital ships to auxiliary armament.

Despite the stories in the press that informal conversations have taken place regarding the possibility of holding a limitation of armament conference at Washington, no such approaches have formally been made. Mr. Chamberlain spoke to Mr. Kellogg in London regarding such a plan and out of that remark and similar discussions elsewhere the gentlemen of the press have made their headlines and blown a bubble. Meantime the British attitude remains as Mr. Chamberlain defined it on March 16. He said: "Of course, you know the attitude of the British Government. It is willing to attend any conference anywhere which offers any prospect of an advance toward world peace."

Among the people who decide things in Washington the idea is common that sooner or later a conference will be called. How soon or for what exact purposes it is impossible to state. Senator Borah has the fixed idea that Russia must be recognized by the United States and invited to such a conference, for he declares that the Russian Problem is the key to the situation. That view, however, would apparently postpone the Conference to the Greek Kalends. There are also those who foresee a revival of negotiations regarding China. The whole subject of extraterritoriality and the problem of the customs in China have not advanced since 1922. In case, as now seems likely, France finally ratifies the Nine Power Treaty relating to China, there is no reason why such Far Eastern questions should not come up at a second Conference. There are, furthermore, always opportunities for personal contacts at a general conference of this sort. These personal relations often have a profound and lasting effect and may clear the way to negotiations on other matters. Certainly the moral influence of a Conference may be counted as one of its major assets if everything goes for the best during the negotiations. On that no one can predict. If the problem of the inter-

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allied and American debts should come up in connection with the Conference the moral aspects of the negotiations would perforce become extremely practical.

There remains just a word of comment on the present Conference taking place at Geneva with reference to the restriction of traffic in arms. This meeting is an international affair held under the auspices of the League, but is not exactly a League conference. The United States signed but did not ratify the Convention of St. Germain in 1919 which aimed to control the traffic in arms. At Geneva the attempt is now being made to substitute an agreement which we can accept and will enforce by appropriate legislation. The Temporary Mixed Commission of the League has prepared a draft treaty as the basis for discussion. It is certain that the United States will favor a flexible compact which will not stimulate the creation of large stores of munitions in a given country and which will not drive any country to open new factories to provide itself with arms. At present the export of munitions to certain regions in Asia, Africa, and Central America calls for governmental regulation in order to prevent the outbreak of disorders which might menace the peace of the world. On the whole, such regulations as may be adopted will probably be fairly conservative in character.

Thus as we survey the general situation with regard to security and disarmament, the major fact of security stands out first. Disarmament can never take place unless security is guaranteed. Whether that security is to be found for Europe in an amended Protocol or in a series of new regional pacts remains to be seen. Competition as regards armament can then be limited and curbed. Slowly as the various elements in the situation pass in review the conviction becomes clearer that the United States occupies an enviable position of vast moral and practical power. That power should be exercised to prevent the "supreme catastrophe" which another great war would bring upon our modern civilization.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

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THE FUTURE OF LEPROSY

BY VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.
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ARE the people of the United States threatened with leprosy? How many lepers are there in the country? Is the disease spreading? What is being done for lepers? Has a cure been developed? These and many other questions are frequently asked of the malady that holds probably more popular interest than any other affliction of man.

Until 1912 the Island of Nauru in the South Pacific with a population of 2,100 had no lepers. A case was then introduced. Between 1920 and 1922 there were 39 lepers. If the same thing had happened in the United States, we would, computing on the basis of our present population, now have over 2,037,200 lepers. Reasoning by analogy, we know that this is not likely to happen. However, it is well to bear in mind that it is not so very long ago that France had 2,000 leper hospitals and England had them by the hundreds. Only this past year, after a comparative absence of nearly a century, the disease has again reappeared in Holland and an old leper hospital has had to be reopened. Thus it is apparent that vigilance is at least highly desirable.

The history of leprosy throughout the world shows conclusively that this disease never appears in a new place until some victim of the disease goes there. It does not rise spontaneously. So far as we know, the human host is the only reservoir for it. This means that whenever persons with leprosy are kept from coming into contact with well persons it disappears. The isolation and segregation of lepers in Europe brought it under complete control, and if such measures could be effectually applied all over the earth, it would vanish completely. According to Aristotle, writing about 345 B.C., leprosy was present in Asia Minor. By 200 B.C. it became common on the Greek coast. Italy was free of the disease until the return of Pompey's soldiers in 62 B.C. According to Galen, leprosy appeared in Germany in 180 A.D., and gradually spread over Europe. In the fifth and sixth centuries Spain was infected by the Roman troops, and by the seventeenth century it

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had reached England. In the middle of the twelfth century it spread from Scotland to Norway, the Shetland Islands, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and accessible parts of Russia.

During this period suppressive measures in Europe took various forms. Sometimes lepers had to wear special dress or ring a bell when passing along the streets. They were forbidden to drink at public fountains, to touch children, or to eat with persons other than lepers. Isolation in colonies or hospitals was very generally practiced, and probably had the most important influence in preventing the spread of the disease.

Just when leprosy entered the United States is not known, but there were probably two principal sources; one through the slave traffic from West Africa, and the other through the French settlers of Louisiana. Leprosy has of course been frequently imported into the United States during the past one hundred years, but owing to the horror with which the disease is regarded, effective isolation naturally follows, if not by legal means at any rate through strong public opinion, and as a result there has been little spread from these later invasions.

For centuries leprosy has struck terror into the heart of man, and well it might. There is no affliction that has the physical basis for so much dismay and anguish. It is horrible to live with and difficult to die with. Death seldom comes until caused by some other disease. As the incubation period is unknown, one of the disquieting features of having been in contact with lepers is the long period which may elapse before the disease manifests itself. The shortest known time is about two years, and in some cases it has been over twenty years. On the other hand, leprosy is not hereditary. Of hundreds of children that have been taken away from their leprous mothers soon after birth, not one has developed leprosy. The disease begins insidiously, progresses slowly, and may last for twenty or thirty years. The Greek writer, Aretaeus, over two thousand years ago gave the following description of leprosy which is true of the leper of today:

> Shining tubercles of different size, dusky red or livid in color, on face, ears and extremities, together with a thickened and rugous state of the skin, a diminution or total loss of its sensibility, and a falling off of all the hair except that of the scalp. The alæ of the nose become swollen, the nostrils dilate, the lips

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are tumid; the external ears, especially the lobes, are enlarged and thickened and beset with tubercles; the skin of the cheek and forehead grows thick and tumid and forms large and prominent rugae, especially over the eyes; the hair of the eyebrows, beard, pubes and axillæ falls off; the voice becomes hoarse and obscure, and the sensibility of the parts affected is obtuse or totally abolished, so that pinching or puncturing gives no uneasiness. This disfiguration of the countenance suggested the idea of the features of a satyr, or wild beast; hence the disease was, by some, called satyriasis, or by others leontiasis. As the malady proceeds the tubercles crack and ultimately ulcerate. Ulcerations also appear in the throat and nose, which sometimes destroy the palate and septum, the nose falls, and the breath is intolerably offensive; the fingers and toes gangrene and separate joint after joint.

It is not infrequent to see a lighted cigarette burning into the fingers of a leper without his being aware of it. The limbs become paralyzed. Slight injuries often start unhealable ulcers that produce deep holes in the bottoms of the feet and discharge foul-smelling pus. After the disease attacks the nerves, the ordinary wear on the fingers and toes, for instance, is not repaired, so that through this and through absorption these members disappear. I have seen, for instance, a string orchestra of lepers that has literally played "its fingers off", and nothing but mere bats remained where hands once were. Owing to the anæsthesia which accompanies the disease, there is as a rule not much pain, but in some instances leprosy attacks certain parts of the eyes causing intense pain which lasts day after day and even for months. Far beyond the physical suffering is the terrible mental anguish. No criminal condemned to solitary confinement is confronted with such torture and loneliness. Shunned by his friends and associates who are in terror of coming even within speaking distance, the unfortunate victim soon finds himself alone in a world in which he has no part; the few who come in contact with lepers instinctively draw back from them, so that any attempt at normal social relationship dies in its birth.

There is no way of knowing even approximately how many lepers there are in the world. It is not even known how many there are in the United States, but that the number given in official statistics is far below the actual number is conceded by all who have made an investigation. Estimates for the United States vary from 400 to 1,000, and the total number in the world is

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given by different writers as between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. The great strongholds of leprosy are in India, China and Japan. The incidence in the Philippines has probably been as high as anywhere. The disease was introduced into the Islands by a few leper immigrants in the sixteenth century. When Dewey defeated the Spanish fleet in the Manila harbor there were probably 10,000, so that America, among other responsibilities, acquired its first large leper problem. The indigenous races of Africa included thousands upon thousands of lepers, and pitiful stories are told of the rapid spread of the disease among these unfortunate people. Owing to the improved avenues of transportation which are being opened on the initiative of the white man, civilization is going forward more rapidly than are the defenses against the evils which heretofore had natural checks. South America has had large invasions, and one little country alone is said to have over 100,000 lepers. The Islands of the West Indies, far-away Ceylon and Java, the archipelagoes of the South Seas, and many distant lands contain large numbers. Our own possession, Hawaii, has suffered terribly from the ravages of leprosy, for in its population of a little over 100,000, there have been over 800 lepers at one time.

What defenses then has the science of modern public health erected against leprosy? Considerable definite knowledge is available. In the first place the cause of the disease is known. Hansen, a Norwegian doctor, proved that it is due to a bacillus. Whenever the leper bacillus can be demonstrated in the tissues of a person, it may be stated beyond question that this person has leprosy. It is a disease confined exclusively to the human race. No animal contracts leprosy naturally, nor will it develop when inoculated into any animal. The latter fact greatly retards the study of the disease. No one has yet been able to prove leprosy was ever contracted except through contact. Just how the transmission from person to person takes place is not known. In some places apparently it does not spread. During the past twenty-five years it has been known that leprosy does not spread in England nor in New York State. On the other hand, it does spread in Germany, France, Louisiana, Texas and Canada. From the foregoing it will be apparent that if all lepers in a country

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are promptly isolated, that is, kept from coming in contact with the public, the disease should disappear. This is exactly what has happened in England and in other countries in which that plan was effectively carried out. It is more or less the aim to take similar measures in all countries in which the disease prevails, but owing to the lack of proper organization and money the plans have not always been realized. Isolation not only protects others from contracting leprosy, but it is a humane solution for the leper himself, for instead of being shunned, he has an opportunity to associate with other lepers under pleasant relationship, and is spared the world's rebuffs. Congregation in special hospitals or colonies affords opportunities for the study of the disease on a large scale and for the administration of treatment by trained doctors and attendants.

What is the United States doing at home and in its dependencies to bring leprosy under control? Although its start was late, its pace slow, and occasionally lepers suffered terrible outrages in continental United States for lack of legal protection, yet on the whole the record is very creditable. As has so frequently happened in the past with other public health measures, the first action was taken in the dependencies, and the home land followed many years later. It was soon recognized that the best hope of success lay in following the methods of modern research. Congress made available funds with which it was possible to send a small scientific commission to Hawaii in 1907. In the meantime the world's largest leper colony was started in the Philippines and received its first lepers in 1906. That colony now has approximately 6,000 leper inmates.

As most of the lepers in the United States are aliens in whom the disease could not be detected at the time of their admission, dealing with them was regarded as a national rather than a State obligation. To meet the situation, Congress in 1917 authorized a national leprosarium. This is located in Louisiana, and anyone who develops leprosy can be taken care of there free of all cost. Very comfortable quarters are provided, excellent care is given, and medical officers are ever keen to give the inmates the very best the world affords in the way of treatment.

A good leper colony was being maintained by the Government

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of Hawaii at the time the sovereignty of the Islands passed to the United States, which continued the kindly care. In Porto Rico as well as in Panama all lepers are isolated.

The research work started under United States auspices and the large numbers of cures reported from the Philippines have been a tremendous stimulus to the whole world, so that in the few years that have elapsed since the United States became identified with the problem, a new horizon has appeared and there is hope where once all was darkness. Charitable people of the United States for many years have been the largest contributors towards missions that have cared for lepers throughout the world. In recent years the organization "The Mission to Lepers" has coördinated missionary effort, and approached the problem of leprosy control from the public health viewpoint. This means that another important agency is working, not only to relieve the suffering of lepers but to make it less likely for others to contract this frightful disease.

So much for prevention and control. What has modern medicine to offer the unfortunate victim who has the disease? Leprosy is undoubtedly the oldest disease of which there is any record that man has attempted to conquer. Frequent mention of these efforts is made in the Bible, and among the miracles performed by Christ leprosy is specifically mentioned. The early writings of Galen and Aristotle indicate a lack of success in combating the disease and so the history of failure goes on down to the twentieth century. Throughout this long record one bright light illuminates much of the darkness: the aid which the Christian missionary gave. It is indeed an inspiring sight to visit lepers all over the world, whether in comparatively civilized places, in barren islands, or in haunts far removed from the world's paths, and see the cheer, comfort, and hope that has been put into the lives of these unfortunate outcasts.

Although the practice of medicine was developed to a science before the close of the nineteenth century, the newer methods of research were not focused upon leprosy until well into the twentieth century. The prospects of success were most discouraging. Literally hundreds of remedies had been tried, but only failure followed in their wake. Gradually out of the darkness one rem-

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edy seemed to offer an element of hope. The natives of India claimed beneficial effects with certain herbs. Investigation revealed that the faith was based on the fact that the natives chewed the leaves and twigs of the chaulmoogra tree. Gradually it was ascertained that it was the oil of the tree that appeared to have healing properties. This led to the extraction of the oil of chaulmoogra from the nut. With that discovery it became possible to try the remedy in all parts of the world. This wider use showed that chaulmoogra oil alone stood the test of time. Unfortunately, its nauseating properties greatly interfered with its successful administration, and further experience demonstrated that perhaps only one leper in a hundred could retain it. There the matter rested for many years while research was being made into methods which might be used to counteract the unpleasant effects of the drug. In the Philippines it was finally learned that by adding camphor and resorcin to the oil it could be successfully given hypodermically without causing much nausea. Although cures had been reported with chaulmoogra oil from the leper colony in Louisiana and perhaps from other isolated places, yet it was not until its administration by the hypodermic method was undertaken on a large scale in the Philippines that sufficient experience became available to make a fairly accurate prediction as to the possibilities of the treatment.

The news of this experiment in the Philippines spread rapidly throughout the world. Soon afterward successful results were reported from Hawaii, Fiji, Korea, Australia, Sumatra, China, India and other countries. The effect on lepers all over the earth was little short of magical. Hope replaced gloom and despair. It was a never to be forgotten experience to see the light of hope in the eyes of lepers wherever the news became known.

The study of leprosy became world-wide. After the success of the treatment in the Philippines was published, Sir Leonard Rogers, in India, used essential principles from the oil which caused improvement more rapidly than the Philippine formula. Then research was again taken up by scientists in Hawaii. They converted chaulmoogra oil into ethyl esters, which apparently gave much more rapid and satisfactory results. Investigations are under way at the United States Government Leper Station at

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Carville, Louisiana. Other promising avenues are being explored in Calcutta, in China, in Hawaii, in South Africa, several places in Japan and in other countries. In addition to the chaulmoogra oil, many other remedies have been put forward; some of them of considerable promise. The great advantage of international action is that all of these remedies can now be rapidly tested in various countries and the results compared. Thus if a remedy is found which gives promising results in a number of places, there is encouragement for further trial, whereas if there is more or less evidence of the failure of a drug in a number of different countries much time is saved by directing the attack to other fields. Only recently, for instance, the remedy "tryparsamide" discovered in the United States which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of sleeping sickness, gives promise of being of value in leprosy. A medical missionary in West Africa while treating a leper with tryparsamide, who was also afflicted with sleeping sickness, reported that upon the completion of the treatment the victim had been cured of both diseases. This observation can be tested in many places, and soon we shall know whether this is a new remedy of promise. Recently, too, some very favorable results have been obtained with mercurochrome. Thus it will be apparent that through international action any remedy of promise can be quickly evaluated, and the workers in the disease soon know whether another instrument has been added to their armamentarium. And so a new day has dawned for the leper. Now there is hope where all was darkness and despair. The prospects of being freed of the disease are excellent.

Briefly then experience warrants the statement that of the lepers who have not had the disease for more than four or five years and are not beyond the period of young adult life 25 per cent. can be cured. In Hawaii the reports are good; many lepers become negative and the cosmetic results are excellent. For instance, Dr. Hasseltine reported (February 25, 1924) that at the Kalihi treatment station it was possible to parole 77, or 23½ per cent. of all those treated. Of the remainder, 60 per cent. were improved, 31 per cent. stationary or arrested, and eight per cent. were not affected by treatment. Of some 4,000 lepers under treatment in

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the Philippine Islands, over 300 are ready for parole, 53 per cent. of the remainder are distinctly improved, and in another 36 per cent. the disease has become stationary. Results such as these, though far from perfection, are very stimulating. What a tremendous advance over a few years ago, when even one recovered case was almost unknown!

This slow, persistent attempt to protect people against leprosy is typical of the progress of preventive medicine. The real gains have been due, not to unrelated efforts of private practitioners dealing with individual patients for personal profit, but to the disinterested coöperation of physicians and sanitarians who have shared knowledge and experience, and helped governments and institutions to organize systematic measures of isolation and treatment. Their aim has been not merely to relieve the afflicted but to protect whole populations. These modern crusaders will not be content until leprosy has been banished from the world.

VICTOR G. HEISER.

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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

When the Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620, they brought with them the English conscience and intellect and energy, but, roughly speaking, it may be said that the English imagination stayed behind, with the children of Shakespeare. Now humanity demands imagination as well as conscience, and it is most curious to trace in New England the gradual assertion of the imaginative type. Assuredly in Charlotte Cushman we have an interesting spectacle of the development of the two elements, not exactly in conflict, but in marked contrast, and existing side by side, on the whole in well balanced efficiency.

Miss Cushman was born in Boston in 1816. She belonged to the best New England stock on both sides of the family, and was brought up in comfortable surroundings, and with an excellent education. Perhaps she would never have been attracted directly to the stage, though from her childhood she was remarkable as a mimic. Her early aspirations were musical, and she hoped that her powerful contralto voice might be developed to operatic quality. Her disappointment as to this was a bitter blow, but incidentally she had discovered that, though she could not sing, she could act, and she continued to do so, with a career of mainly triumphant and unbroken success, until the cruel malady of cancer, which she bore with heroic patience, made it impossible for her to give even the dramatic readings in which she was quite as effective as on the actual stage. She died in 1876.

It may be said at once that Miss Cushman's life was one of full, joyous, and complete absorption in her work and devotion to it. She had no apologies for her profession, no distrust of it, no shame about it. It is hardly necessary to say that, with such a temper as hers, this view meant constant devotion and

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sacrifice. Her work was never trifling, never frivolous; she never slighted it or neglected it. Her soul was in whatever she did: "To be thoroughly in earnest, intensely in earnest in all my thoughts and in all my actions, whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life."

This affection, this passion, for her art made her ready to overlook all the drawbacks and annoyances which repel so many from the theatrical life who might otherwise succeed in it. To Miss Cushman it was a noble art, and required all a man's energy and genius to make and keep himself worthy of it. Even the humbler and the harsher sides of it she valued as a useful discipline to purify and elevate her spirit when it was worn and shattered with some special strain and misery. And she sums up this beneficent element of her work in one effective sentence: "Art is an exacting mistress, but she repays with royal munificence."

In Miss Cushman's case, as in that of any imaginative artist, back of the intense immediate enjoyment of artistic effort and achievement, there was the long, conscious ambition to succeed, to make a great place in the world, to leave a great name behind her. And no doubt, in thoughtful moments, she was clearly conscious of the defective side of this ambition, so far as the stage is concerned. No art is capable of such immediate, intense, directly appreciated triumph. And no other art is so ephemeral in its appeal, leaves so little permanent impress on the imagination of humanity. Yet, after all, there is something to be said for the glory which comes in one's lifetime, if it ever comes, and the immense, immediate applause of thousands laughing and weeping right before you may be worth a good deal more than the shadowy adoration of a dream-posterity. At any rate, there can be no doubt that ambition, the desire to achieve glory, if possible, and as much of it as possible, was a substantial, enduring motive in Miss Cushman's life.

And if glory was what she sought, she certainly got it, in large measure and perhaps as little mixed as often falls to the lot of any one in this complicated world. So far as one can judge of her acting from the varied comments of critics, it was, as one might expect, perhaps stronger in the intellectual than in the im-

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passioned aspect. She had a mighty and ardently impetuous temperament, and no doubt she lost herself in the emotional sway of her creations to a very great extent. Still, the main impression seems to be one rather of profound, penetrative intellectual power than of immediate, spontaneous self-abandonment, as for example with Salvini. She was universally recognized as a very great actress, but perhaps rather of the Saxon than of the Latin type.

In consequence, her successes and triumphs may not always have been as violent and sensational as in some cases, but her hold on the intelligent portion of her audiences was sure and lasting. In America everywhere and in Europe her reputation grew and she was received with admiration and enthusiasm, not only in the lesser parts, like Meg Merrilies, which she had created and which died with her, but in the great Shakespearean characters, which can never die, and which each actress recreates for herself. Perhaps the hints of what her glory was are best caught in her own reflections of it, the hasty accounts of triumphant receptions which she scribbles off to her family and friends. Thus, in early days, we hear of the "particulars of my great and triumphant success of last night, of my reception, of being called out after the play, and hats and handkerchiefs waved to me, flowers sent to me, etc." And it was just the same to the end.

And of course it all delighted her, the hand-clapping, the shouting, the fireworks, and the general ecstasy. It was the seal of reward for a life of prolonged and noble effort, and she enjoyed it; and what human being would not? She naturally missed it, when by any accident it failed to come, and the lack made her uneasy and restless. But generally there was no lack, a superabundance, amounting almost to surfeit, if any one could be surfeited with nourishment of that kind. That Miss Cushman's appetite for it was as wide and lasting as most appears in the pretty anecdote of her behavior on one conspicuous occasion, when she had been for some time absent from the stage: "Just then the storm of applause burst out afresh for a second 'call'; as Miss Cushman heard it, she threw up her arms with a peculiar gesture, and cried out in a tone of indescribable, passionate, eager ecstasy: 'Oh, how have I lived without this through all these years!' "

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It is very obvious that no such career could pass without its drawbacks, its struggles and trials, and its bitterness. There were the critics always. Sometimes they said harsh things from mere prejudice, from conventional association, or favoritism for others. If the actor gets many kind words, when he is successful, he is bound also to get plenty of cruel ones, and they hurt, perhaps all the more, when you feel that they are not deserved. Then, even the greatest artists make mistakes, set their hearts passionately upon what they are unfitted for, and get just the same rebuff from an unfeeling world that comes to those who have no genius whatever. The best and greatest are never quite free from such attempts and such failures and such disappointments as these. But perhaps even worse than the concrete individual failure is the general sense of disillusion, the days of discouragement when the high rapture of the taut nerves leaves you, and it seems as if your best effort and your longest struggle could never reach their aim, if indeed the aim is worth reaching. Or some trifle makes you realize that popular favor is won by tricks and held by compromises, and that the serious study and passion of the artist are too often thrown away, as Charlotte remarked bitterly in regard to Meg Merrilies: "With an outlandish dress and a trick or two, I can bring much more money to the theatre than when I give the public my heart's blood in my finest character." When you have the artistic temperament, that temperament which the Pilgrims forgot to bring over, these things depress as much as the high praise exalts, and Miss Cushman had that temperament in splendid fulness.

It shows not only in connection with her professional life, but in all the aspects of her career and character. She threw herself with her whole soul into what she was doing. If she succeeded, if things went well and as she wished, she was elevated to the clouds. When they went wrong, the depression was equally immediate and immense.

So the intensity which she threw into creation went also into passive enjoyment. Take the great poets; she read them effectively, because she loved them and felt them first herself. Take her ecstasy over the poetry of Tennyson, which flowed perhaps as superbly from her lips as from his. In the same way

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she vibrated to the subtle and varied rhythms of Shakespeare, and so made others vibrate as she did. Again, music was always a delight to her, and with this, as with everything, her first instinct was to communicate her delight. Up to her last years she was fond of singing in small companies. As always, the intense personal interest predominated, in the feeling for art, as in everything else.

And this intensely personal quality of course made her and kept her always a social being. She liked men and women about her, to feel them and touch them and enter into their lives and have them enter into hers. She herself declared that social life was necessary to her, that it was vain to try under any circumstances to seclude her from the warm contact of mortality: "I am sympathetic, and so more a lover of my kind than most people; hence I must see people, and it is useless to attempt to box me up. I cannot be saved in this respect, and it is folly to try."

At any rate, it is evident that she impressed people, attracted people, charmed some people, and always kept people about her. Perhaps the quality of her general social relation, its wide range and at the same time firm personal grasp, is well summed up in her own ample phrase. She used to say, "This is Liberty Hall; every one does as I please."

In the more intimate ties the same intense personal feeling appears even more vividly. Miss Cushman's attachment and devotion to the members of her family was always unfailing. Her brothers and sisters and their children were the objects of her constant thought and care. How much direct experience she herself had of love-making is not directly shown to us; but there are interesting stories about it. When she was a music student in Boston, working hard at her art, but personally solitary, she became engaged to a young man of excellent family, who seems to have been ardently devoted to her. The engagement lasted some time, and Charlotte even visited the young man's mother in the country, as to which visit odd and characteristic anecdotes are told. Charlotte came driving up one afternoon, on the outside of the stage, in animated conversation with two young men. Her prospective mother-in-law, who had never seen her, received her cordially, and congratulated her on having found acquaint-

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ances. "Acquaintances?" laughed Charlotte. "I never saw them before, but I am going to ride with one of them tomorrow." So next morning the youth appeared, leading an extra horse. Charlotte mounted, galloped off at once, and returned in an hour or so, laughing gaily, having kept about a half mile ahead of her companion all the way. It may well be imagined that a week of diversions like this did not wholly predispose a staid New England matron in her future daughter-in-law's favor. Perhaps the experience did not augur very well for Charlotte's happiness. Perhaps she felt it so herself. At any rate, when it came to an absolute choice between her lover and her career, the lover was discarded—with much or little anguish, who shall say? Very shortly after, the lover died.

There is no sign of any later thought of marriage in Miss Cushman's career, or even of any distinct approach to attachment, so far as men were concerned. Her life was full, however, of ardent devotion to women friends, who worshiped her and were worshiped by her. "Everything I do in this world I do hard," she says, "even to loving my friends." How intense and how complete the surrender was is well shown by one charming passage of self-confession: "Unless I can utterly forget myself, I am as nothing; and this is why you care for me, why my own friends love and judge me kindly; because, when I can talk freely upon the subjects which interest and occupy me, without a thought of myself or the impression I am making, all is well enough and my life, my character through my life, makes itself felt."

It is indeed possible that this extreme zeal of friendship sometimes led Miss Cushman to overlook other obligations and rights. W. J. Stillman, who knew her well in Rome and elsewhere, insists that this disregard was excessive and scandalous. He urges that, for the sake of advancing the interests of the sculptors who were intimate with her personally, she was ready to undermine the reputation and injure the business of all the other American artists. According to Stillman, Miss Cushman's prejudices were so strong, and her passions so ardent, as to blind her to all considerations of courtesy, or even decency. Those about her must bow to her sway, accept her domination, advance her objects, or be swept from her path. There is little

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evidence besides Stillman's to support this extreme view, and I should not even refer to it, if the man did not show himself generally to be a shrewd and careful judge of character and widely conversant with the human heart. His judgment of Charlotte is so fiercely adverse that one can only regard it as the manifestation of contrast and conflict between two temperaments alike in energy and salience but differing totally in their general attitude toward life.

At the same time, it must be admitted that a milder glimpse of what Stillman means is afforded also by the remark of Mrs. Fields, that "it is amusing to see how full her letters are of suggestions for forwarding her own plans or those of others in whom she was interested." In other words, the woman lived with passion, her soul was absorbed with fierce intensity by whatever happened to appeal to her at the moment, and minor considerations, even of others' comfort or convenience, were overlooked. In this aspect she was all life, all fire, a creature of ample and magnificent temperament.

Yet the solid substructure of New England character and intelligence was there all the time, sometimes reënforcing the temperament, sometimes checking it. You can see it in the face and figure. There was no feminine charm, no grace, or witching tenderness, and it is said that Miss Cushman sometimes longed for these things with a profound longing: "I would rather be a pretty woman than anything else in this world." Instead, there was a deep, resonant, immensely varied and penetrating voice, firm, substantial, strongly-marked features, and a commanding presence, which impressed and imposed, but hardly fascinated.

And the character showed in far other things than the face. There was the capacity for work. After all, genius in any line gets so little way without the habit of industry behind it. When a task had to be done, Miss Cushman threw herself into it, no matter how distasteful it was, or how weary she was, and it was done. In some of these aspects of work, as in so many phases of her character, there is the undeniable suggestion of something masculine. And there was a virile element in her, which she strove neither to diminish nor to conceal. She herself says, "I was born a tomboy," and all her life she liked active and even

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dangerous sports and amusements. She was passionately fond of riding, as appears in the anecdote I have already quoted as to her youthful love affair. She liked animals, and was tenderly devoted to them, but especially to her horses.

Whether, in the intervals of sighing for female loveliness, Charlotte ever sighed for a complete transference to the other sex, I cannot say. But I doubt it. To be sure, she liked to play male parts. But I imagine she was well aware that masculine energy and feminine privileges make a very successful and effective combination in the practical affairs of life. At any rate, she manifested that combination in a wonderful aptitude for business. Her early years had been passed in a more or less constant struggle with narrow means, and in consequence she had always a keen sense of the value of money and a wide appreciation of the desirability and the varied means of obtaining it. This prominence of the financial side is undeniably a rather ungracious element in her. There was no fine shyness, no retiring eschewal of the imputation of active acquisitiveness. She wanted a lot of money, to use in broad and generous ways and for good purposes; but she wanted it, and she got it. It was not her habit to entrust business affairs to others, or to let the artist's delicacy keep her out of the hot struggle of dollars and cents.

In all matters Miss Cushman showed at all times her clear, energetic, penetrating New England intelligence. Her temperament might absorb her, inflame her; it did not fool her. Her brain was vigorous, active, and unclouded: it went straight to the heart of life, whether as reflected in the great dramas that she studied professionally, or as embodied in the flesh and blood creatures that she saw about her. Take the following superb analysis and portrayal of Mrs. Carlyle: "Clever, witty, calm, cool, unsmiling, unsparing, a *raconteur* unparalleled, a manner inimitable, a behavior scrupulous, and a power invincible—a combination rare and strange exists in that plain, keen, unattractive, yet unescapable woman." In some respects this sketch would almost seem to serve for Charlotte herself, and it is easy to see how, in the direct, concrete management of life, men and women and facts yielded to her, because she applied her profound intellectual power to mould them as she wished.

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Once again to revert to the bitter criticism of Stillman, who was so deeply impressed by this intellectual power that it appeared to him to crowd out all moral qualities entirely: "I think she possessed an utterly selfish nature, was not at all scrupulous in the attainment of her purposes, and was, in effect, that most dangerous member of society, a strong-willed and large-brained woman without a vestige of principle." It is interesting to see this impression produced upon an acute and on the whole generally fair-minded observer by the striking prominence of certain undeniable and even admirable qualities in Miss Cushman, while he remains oblivious of other qualities, which are equally undeniable, indisputable, not only from the testimony of her friends, but from the far more substantial testimony of her own actions and written words. The presence of the New England conscience in her is just as clear as that of the New England brain, and her great moral qualities were as persistent and as impressive as the mental.

Her eminent and unfailing loyalty is denied by no one; indeed in its exaggerated form it makes the basis of the charges against her. With all her subtlety and suppleness, she had a singular large simplicity of nature, a frankness and abandon of candor, which are so often characteristic of New England at its best. And there was, too, a fundamental goodness about her, a quick response to what was high and fine in life and thought, which may have been at times obscured by prejudice or the ardor of success, but which shone out at its best when she was quiet and untroubled.

Or, to look at the various elements of this moral nature more concretely. Take business: For all her zest for success, her keen scent for money and acquisition, she was highly honorable, would not condescend to a mean or dubious action. Her word once passed must be kept, whatever the consequences to herself. Obligations of all kinds must be met, whatever it cost to do it.

Take, again, professional jealousy. This is, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of those who seek prominence upon the stage, perhaps because jarring pretensions and efforts are brought so much more closely into contact and juxtaposition before the footlights than elsewhere. Even her critics

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do not accuse Miss Cushman of being narrow or mean in this respect. It is true that she quarreled with Forrest, as pretty much everybody did. Forrest was an easy man to quarrel with. But in the main it is clear that she was largely sympathetic, or at least tolerant, with her competitors, and appreciated that the world had room for other styles and other glories besides her own.

She was not only tolerant; she was generous and helpful. Both in her profession and out of it, she was quick to see and feel the needs and troubles of others and to respond to and relieve them. She was ready to aid with money, according to her abilities and sometimes even beyond them. In this regard it is indeed interesting to see the constant presence of New England thrift and canniness. She had lived for years with little money herself. She knew that others could live with little, and she did not propose to be the prey of thoughtless extravagance and shiftlessness. When she was urgently appealed to for local charities, she rebelled, and insisted that she gave in her own fashion and to her own people what she thought was right, and did not intend to be bullied into throwing her earnings away for mere ostentation. She knew the value of pennies, none better, and her shrewdness in regard to them sometimes brought upon her the reputation of actual meanness. Yet no one gave more aptly when there was real need, and especially none gave more intelligently.

She gave her woman's heart, too, her sympathy and gentle, helpful comprehension. She well knew how often mere listening and listening rightly is the best help. Again, she could put herself in others' places, could gauge and understand their sufferings by her own. One evening she was dressing hurriedly for a ball. A woman began to sing in the street below her window. Miss Cushman stopped her dressing and dispatched her faithful attendant, Sally, who shared all her experiences and perhaps more of her life than any one else, to give the woman a substantial charity: "I never hear a woman sing like that," she said, "but I think I might have been doing it myself."

What is perhaps most curious of all in the spiritual side of Miss Cushman's life is the actual and constant presence of religious thinking and feeling. This does not seem to have implied any

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very definite form of creed or church affiliation. She may not have been particularly orthodox in her belief or in her practice. But the thought of God and the consideration of God, the reference of all daily interests and actions to God, were a powerful element in her make-up, and the analysis of this in her letters is exceedingly significant and interesting, making one think at moments of Emily Dickinson's preoccupation with similar topics. As to actual belief in God, Miss Cushman constantly affirms it, not perhaps with any precise metaphysical definition, but with the glow of emotion which goes further than any metaphysics. "Every human being who goes to sleep awakes believing in God, whatever he may call it."

Also, she did not for one moment regard her special occupation as in any way distracting or detached from this interest in God and love of Him. She was convinced that, in doing her work in the world in the highest and best and most faithful manner she was capable of, she was doing God's work, and doing it as He would have it done. "For I know He does not fail to set me His work to do, and helps me to do it, and helps others to help me. (Do you see this tracing back, and then forward, to an eternity of good, and do you see how better and better one can become in recognizing oneself as a minister of the Almighty to faithfully carry out our part of His great plan according to our strength and ability?) Oh, believe we cannot live one moment for ourselves, one moment of selfish repining, and not be failing Him at that moment, hiding the God spark in us, letting the flesh conquer the spirit, the evil dominate the good."

So, it is undeniable that, in spite of the splendid vigor and aggressiveness of her ample personality, she did not live for herself alone, ever, was always on the look out for larger ends, was alive to the larger interests of humanity, worked for patriotism, interesting herself passionately in the great patriotic struggle of the Civil War, worked for benevolence, worked for education, worked for the broader, more intelligent life of man and woman everywhere. And in doing this she gave a splendid example of making the spirit conquer the flesh to the very end, for she fought the bitterest battle that man or woman can fight with disease, and fought it with courage, with energy, with cheerfulness, till

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even her superb resistance was utterly worn out by a strain which would have conquered any one else long before.

All which somehow does not sound quite like the ordinary conception of the actress's character, suggesting, as it does, to many of us, a shallow emotionalism, a somewhat superficial vanity, and a way of taking life which, to say the least of it, does not imply any passionate concern with spiritual things. It is unnecessary to point out how many admirable contradictions there have been and are to such a conception as this of the theatrical career. It must be admitted, also, that there were even in Miss Cushman hints and intimations of what the stage habit and influence can be. Nevertheless, she was a distinguished, a noble, an impressive figure, and would have been so in any calling in life. When you have realized fully how intense her artistic temperament was, how it absorbed and transported her, with what free and entire possession it tended to dominate her thoughts and all her soul, you appreciate how great was the energy of character which could at all times subdue this temperament, make it a servant and not a master, an agent to do great things intelligently, securely, and always for great purposes. She was royal and supreme as an artist, because she had firmly established dominion over her own soul: "Teach yourself quiet and repose in the time you are waiting. With half your strength I could bear to wait and labor with myself to conquer fretting. The greatest power in the world is shown in conquest over self."

Yet I confess that I relish most, and even I think Charlotte herself would have relished, the brief epitaph of the Mount Auburn grave-digger, who might have turned up skulls in the cemetery of Elsinore: "She was considerable of a woman, for a play-actress."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

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THE PROBLEM OF LANGUAGE

BY F. V. KEYS

LANGUAGE, like most transcendent things, is usually taken for granted. This is not surprising. We learn to speak before we are aware of the process; and it is likely that in this the child repeats the history, linguistically, of the race. Primitive man probably was unconscious of the gradual encroachment of the word over all other forms of expressive gesture; his preference of it must have been instinctive, as continued experience recommended it by its superior carrying power, and its amazing expressiveness, leaving meanwhile the hand free to perform other services. Imagination, indeed, can find no moment of human history more dramatic to dwell on than that when the "lingual gesture" emerged supreme, and the articulate word found its way upon the lips, the clear idea into the brain, of man; but the magnitude of the achievement whereby man became the speaking animal, its superlative significance in orienting the whole subsequent development of the race, are matters of surmise rather for the heirs of the bequest than for its originators. So closely indeed is the very consciousness of man identified with language, so difficult is it for him to disentangle himself from its all-enfolding vesture, that it failed to preoccupy profoundly the acute Greek mind, which was content to accept human speech as a gift of nature, or at most as arising in a "convention". And although Dante himself was counted among the philologists of the dawning Renaissance, it has been left for scholars inspired by the evolutionary view of all phenomena to gauge the full grandeur of the fact of language while attempting to trace it to its source in "the dark backward and abysm of time": one of these, who was also a philosopher, contending that "when, amidst the discordant, noisy, many-voiced choir of utterances . . . there was first heard on earth a sound that conveyed clear sense, objective meaning, there came a moment of sublimest poetry; the sixth day of creation dawned."

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But neither philologist nor philosopher has apprehended so deeply the supreme intrinsic value of language, nor expressed with such majesty its mystery, as did the mystic who penned the Fourth Gospel.

To-day, when the question of language has surged to the front as one of the burning issues in contemporary history,—requiring the most delicate handling in the drawing up of treaties, and presenting almost insuperable difficulties in their execution,—it is timely to invite attention to the nature and function of what is undoubtedly, as an achievement, the top of man's performance. In it, as in none of the arts, he has mirrored himself; for through the word he escapes from the arrested motion of the plastic arts and from the vagueness, the ambiguity, of music, while preserving no mean portion of music's exquisite quality of suggestiveness; and, like music, but again more lucidly, it reveals him at the most critical moment of experience, the moment of transition, on which all that follows depends. So intimately, so tirelessly, does language companion his experience, that, when it fails him, silence itself becomes eloquence. In the word, art and nature fuse irresistibly, filling with imaginative splendor the contents of public and private life. Over against the utterances of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Burke, born of the urgent national danger, may be placed the million unrecorded poems that escape from the lips of the sensitive and go to swell the muted music of humanity, the obscure and piercing melody that attunes to beauty the personal life. For language creates experience as well as reflecting it. The word perpetually hovers over the surface of the subconscious, that sea of the myriad unformulated elements where, intensely aware of itself, the mind floats at ease, depending on the word to seize on whatever may emerge from the deeps, to give it form, reveal its nature, make it communicable, to ourselves no less than to others. By means of the word, man can objectify himself, take his own measure. Its power, whether over himself or others, is incalculable: it can strike from centre to centre, across the continents, and the centuries. Its effectiveness, when consciously wielded as a weapon, is so terrific, that in time men will have recourse to no other.

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Thus, nothing in our equipment as social beings is so intimately and intensely ourselves as the language we use; above all, the language we are born to. Our mother-tongue is fraught with all the traditions, great and trivial, that find their focus in our personality and converge to build up the precious sense of identity. Every language, it has been observed, has what is known as its ground-melody, and before we could know it we have been rocked to that measure, and its burden will to the last sing to us as can no other. Only in our native language are we mentally completely at ease; while every family possesses its own intimate idiom, which will recur spontaneously when its members meet across the separation of years, bringing back the fresh imprints of childhood and loosening the tongue from the last restraint of instinctive formality. Those who are born to the same language share the knowledge not only of what it denotes, but of those infinitely more potent elements, its connotations. In so far, that is, as these represent the accretions of the national or cultural experience, the historical implications, to a given people, of a term; for the train of association roused in each individual by a word varies with his experience and perpetually eludes examination and frustrates inquiry, even his own. It is this connotative force of words that introduces something incalculable into the play of language, whether the dialogue be carried on between individuals, or nations. The connotation of a word constitutes its secret "charge", which is liable to explode inopportunely or in the wrong direction, disrupting intercourse and wrecking its object, which is understanding. A gift for language, whether in speakers or writers, involves a sure intuition concerning this obscure charge with which all words are, on occasion, endowed: an intuition that permits the born poet and orator to touch the single note that will awaken a full chord of response, and supplement his plain-song with the deep effects of harmony. In times of social and political crisis, all the terms involved in the controversy become "loaded" with the passions of contending parties or nations; while in epochs that, as the saying goes, make history, the very denotation of certain words will suffer changes that make the use of them ambiguous if not self-contradictory. The last ten years have played havoc with the whole vocabulary of politi-

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cal and national terms, in so far as their former meanings are concerned, and never before has intelligence been so openly flouted by the assumption or retention of names and titles by those who alike in principle and action deny their historic validity. Here, indeed, a common tongue helps little toward understanding. Yet when, out of the crucible of the present violent transition, language emerges with new implications, finer shadings, each national idiom will bear its own peculiar image and superscription. Frail symbols though they be, and light as the breath that bears them, words still bear the freight of the mingled fortunes, the glory and the infamy, of the peoples.

It is small wonder, then, that its language is to each nation its most precious, its inalienable, possession. It is at once the shrine of its individuality, and the most potent source of it. To suppress it, is to suppress what is peculiarly its own in the spiritual life of a people; it is a form of sacrilege, the more odious when it is committed against what French scholars call a "language of civilization", the organ of a traditional and living culture. On the other hand, the very fact of this apparent identity of language with the soul of a people makes it the object of attack on the part of a power whose aim is not merely economic or even political conquest, but spiritual dominion, the making over of another mind into its own image of life, the imposing of its own fashions in experience, so to speak, upon the subject people. This form of conquest is opposed by the victim as a spiritual assassination. Both the attempt on language, and the resistance to it, belong to the modern, not the classic, world. They have grown out of nationalism in its modern sense, and with the growing self-consciousness of the social body within the last hundred years, the struggle for mastery has deepened in intensity and bitterness. The vast empires of Alexander the Great and Cæsar Augustus were not sown with the fires that for the last century and more have been smouldering in Central and Eastern Europe, and that burst into flame with the first breath of freedom that blew across the ruins of the autocracies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Of these Powers, Russia was the most easy-going in the matter of language in regard to the peoples she held subject, and Prussia, for obvious reasons, the most drastic. For obvious rea-

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sons; for Bismarck's empire excelled in organizing and imposing public education; and the public school, with its obligatory attendance, is the nursery of the cult of the national language and what the government interprets as the national genius. It is evident, indeed, that nowhere today are the public schools devoted exclusively to raising the general human standard of articulate intelligence. Even though they function to this end, they tend to become everywhere centres of national self-consciousness, teaching the national history as a modified hero-saga, stressing the virtues of the native at the cost of the foreign actors in the epic. Compulsory education is the most powerful weapon hitherto put into the hand of any State. From the first, Germany recognized this, and left nothing in her schools to chance, which has remained the presiding genius of so much of our Anglo-Saxon education. The cult of the national genius—as interpreted by Bismarck—centred in the study of the native tongue, which was "purified" as much as possible from foreign elements, to correspond to a fancied purity of a "Germanic race". An immense propulsion to this activity was given by the rise, throughout the nineteenth century, of the comparative study of languages, which, hailed by early scholars as the means of harmonizing nations by proving the unity of languages and cultures, became like the public schools in other hands the tool to sharpen the sense of particularity, as ethnology provided the politician and the imperialist with new slogans to their own ends. There is no sadder contrast afforded by the irony of history than the national animus displayed during the years immediately before the Great War by German intellectuals,—not to mention the ignominy of the notorious Ninety-Three signatures,—compared with the temper prevailing among the group of German philologists at the opening of the nineteenth century, pioneers of the finest type of intellectual progress, men of genius who collaborated with French and English scholars in complete scientific disinterestedness and the utmost social amenity.

Nothing, it seems, is incapable of abuse. But some deep-seated psychological cause, some type of arrested development, can alone explain the rapid confusion on the part of the German intelligence of nationalist with human values, resulting in a

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perverted judgment that exalted immoderately the notion of the national dignity and function, and taught the expansion of its spiritual dominion as a religious mission.

The means of that dominion, its sacred weapon, was above all the German language—a German language purified, as far as possible, from the dross of "foreign" elements. The writer well remembers the spontaneous laughter with which the German children, too young to have lost a healthy common sense, received the instructions of teachers to substitute for the familiar and easy French terms current ever since the eighteenth century the clumsy and cumbersome "Germanic" equivalent, even though the awful name of the Iron Chancellor himself was invoked as the authority for the injunction. From the same source proceeded the emphasis with which the language of the conqueror was imposed on Alsace, and the linguistic lines tightened in Prussian Poland. It was the savage offensive against their mother-tongue as the language of culture that was perhaps the most potent cause why the populations of Poland and Alsace never became reconciled to the German rule: its aim was to weaken, by proscribing their language, their spiritual identity, which was the essential element of their personality. Neither the Russian nor the Austrian bureaucracy approached the Prussian in the thoroughness with which this method of "assimilation" was applied. In "Russian" Poland there were many Poles who neither spoke nor understood Russian. The Hapsburg Government showed in this as in other matters the vacillation that to the "imperial" German has seemed an inherent trait in the Austrian character, the "slovenliness" that aroused the Prussian contempt. Only rarely an attempt was made to interfere linguistically with the powerful Magyar within his own boundaries of Hungary; but the pan-German group had its representatives at Vienna, and so deep had the obsession of the Teutonic mission become that even an advanced liberal could urge moderation in imposing the German tongue on Czechs and Slovaks on the ground that "it doesn't matter what tongue they speak, provided they think German thoughts".

But if comparative philology and the spread of compulsory education put a new and powerful weapon into the hands of re-

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actionary and oppressive States, they also forged into steel the will of the subject peoples to withstand the proposed obliteration of their national consciousness. Everywhere, during the course of the nineteenth century, the spread of the public schools heightened the self-consciousness of the masses, however little it may have added to their fund of natural sagacity. For the first time literacy opened a million eyes to peruse the daily press and the broadsides of the political propagandist. Just as the printing press aided the Reformation by widening the scope of its appeal, so the rise of popular education coincided with the blossoming of the Romantic movement, with its stress on individualism and the national pasts, into the cult of nationalism, that super-personality embodied in the individual, but transcending his limits and inspiring him to the utmost effort, the last sacrifice, that it may live. A vast gathering momentum to this cult came from the growing ranks of the literate. Forgotten ancestries were drawn from oblivion to fill the pages that for the first time in history yielded up an intelligible content to the humblest eye and stirred obscure bosoms with pride of lineage. The vague traditional faltering report of "old unhappy far-off things" was confirmed, clarified, and driven home to the heart and the intellect by writers of imagination versed in the sources of the national history. And everywhere, language emerged as the token and shrine of the national identity. While the independent Powers were founding university chairs for the teaching of earlier stages of the national language and literature, among the subject peoples, especially those who had once been great European Powers, the preservation of the national tongue, or its rescue from decay and even from oblivion, became the focus of a slow but powerful expansion of a national self-consciousness set toward the goal of national independence. These linguistic revivals were met by the heady counter-current of the new interest and zeal for their own tongue on the part of the political masters, and the strife of tongues sharpened to the point of exasperation the psychological differences between sovereign and subject peoples. Each felt that he was defending something sacred and inalienable, and every attempt to resist the imposition of the dominant language was repudiated as an encroachment on the linguistic do-

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main of the sovereign, whose long insolence of rule had made him confuse liberty with dominion.

The most dramatic of these battles of the tongues was that carried on by the Czechs against Vienna. In their case, it was a struggle for life. The country of John Huss had almost lost its literature with its Protestantism. The Jesuit crusade that with fire and sword brought the country again under the sway of Rome in the century after the Austrian victory at the White Hill in 1620, succeeded so well that nearly all Czech literature perished. The confiscated estates of the Czech nobility passed into the hands of foreigners ignorant of the language of the country. By the latter part of the eighteenth century Czech had sunk to the level of a vernacular on the lips of the illiterate masses. The thrilling story of the revival of what was once a great civilized tongue was told by Dr. Jelinek of the University of Prague in a course of lectures on contemporary Czech literature delivered at the Sorbonne four years before the War. The Romantic revival of the closing eighteenth century was identified at Prague with a nationalist movement that sought its inspiration and its instrument in the restitution of the national language. The pent-up energy of a powerful race was put into the task. In an incredibly brief time Czech became the vehicle of cultivated intercourse and of a rich imaginative and historical literature. The patriotic Romanticism of the first writers became imbued with democratic realism under the influence of Russian and French and Scandinavian literature. Men of genius, and of popular origin, put their whole life into the movement. The Greek and Latin classics were translated into the vernacular, and once again, as in the time of the Renaissance, those masterpieces of the human mind sustained the fainting language of the people and expanded it to compass their own splendid imaginative and philosophic range.

Before Austria proceeded, after the tragedy of Serajevo, to the long-planned annexation of Serbia, the cause of the Czech language had been won. A national theatre and university had been opened at Prague, and the leaders in the last stages of the language struggle had fitted themselves to be leaders not only of an independent Czecho-Slovakia, but of democracy in the Balkans. This rôle has been shaped for them by their history. Forming

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the extreme western wedge of Slavism thrust into the heart of Europe, in close contact with the laborious and methodical German temper, near enough to France to catch the accents of her logic and her passionate idealism, the Czechs have proved in their political forms and methods the same happy fusion that is reflected in their literature—of logical acumen with rich and delicate emotion. The latter quality is the glory of Russian literature, but Russia has no counterpart to such critics as Masaryk and Machar. And it was the irresistible call of the native tongue that drew forth the distinctive genius of the Czechs to impress upon literature and politics its lucid common sense, its grace and brilliance, its instinct for democracy.

But the phenomenal revival of shrunken languages was not confined to the cases where these were struggling against a settled campaign for their extinction. Everywhere the rise of democracy found the accents of vernaculars to express the sharpening of individualism. Languages that had long slumbered in semi-consciousness on the lips of the people remote from centres of government and culture again entered the lists of literature, and stirred patriotic impulses. Such was the revival of Welsh in Wales, of Irish in the South of Ireland, of Low German as a literary medium, of Provençal in the poetry of Mistral and the prose and verse of Roumanille. None of these languages had ever been the vehicle for the ideas of modern civilization, nor had they ever played a part in the shaping of distinctive national and historical cultures. Where the language impulse was allowed free play, it satisfied itself in a purely literary and cultural expression. Wherever there were political separatist movements afoot, it added its momentum to the political struggle. Now openly, now obscurely, the clash of tongues throughout Europe, from Iceland to the Balkans, preceded the clash of arms, and had perhaps a decisive influence in determining the long-delayed issue—sapping the strength of the Central Powers which fought for dominion and centralization against the deepest instincts of a large fraction of the conscripts under their command, imbuing their opponents with the fervor of a religious instinct.

The triumph of the Allied arms has meant linguistically the triumph of all the vernaculars, noble or obscure, that throughout

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the nineteenth century were attempting to maintain or establish themselves in despite of political dominion. The fact that the self-determination of peoples is in so many cases also the self-determination of languages, immeasurably heightens the critical nature of the process. Linguistically, people have emerged from the grip of war with sensibilities lashed to exasperation. All kinds of reactionaries, theological and political, are busier than ever exploiting the situation to their own ends. It is true that into all the treaties in force today was written a clause protecting the linguistic rights of minorities. But the fact that many of the minorities of today belong to the political masters of yesterday, does not facilitate the definition or the observation of "rights". The loudest complaints naturally come from the would-be recipients of a linguistic justice they were not generous in bestowing. The great and real practical inconvenience of the increase of "official" languages has been used to suggest comparisons favorable to the former enforced uniformity over wide areas, just as the cry has been raised of the Balkanization of Europe—as if the instability of the Balkans was not due precisely to the imposition of alien suzerainties over people stirred by a profound sense of their distinctive national identity. Business agents and tourists have been inconvenienced by the turn things have taken. Americans especially often fail to appreciate the linguistic aspect of self-determination, accustomed as they are to travel over wide areas unmolested by a foreign tongue. Yet the American himself has not escaped the impulse of the age toward linguistic particularism, nor is he unacquainted with the feeling of enmity toward a language as such, because he repudiates the policies and actions of the nation that owns it.

During the War there appeared the first serious and compendious work on the American Language; while nowhere among the enemies of Germany which were also Great Powers was the German language repudiated to the extent that occurred in the United States, throughout the schools and universities. The incident is full of instruction. It should incline the American to sympathize with the nations which are escaping from the pressure of German language and psychology upon their personal and political life. To the world at large it reveals the essentially

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popular stamp of American culture, its quickness to respond to mass movements, especially when arising from what is believed to be an attack on democratic principles. The cultures of the Old World, derived from aristocratic traditions, if more liberal in these matters, are perhaps also more sophisticated.

Apart, however, from all local and immediate conditions, the question of linguistic self-determination—as of individual rights in general—has its philosophic bearing. The multiplying of the forms of human intercourse indefinitely is not in itself desirable: the time and energy devoted to acquiring a new tongue are a price paid willingly only when the return in spiritual and intellectual riches is recognized as commensurate with the cost. A language that offers no cultural content, either past or present, of sufficient importance to solicit the attention and study of a wider public than the professional linguist, inevitably tends to shut off the people using it from the main currents of intellectual and artistic activity, certainly when its circulation is within circumscribed numbers, settled remote from the great arteries of civilization. Moreover, Professor Meillet of the Collège de France points out the paradox of the differentiation of languages—within the confines of Europe more than thirty-four languages are spoken and printed and lay claim to official recognition—at the moment when civilization tends, as never before, toward unity. Science and the machine, he remarks, are everywhere the same; in every laboratory and observatory the same methods are pursued, and the same scientific terms employed. The paradox, however, is only one of many. One may witness the same conflicting tendencies apparent in the great movements towards uniformity, as represented severally by imperialism and communism, which are met by the rising tide of nationalism all through the nineteenth century, a form of individualism that has as yet escaped all endeavor on the part of the other tendencies to make it play their game. In quite another field we are confronted by radio and the film, the former restoring the balance between the appeal to the eye and the ear; as if Nature were intent on preserving, by means of opposing extremes, the movement of humanity along some middle course toward an objective beyond the ken of intelligence, but which instinct obstinately clings to: an instinct

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prophetic everywhere of an ultimate synthesis, so rich that it shall embrace things forgotten with things still to come.

Toward some such synthesis, perhaps, all language is moving, in spite of the unexampled passion of differentiation which we are witnessing today. No one who is aware of the new atmosphere of Europe, who feels the fresh spiritual currents blowing in the serene upper air above the confused outcry of defeated ambitions, disappointed prophets and impatient pacifists, will give anything but a welcome to the new tongues that are struggling to make articulate peoples who have hitherto been little more than objects for material exploitation. Who would quarrel with brave little Esthonia, cheerfully constructing a "language of civilization" out of what has been noted by linguists hitherto as a dialect of Finnish, itself laboring under the disability of having had to compete with Swedish as the language of culture in Finland, and only now making pretentions to a complete independence? Neither Finnish nor the related Magyar belongs to the Aryan family; but Finnish has produced one of the loveliest early epics of Europe, and Magyar is the instrument of a high imaginative culture.

It is improbable that the present acute crisis will continue long enough to give any serious impulse to an artificial "universal" language, such as Esperanto or Ido, nor to the claim of any widely diffused national language to assume that function. No humanist will favor such pretensions on the part of any one language, nor lend himself to the argument of the superior expressive power of this or that idiom. He feels too well the potency and beauty of each of the great languages of culture, qualities not absent from humbler accents, wherever they are the spontaneous utterance of humanity. Meantime, science is everywhere bringing back to living use Greek and Latin roots. To the shaping of these vast impersonal agencies, science and art, may be safely committed the future of language. In their hands neither its clarity nor its suppleness will suffer. As culture becomes more and more cosmopolitan and strikes its roots deeper into nature, so much is certain: no language will prevail that does not voice what is essentially human in the spirit of man.

F. V. Keys.

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HONOR COURSES IN COLLEGES

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Some fifteen years ago there was established in my college an English course unique, I believe, among the courses in American colleges. It was limited to six upper class men singled out as those most likely to turn out to be authors in the future. Upon these six fortunate youths the best efforts of six of the best professors of the college were expended. Each professor took the men in turn for a six weeks go at writing the essay, the short story, the play, the poem, the oration, and the translation. As some of the professors were literary men of repute in their own right, the students got a great deal of good out of the course, even though they never learned to be builders of the oration or makers of rhyme.

Quite the best part of the affair was the intimate relationship of the men with the masters. There was no trace of the chilliness of the classroom. The men "lived around" with the professors, smoked their tobacco, sprawled in their chairs, got to know them unlaced and at ease, with all the pleasant sins of human nature on their heads. At the end of each division of the course there was a senate session of all the six instructors and all the six men before the Colonial kettles of the President's fireplace, with the best philosopher of college presidents himself to preside over the reading and criticism of the work. Somehow, from my own experience in the course when I took it some years after its institution, I remember little of the literary masterpieces that we must have produced for those final meetings; but I shall always number among the things brass and bronze of my education that college family gathered about the table, the random wisdom of the scholar who devoted his life to making Dante an English classic, the four-square satisfaction of the mind of the man who presided over the poem, the calm judgments of the college head, who would have been at home among the Greeks, the

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fellowship and the friendship of mature and gifted men willing and glad to talk over the things of life that matter with men little more than boys. This, I think, was one of the first courses among those conceived in the present Honor idea in American colleges.

It is illuminating to recall the criticism which that course at Bowdoin evoked. Several New England newspapers visited it with that sharp moral rebuke, so dear to the hearts of American editors, of un-Americanism. The general opinion was that the novel course was exclusive and undemocratic. One editor, after pointing out the snobbishness and unfairness of a college spending a great deal of attention on the few at the expense of the many, who had paid the same price of admission, coined an immortal figure. He described the course as a limited, parlor-car business, a coach *de luxe* in the college train. The undergraduates seized upon the felicitous figure. The phrase stuck. To this day that course is known on the campus as Pullman English.

Much water has passed under academic bridges in the past decade. Today any number of the leading colleges may decide to separate the intellectually ambitious from those who look upon the college as a social and athletic organization primarily, and, though this policy means that a considerable portion of the college funds will be devoted to the intellectual minority, not a single editor will raise his voice in protest. So far from being thought un-American is this trend that a dozen or so institutions of higher education in the East have already erected Honor courses and as many more are seriously considering doing so. The Honor idea is remodelling our colleges.

One can summarize briefly the present general tendency. Simply put, the Honor idea means this—greater opportunity for the gifted and willing student. This opportunity is realized in many ways. Chief among these is the release of the student from many of the formal exercises of a routine nature, from periodic quizzes and set exercises graded down to the average ability. More freedom of every sort is given, more chance for uninterrupted work. A closer contact of the student with one or more professors is naturally inherent in the scheme. Here is

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an approach to the ideal university—one teacher, one scholar. Naturally the new system is enormously more expensive; but, like many costlier things, it pays in the end. Naturally, too, the system must exist at present for the selected few.

Above all, the Honor student is put squarely upon his own feet. It is his own mind that he is to discover; it is his own thoughts that he is to have for his companions, not the intellectual foundlings of the lecture hall, but flesh of his flesh, sons of his mind. At Oxford, as I learned from my tutor there, the unpardonable academic sin is the acceptance of other men's opinions of the books you are to read. Read the books, read about them afterwards, if you will, but be very sure your own judgments are the fixed stars to guide you always. Something similar is the assumption behind all Honor courses in America. This is the virtue of the Honor idea, the independence that is born of freedom, the development of the thews of the mind that are to bear one on to the end of life, whether it be in the quest of the pots at the end of the rainbow or in the plain matter of helping one's neighbor cultivate his garden. Life after college, in many ways, will be not unlike the examinations which the Honor students in many colleges must stand at the end of their career—an independent mastery of work covering not months but years, in which a grasp of detail must go hand in hand with vision and a survey of a whole field of human endeavor. One cannot "cram" for such an examination.

It is hard to say just how the revolution has come about. Perhaps the free elective system through its inherent weaknesses of dissipated energy and superficial breadth has been an important factor. More clearly it is the general dissatisfaction with our collegiate achievement that followed with the ending of the war. Our system has stood for mediocrity; the best student has been held back by the average one. If the war taught nothing else, it taught us that mediocrity and democracy should not be looked upon as synonyms. Equality of opportunity is a splendid ideal; but it can be overworked. We had no need to cripple the swiftest and keenest to make them match strides with those who never burn to run.

Nor is the idea so utterly revolutionary. Across the Atlantic

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there are two great universities, whose tongue is our tongue, that have long made it their business to separate at the outset the mentally ambitious from the unambitious. Pass men and Honor men; nor is it fair to the men who have done less because they have demanded less intellectually of their university to call the two groups, after the Biblical manner, the sheep and the goats. There are many advantages in a college other than those specifically studious; and, in any case, for many less original students the wholesale method of the lecture system is probably best. Oxford and Cambridge have been there as examples to us, doing successfully the thing we are beginning to do now. And it is significant that among the pioneers in the Honor course movement there are Americans who have been Oxonian "Honour" men. The vision of Rhodes grows clearer with the years.

Yet there has been no slavish importation of a foreign ideal. Granting the importance of the English example in the birth of the American idea, we are nevertheless working out our salvation in our own way. The difference in weather and climate alone would make the transplantation of the Oxonian system impossible. After the intensities of our winters and the rigors of our springs, nothing so becomes us as a rest. Nor would our hot summers permit us to do the major part of our reading then, even if we would. Our terms are longer, and so the vacations we have are mainly given to the business of pure being. Like the darkey, we follow the sun around the house, and books are not for us. And there are other more important differences. The separation of our Honor students from the others does not come, ordinarily, until the end of the Sophomore year. The candidates are weighed in the balance of the regular college work for two years; they must prove themselves worthy of the best the college can give. The student's grades both in the field of his chief interest and in his studies in general are factors governing his admission to read for Honors.

As yet the precise nature of the Honor courses differs widely from college to college and often from one department in a college to another. The whole affair is in the trial stage, and it will be some years before uniformity of any sort emerges. The great matter is that we are dissatisfied with past results and are experi-

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menting hopefully. Perhaps, it will be our felicity never to crystallize our ideas. Systems are sometimes dead things, as the academic valleys of dry bones in the past can bear mute witness.

In the working out of these Honor courses in American colleges two decidedly opposite systems are already emerging. In the one group, and perhaps it is the larger because it is less of a departure from past American practices, the Honor work tends to assume the nature of work done in graduate courses in the universities. The emphasis is put on more intensive and more specialized study. Often the student attends classes and stands the regular examinations; but he is expected to do more work and especially work outside the classroom on his own. He may act as an assistant to the head of his department. In any case, his association with one or two of the leading instructors in his field is bound to be of enormous benefit to him. Such an Honor student may present at the completion of his course a thesis similar to that required in the university for the Master of Arts degree. He is, in short, a graduate student in microcosm. And an undergraduate training that enables a student to enter upon a career at once or a course leading immediately to the Doctorate is of evident advantage. In some departments of study, notably those on the scientific side, this is probably the ideal type of Honor work, and this system is bound to become permanently a feature of the American college.

But more novel, and more interesting to me personally, are the many brilliant experiments being made in the other great group of Honor courses, those designed mainly for the more cultural studies of the Liberal Arts. Here, obviously, is more room for boldness and originality. The schemes range all the way from the more ordinary type of graduate work to as close an approximation of the Oxford and Cambridge system as our national needs allow. It is partly for the reason that it is easier to study a thing in its extreme development and partly for the reason that I have used my Oxford training as a cornerstone in the English Honor course offered at Wells College that I wish to take my own college as an example.

In my part of the planning and conducting of the Wells experiment I have borne in mind chiefly the idea that most of the Honor

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students are less interested in doing a sort of graduate work than in acquiring a liberal education of the best kind. Hence, in many particulars, I have departed from the Oxonian English School as I knew it and have modelled my plans more on the older and more important School of the *Literæ Humaniores*, the review of the two civilizations of the Greeks and the Romans, the glory and the achievement of Oxford. In this course, commonly known as "Greats", the aim is to master not only the literature of the two ancient nations, but their geography, their history, their economics and politics, their art, their philosophies and religion, their contributions to human progress in general. Naturally one cannot stop short with the ancients themselves; and in philosophy, for instance, one must survey the whole field down to the moderns. The assumption is that one who knows a good deal about one great civilization will have gone a long way to the understanding of any civilization at all, notably his own.

Accepting this theory as an axiom, I have approached the English civilization—which is to a great extent our own, culturally and politically—with the idea that here is a field of study small enough for some impression of unity and yet large enough to satisfy any craving for a sound and all-round education in human nature. Here are all the materials for a course in the arts that are liberal, for a training that will help one to write well and think sanely, to work and play more intelligently, to feel more at home in a factory or in a library, to be more at home in the past and in the future. Here are the makings of a scholar and a gentleman, whom it is the age-old business of a college to produce, of a lover of the fine in books and men. Whether it be the artistic or the historical point of view that a student possesses, in such a wide course he will find content. Above all, one ought to find here a sense of the unity of things, an opportunity for getting to be on better terms with one's great-grandfather, an abiding conception of the permanence of beauty and truth.

In brief the Wells course is this: the student starts at the beginning of English literature and reads through to the end. A large order! But two college years are given to this task, including such parts of the vacations as the American climate will grant. There are no classes to attend, save for one exception

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each year, no quizzes or examinations. But at the end of the course the student must prove that the college has not vainly sacrificed its time and money by writing for twenty-four hours, with decent intervals for rest, an intelligent summary of the whole field of English literature in general and of one special period or subject in particular, and withal in something of a style that becomes one who looks upon the expression of ideas in words as one of the arts. It is on these papers solely that the standing of the student is based.

The English Honor student at Wells, carefully selected on her record the first two years, is turned out of the classroom and pastured in the Library. She is assigned a tutor who watches over her intellectual progress. Every week she reads her tutor an essay of some three thousand words based on the reading for that period. My ideal in this paper has been such an essay as would be interesting to the average cultured reader, rather than a college instructor looking chiefly for a judicial array of facts—a paper that a good magazine would perhaps accept for publication. . . . Ideals, of course, are elusive things; but they are honored in the pursuit. . . . At any rate, I know, from my own experience, of no better training for any career in which writing plays a large part than a course in which a student had composed, with an eye to beauty of style as well as originality of thought, the equivalent of three novels. Given a feeling for style and an enthusiasm for trying one's wings in words—and these are implicit in the requirements for admission to the course—and a student will not come away empty-handed from two such years. And it is no small achievement to have read all the important works of English literature.

Grades and attendance records there are none, though the progress of the student can be checked both in the essays and in the trial examinations, similar to the final papers, which are set from time to time. The reader for Honors is not cramped by any schedule of exact hours to be spent each day at such and such work. An hour of brilliant thinking will sometimes far outweigh twelve of hack labor with others' opinions. A flash of independent inspiration may well be worth a week's attendance at lectures and a notebook full of superimposed criticism. Nor are the

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subjects for papers set. The student is free to read and write at her own best times and in her own way. Two years, a library, and a professor who is an interested friend, are set before her. It is for the student to make the best use of these. And no grades however high that the reader may attain in the finals can be more than a feeble index of the value of two years of reading and writing, of thinking and talking about the things that are the wellsprings of life.

By far the most precious thing at Oxford is not the atmosphere, not the historic buildings, not the traditions of the place; it is the intellectual companionship and conversation of an elderly scholar and a young one. It is by living with a teacher that one learns best. Say what you will, there is such a thing as the insulation of the lecture room. The collective minds of the young deliberately make a few feet of space a gulf that is abysmal. Students in a body have a sort of shame at showing interest in a subject. Even the willing and eager must protect themselves with pretended indifference to some degree. But once they are taken individually, the insulation vanishes. Being talked at and smoked at by a lover of books, one somehow comes nigh to feeling the pulses of books. One can get something of a sweep of vision into all humanity by being a student of human nature in an Oxford don. The dons of Oxford are notoriously rich in human nature. By knowing one prince well one has the best introduction to the other princes of the world. And this acquaintance is more than the kind one acquires in the classroom; it goes deeper than a professor's taste in ties and lecture mannerisms. It reaches to the marrow of a man. One catches him in his home in his golden, unguarded moments of relaxation. The dialogue was the glory of Plato and Socrates. It can never be superseded as the best method of achieving a liberal education.

It has been my endeavor at Wells to play, howsoever weakly, the don of Oxford. I have tried to adopt my Honor pupils into my family. I have succeeded so well, sometimes, that the talk may often be of things more profitable than the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey and "such small deer". Who knows but my students will some day have some joy of a memory of discussions that started with Miracles and Moralities and led to Junior dramatics,

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with the Religious Poets and descended to the proper method of making gray-goose quills? For it seems to me, after all due credit is given to the precept and example of Oxford, that in this Wells experiment there is a glorious opportunity for a return to the American college of that old figure from our own American past, so long and so sadly missed from our midst, the Professor of Things in General. In our zeal for specialization we have lost one of our best philosophers. It is high time we got him back. We need that man who touched on all branches of human knowledge and—

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,

who could range gracefully from the pyramid of Cheops to the reason why the tools of masons and carpenters have changed so little with the ages and the reason why the simplest things have a beauty that endures.

The sort of an education I should be proudest to assist in would be the kind I got myself at the beginning of my life. It was in one of our little red schoolhouses in the country, where the teacher "lived around" with her pupils' families and lived herself into the hearts of those who while learning came to love, and in loving to learn. Really, the two teachers, the Oxford don and the country schoolmarm, were not so far apart. Both were masters who won the hearts of the young forever by finding in the poetry and pudding of life, in the books and the furrowed fields, a zest which led the young to imitate. Both were all-round persons. Both trafficked, not in creeds or systems or facts, but in human beings. They showed me how graceful and easy a thing it is to find in a variety of situations and subjects the sources of happiness.

The only way to know roses is to put away the catalogues and walk in the garden where they grow. And to know what men have been trying to say in their books the best way is to make friends with a mature man or woman with some store of wisdom, to talk and live with one going through life eagerly and having a good time out of it. If the teachers in our colleges cannot "live around" with their students, they can at least bring the best of their students to live in their own homes.

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Quite the most surprising and pleasant thing that has come out of my brief experience with Honor students is the fact that they are discovering that studies are pleasant things. Now that the stop-watches are no longer held on them, now that they are free to work when they like, they have begun to be so enthusiastic as to mingle their reading with their playing. In these days, when there are so many pleasures in college life outside of books that books themselves are anything but a pleasure, this fact is most significant. With the coming of the Honor courses I believe the day is not far distant when a man who is both a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a letter man will regard his scholastic achievement as highly as his athletic.

The faculty members have been as much to blame as the students for the unpopularity of studies in the past. Too often we have made them tasks and routine affairs to be gotten through with by the students and put aside for more engaging pursuits. Now it is in our power to make good our mistakes. By letting the students see how we are living our learning sixteen hours a day, how vital a thing we find it, we can win them to go and do likewise. So they may discover that books do often have the breath of life and hold the salt and savor of living.

I have had a good deal to say of the students and the good they are getting out of the new Honor courses, and all too little of the teachers themselves. I think it is the professors who are learning most of all.

Mutuo ista fiunt, et homines, dum docent, discunt.

Seneca's words are as true today as they were two thousand years ago. It may be that we shall become so enamored of making our learning as broad as our living, for the benefit of the Honor students, that we shall be able to bring to our classrooms and our lectures a clearer vision of the unity of things in this ancient and infant pageantry of mankind, a keener zest that will weave around things that we believe to be true aureoles which are winsome and fair.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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"THE BOOK OF THE HOURS"

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

RAINER MARIA RILKE was born in 1875 in the city of Prague. A childhood passed in Bohemia amid conditions almost incredibly romantic; years of study in the universities of Prague, Munich and Berlin; travels in Russia, the Scandinavian countries, in Italy and Spain; an installation of considerable length in Paris where he became the private secretary and the friend of Rodin—these are the outward events of his life hitherto. For everything else we must look to the work behind which as behind a wall of his own building the artist would conceal the man.

"*L'action de l'art, ne consiste-elle pas en ceci qu'on remplace les contours changeants de la vie par un système de lignes correspondantes mais plus définitives et d'une signification concentrée?*" This phrase from a recent letter of the poet was written to explain his unalterable conviction that the life of a man is but so much bare material with which the public can have nothing to do except in so far as it has been fashioned into achievment, which is art. However, in *The Note Book of Malte Laurids Brigge*, which is perhaps the best known of all Rilke's prose writings since it has for some reason attracted more than the others the attention of French translators and critics and so found its way to a larger public, it is impossible not to suspect autobiography in its more accepted sense. One recognizes Rilke's own portrait, none the less clear for being unconfessed, in the person of the sensitive young aristocrat, fallen upon poverty and upon that Paris of the poor whose every sight and sound can but be to him a torment, and in this presentment as in the engravings of his unforgettable face which we see in contemporary literary histories and reviews, one is involuntarily led to think of the perils and the penalties attaching to a too great separation from the common currents of human life. One suspects a race too long refined, a tradition too unyielding, a mind too exquisitely attuned to hidden

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and secret harmonies not to be painfully affected by the unselected instruments and airs that make up the music of less cultivated ears, and one feels that Rilke has been doubly equipped for suffering; but turning to his poetry one is reassured by a certain luminous quality that could only exist where the way out had been discovered; where the soul in the midst of its perplexities could still declare with the prophet of old—I have found a ransom.

The Book of the Hours is considered by many to be Rilke's greatest work, and by some to be the most important lyrical achievment of our day. Certainly it must be admitted by all to possess a depth of thought and a simplicity of utterance that are the attributes of only the best poetry in any age. Saint Francis comes first to mind perhaps, in reading this "profound and perfect prayer-book", or Angelius Silesius. There is the same sweet materialism, the same deep and friendly intimacy with all the little objects of this world, and with that larger object who is God, which make the *Fioretti* and the *Cherubinischer Wandersmann* so dear and so convincing. There is besides an all-pervading stillness which seems wider than any breadth of pantheism, and which the voice of the poet in speaking of it seems strangely not to break.

Three shorter collections of poems published in different years, *The Book of Monastery Life*, *The Book of Pilgrimage*, and *The Book of Poverty and Death*, have been gathered harmoniously under one head to make up *The Book of the Hours*, and it seems generally admitted that it was during the months he spent in Russia—an experience which he himself qualifies as epochal—that these poems took shape in Rilke's mind. "Russia; that is the land where men stand alone, each with a world in himself; each as full of shadows as a mountain, and so sunk in his own humbleness that he can have no fear to fall. . . . Here men are silent, and their words are only frail and shaking bridges over their real being." His work is full of reminiscences, expressed or implied, of this land and people for whom he feels so intimate a sympathy. He writes of

Moscow with bells like chiming memories

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and the "absorbed and shadowy ways" of monastery gardens in a country of mystery which seems from the first to have been singularly open to his understanding. It is perhaps Russia that he has again in mind in descriptions of landscapes that are infinite and lonely, and it may be that a certain idea of vastness both in Silence and in Time that remains with the reader after dwelling much on Rilke's poetry, found its need of expression in this wide air:

> The land lies windy, flat and far,
> To the primæval forest given
> And rendered whole to the high heaven.

It is naturally amid such boundaries unconfined that men should seek to capture in a work of art some trace or breath of the Immeasurable. But on the other hand there is small wisdom, once the work of art is done, in holding it too strictly accountable to the place or circumstances of its origin. These are after all rather the barriers through which genius breaks its way than the mould and condition of its being, and in reading *The Book of the Hours* one thinks less of Russia with its still monasteries and the prayers of its quiet brotherhoods than of that wider land that is the human soul, of the great silence that surrounds it, and those faint intimations that are its only voice. Of such whisperings those who listen are made aware in every time and place, and most of all "in dreams, in deep visions of the night, when a man lieth upon his bed. . . ."

In selecting from a collection of poems a possible few which may lend themselves to translation into another tongue, one is almost always obliged to leave untouched the very ones which through a peculiarly felicitous homogeneity of thought and symbol seem in their own language to be most delicately perfect. It is too, perhaps, especially difficult to rehandle Rilke's poetry in any way because of his almost startling originality in the choice of his images. A different consciousness seems to preside over the association of his ideas, and those very words which in the original have all the sudden charm of a revelation, are apt to seem bizarre and *recherchés* in another tongue. But the pitfalls that beset the way of the translator are too well known and too universally deplored to insist upon. He must be counted happy

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who succeeds, not indeed in recreating in another language a poetry he has greatly loved, but at most in awakening an interest in the original which may eventually lead a few readers to seek such beauty where it may be found.

Dear neighbor God, I fear
I often knock too loud in the long night;
It is because you breathe so light
I scarce can hear.
I think:—you are alone in your wide hall
With no one there at all
To reach you even a cup of wine.
I listen always; give a little sign;
I am so near.

There is between us such a fragile wall;
As if by chance it stands today,
But if at any time you thought to call,
It would give way.

It is all built of pictures with old names,
And when the light flares up in me
By which at last I hope to see
Your face, it only flickers on their frames.

My thoughts are very little flames
And quickly lost in your immensity.

* * *

See, Lord, there comes to share
Your work this one so near a child; the prayer
That women taught him trembles yet
Upon his lips that must so soon forget;
The fold
That women gave them,—that they soon must lose,
His hands still hold.
Even now they seek to draw apart and use
Their separate will to beckon or defend.

But yesterday his forehead was as fair
And smooth as a white stone
In running water, rounded by the days
That have no meaning but to ripple on
And know no longing but to wear
The pictures that the leaning heavens lend;

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Now is this at an end;
The vision of the world is in his gaze,
And an irrevocable judgment lays
That on his brow which it must bend and bear.

Now shall it widen to a new awaking;
There was no light before this morning breaking;
No language written like that written here.

We dare not paint you as you meet our gaze,
O Dusk from whence the morning rose.
We choose from out our box of colors those
The ancients chose,
And still disguise you in their ancient ways.

We build your pictures as men build a wall;
They stand before you wide and tall,
And if our hearts should ever see you plain
Our pious hands would cover you again.

* * *

What would you do, Lord, if I died?
I am your pitcher; would you thrust aside
Your water, spill your wine?
I am your woven garment and the thread
Of the great loom you tread;
Your work is mine.

With me nowhere at all what would you do?
So would you have no house to wander through
And find in every room words warm and sweet;
So would there fall from off your feet
The velvet sandal that I am for you.

Your mantle, that I make, would be unloosed,
Your glance I am so used
To watch for and to catch on my warm cheek,
Soft like a pillow, would still come and seek
That resting place
And fall at last on the unfriendly face
Of some cold stone
And lie there all unwelcome and alone . . .
Surely it would be strange to find me gone.

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There was the time of Michelangelo:—
He was the man of whom the strange books tell
Who made gigantic shapes like visions grow
And sought to measure the immeasurable.

He was the man who ever comes again
In every age that ripens to its fall,
He comes and gathers all
Its might and meaning into one great whole
And thrusts it in the depths of his own soul.
The men before him knew of joy and pain,
But he can understand
The monstrous weight of life and strain
Its strength with his own hand.
God only is the element outside
His grasp and more than all his willing wide.

How must he then adore and hate
This incommensurate?

* * *

Look from your housetops and see where
His white encampment waits
Before your gates,
And grows no weaker and no wearier
From year to year.
Still as the landscape and as far
His armies reach;
And none he sends to threaten or to preach
Or to persuade into the town;

He is the mighty instrument of war
That works in silence till the wall breaks down.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIP

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The letters which, during the years between 1884 and 1918, passed between Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, furnish one of the most important collections of source material that have appeared during the last few years. The opening note is that of the plan of two young "reformers", educated, well-born, idealistic, to prevent the nomination of James G. Blaine on account of what Roosevelt called his "mottled record" and, failing that, the struggle to find their way through a veritable conflict of duties, ending in the choice of party loyalty rather than personal merit.

Each friend believed thoroughly in the future success of the other, and it is a real proof of inner merit that there seems to have been only the most loyal, ungrudging support of the one for the other, and untiring efforts to advance the interests of a dear and intimate friend. Said Roosevelt: "I do not know a man in the country whose future I regard as so promising as yours" (June 18, 1884); and a short time later he wrote to Lodge (August 12, 1884): "For two or three years I have felt that you were one of 'the' very few men whom I really desired to know as a *friend;* and I have never been able to work so well with anybody before." More than a decade later Roosevelt wrote Lodge a statement that is unusually self-revealing, and perhaps brings out a side of the generally popular political hero of that and later days which is not usually known or appreciated by students of his career. Said he: "I can't help writing you, for literally I have no one here to whom to unburden myself; I make acquaintances very easily, but there are only one or two people in the world, outside of my own family, whom I deem friends, or for whom I really care." (October 11, 1895.)

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On the other side, Lodge was just as loyal, just as devoted, and set just as high a value on Roosevelt and his ability, not to mention his friendship. On September 22, 1895, he wrote Roosevelt suggesting the proper way to manage his career, political and otherwise, if he would reach the Presidency. He added: "You do not realize how you have impressed the popular imagination, and that means getting what you want. I am no dreamer either about you or myself. . . . If you were like most men I should not repeat these things to you, but you so underrate your political strength that I fear you will neglect to use it and so miss the opportunity which will give you a big place in national politics." It was this same friend who urged successively the acceptance of the place on the Civil Service Commission, the office of Commissioner of Police, and that of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He also strongly urged the Vice-Presidency as a proper stepping-stone to that of President itself. In fact, one is more and more impressed with the political acumen, foresight, and fine judgment shown by Lodge on repeated occasions, and is compelled to admit that Roosevelt's debt to his friend was far greater, from the standpoint of his ultimate and outstanding success, than ever has been known, or even imagined, by the general public.

Time after time, Roosevelt really seemed to believe that he had reached the "end of his career", using those words in a letter of June 29, 1891; adding: "You may be but at the beginning of yours, and you have already had a most honorable one." He also thought the same at the close of the Spanish War, as he neared the end of his term as Governor of New York, and repeatedly seemed to be nerving himself to face inevitable defeat, and a final and complete retirement from public life. When it is remembered that these letters were entirely private, it causes a new appraisement of their writer. It is true that he was unboundedly ambitious, that he wanted success and wanted it with his whole heart and soul, but he was willing to work for it, and work hard, even that gruelling, grinding work which is irksome when it means plodding instead of "soaring". But he probably succeeded so brilliantly in this life because of that work, and also because of the fact that he never failed to hitch his wagon to the proverbial star.

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The carping critic, tinged with the jealousy that so often shows itself in the lines of journalistic, political and other writers, probably will sneer at the efforts of Roosevelt to get the Medal of Honor from the United States Government. In this he failed, in spite of the dogged and persistent efforts of Lodge, probably because of this same jealousy and its influence in more exalted stations. But Roosevelt had an innate sense of justice, to himself as well as to others. He knew he deserved the medal, that he had a moral right to it, and therefore in his view it was not a case of self-seeking and self-flattery, but mere participation in honor according to his just deserts. And always in the back of his mind there lay the thought of his children, and the name and fame that he might be able to leave to them.

It is especially interesting to note how Roosevelt gradually matured. He was decidedly of the type whose bark was not only as bad, but often worse than his bite, and he unburdened himself without restraint to Lodge, whether the subject of his present detestation were Godkin, President Harrison, George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, or Woodrow Wilson. But more and more he learned restraint, for as he himself acknowledged while Governor of New York, in a letter dated August 28, 1899, "I am not, thank Heaven, under the least illusion as to the permanence of my position; for both my good qualities and my defects—including in the last, the habit, to which you have once or twice unfeelingly alluded, of expressing a great variety of opinions on a great variety of subjects, and, formerly, at least, with some intemperance of expression—will tend to make my official life short." Lodge was continually warning him to be careful, and Roosevelt took the advice more often than his enemies of today would seem to admit.

There is an element of real tragedy when the reader comes to the correspondence of the early part of the year 1912, which resulted in an interchange of letters, and then with the exception of a short note, a long hiatus of seven months. Lodge wrote on February 28:

> I have had my share of mishaps in politics, but I never thought that any situation could arise which would make me so miserably unhappy as I have been during the past week. I found myself confronted with the fact that I was

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opposed to your policies declared at Columbus with great force in regard to changes in our Constitution and principles of government as I understand them. . . . I knew of course that you and I differed on some of these points, but I had not realized that the difference was so wide. That I failed to do so was very likely my fault, owing probably to my unwillingness to admit that there could be any serious difference of opinion between us on constitutional questions which seemed to me vital. . . . I could not abandon my convictions, and to come out for you, holding and known to hold the views which I have expressed, would have stultified me and made me worse than useless to you. Nor do I believe that you for a moment would wish me to do so. As for going against you in any way or supporting anyone else against you, that I could not do. There is very little of the Roman in me to those I love best, and I hope a good deal of loyalty in my affection. . . . I have a speech—long ago promised—next week at Princeton, on the Constitution, which must be made, and then I shall be silent until the convention is over. I cannot tell you how much I have suffered from these harsh necessities, and so I shall say no more. You, I am sure, will understand.

Roosevelt replied the next day (March 1):

I don't know whether to be most touched by your letter, or to be inclined to laugh over it. My dear fellow, you could not do anything that would make me lose my warm personal affection for you. For a couple of years I have felt that you and I were heading opposite ways as regards internal politics. I shan't try to justify my viewpoint because it would seem as if I were attacking yours. . . . Of course you will stand by your convictions. Now don't you ever think of this matter again.

With the exception of the short note mentioned above, which dealt with the returns from the Massachusetts primaries in April, the next items are telegrams from Lodge to Mrs. Roosevelt, and to Roosevelt himself, both dated October 16, and caused by the news of the attempt upon the latter's life by an assassin in Milwaukee. He stated that "Our thoughts have been unceasingly with you. Our distress and anxiety only equalled by our admiration for your wonderful and wholly characteristic nerve and courage. Rejoiced by good news this morning. Our dearest love is with you always."

From this time there is a steady renewal of the old intimacy, until the last letter of the entire collection of two volumes, which ends with a short note from Lodge to Roosevelt, dated December 23, 1918, while the latter was still in the hospital in New York, and from which he returned home only to die just two weeks later. Said Lodge: "I hope you continue to improve. You

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cannot think what a joy it was to have those two talks with you." As we know today, these "talks" had to do with the League Covenant, then in the process of germination in the minds and efforts of its authors, and they resulted in large part in the thought and principles underlying the celebrated "Lodge Reservations", which were not accepted by the Wilson Administration, but to which many European leaders are now at last turning as a proper alternative to the recent Geneva Protocol, which has been proved impossible of adoption or successful working.

One especially pleasant feature runs through the correspondence. It consists in the constant reference to "Nannie" and "Edith", meaning Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Roosevelt. Evidently both men were blessed with happy marriage, and the wife of each was a confidante and an adequate adviser, and contributed a large share to the success of the famous husband.

Lodge never seemed to lose his New England provincialism, and his political orientation was based entirely upon the principles and prejudices of that geographical section of the country. Roosevelt was far more national in his outlook, and the two men served as foils, the one to the other. This collection of letters, with little editing or accompanying notes, will hardly prove of widespread popular interest. It requires too full a knowledge of the people and times. But when one reads between the lines, it serves as an extremely valuable index to many of the most important events of the past four decades, as well as a remarkably revealing, and also appealing, record of the characters and friendship of two of the outstanding men of American history.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS.

A DEVONSHIRE GENTLEMAN

EARLY REMINISCENCES. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

S. BARING-GOULD, parson and squire of Lew in Devonshire, died on January 2, 1924. He was a most prolific writer. In the ninetieth year of his life he was occupied in composing his

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early reminiscences, occupied in carefully setting before us, page by page, an inimitable picture of an old-fashioned English country gentleman of the kind that is at once the admiration and despair of Europe.

Never did anyone write more true to type than Parson Baring-Gould. It is clear that he was completely indifferent as to what any of us might think of him. He just blurted out what came into his head, and if offense was taken, so much the worse. His insular arrogance is often extraordinary, but so is a certain sterling honesty that is an essential part of his nature. His prejudices were fixed. They were like knots in the trunk of some great oak in the garden of Lew Trenchard, tough as the devil, and such as no amount of labor could remove.

Practical, matter of fact, given to illogical compromises, the world appeared to him a very simple affair. He entertained no misgivings about it, he suspected no treachery. Under the stout leather of his country boots had he not felt the good red soil of Devon, firm and solid, for fourscore years and ten? And it was of course to this very self-confidence that he owed his strength and his weakness.

We can well imagine how simple an affair life must have seemed on a Harvest Thanksgiving in the church of Saint Petrock when contented laborers settled themselves in their restored oaken pews to listen to a sermon preached by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his own church, under ancient beams decorated with his own colors.

There is something charming about the old man's devotion to the Church of England: "I am inclined to wonder where on earth I should have been, spiritually, religiously, had I not been born and bred in the Church of England. There is so much that to me is repellant in the Roman Communion, such an indifference to truth, in the matter of toleration of what are lies: so much superabundance of ceremonial, and so much suppression of reason, that I never could have been happy in that part of the church." After such a sentence it might easily be supposed that he felt sympathy towards all Protestant denominations. Nothing could be further from the case. If not a superabundance, it appears that he finds an abundance of ceremonial necessary to salvation;

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if not complete suppression of the reason, it appears that he finds it necessary for man's reason to be sufficiently suppressed for it in no way to offend against what has been judged sound sense at the Manor House for the last three hundred years. "As for Lutheran Protestantism and Calvinism, I could not away with either."

He travels in Switzerland and marks down the failings of its people. They are incapable of artistic feeling, he says: "They make good waiters, pastry-cooks, confectioners, *et voilà tout.*" He discusses Socialism: "By converting every fifth man into a Government salaried official, the country would be covered with a bureaucratic net. Incompetent and uninstructed men would be appointed to superintend work of which they know nothing. We see this now among ourselves. Our County Councils appoint these noodles to manage the highways, to superintend nuisances, to value land, to kill rats, etc." He comments upon the advantages derived in the Wesleyan ministry from the practice of moving the pastors from place to place: "He (the Wesleyan minister) was neither suffered to get stale nor to discover the evanescence and shallowness of the results of his preaching. . . . He lived in a fool's paradise, a paradise of Wesley's own creation and planting."

Again he has a sudden illumination as to the number of those of us who are not English squires: "There are tens of thousands of men who simply vegetate, do no good, do no harm, and who when they die leave no more trace behind them . . . than does a cabbage stump when plucked up and thrown over the hedge."

Americans reading this review perhaps congratulate themselves that their great onward moving country is beyond the ken of this testy old gentleman. 'Twere better not to begin shouting till they are out of the wood: "The Pilgrim Fathers . . . were a parcel of ill-conditioned, cantankerous rascals of whom England was well rid." And his sole regret is that "the old slaver Mayflower had not sunk on the voyage and taken the whole set to the bottom of the Atlantic to feed the fishes".

His observations about some of the famous people he has known have about them the same racy directness of opinion. "John Keble," he says, "was a singularly plain man and his somewhat un-

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couth features seemed to me to find a reflex in his poetry." Mark Pattison's mind, so he declares, "had turned sour over disappointment like beer under thunder, and with equal inability to recover."

The fastidious spiritual passion of Newman alone seems to have been of fine enough quality to penetrate the aged curmudgeon's thick skin. "Sanctity," he asserts, "streamed forth from his face like light from a lantern." The pontifical self-consciousness of Cardinal Manning was of course guaranteed to rouse his spleen. And so it did: "A cat does not squeal and claw unless its tail has been pinched; and Manning was doubly nipped. He was disappointed at the slender effect his own secession had produced. . . . I gravely doubt his possessing any governing principle other than self-glorification."

But it would be a mistake to conclude that our venerable author is incapable of writing in anything but a peevish vein. Scattered through the book are certain sentences that reveal how dear to him was every sight and sound of the Devonshire countryside. He likes to hear the noise that a scythe makes as it lays low the grass on a summer's morning, the strange swishing sound of the strokes and the tinkling music of the whetstone. He likes to see the boys play at making "sweet hay" with the girls by enmeshing them in a rope of grass; provided always that they go no further in their play than is judged innocent by their landlord.

After a time one comes to know the kind of uncouth jokes that tickle the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's fancy. He dislikes Jews and lawyers and is never tired of girding at one or the other of them: "We have among us in England a good sprinkling of Hebrews who seek to screen their Hebraic origin by adopting good old English or Norman names. . . . The story circulates that a certain Jew named Samuel, like the great prophet who anointed Saul to be King, aye and David also, received a call from Heaven: 'Samuel! Samuel!' But, unlike his great forerunner and namesake, he did not reply 'Speak; for thy servant heareth!' but answered from among the bedclothes, 'You may shout till you are hoarse; I will not reply till you call me Montagu.'" He is delighted by the story which tells of Peter the Great's astonishment during his visit to London at seeing so many lawyers in the Inner Temple.

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"In Russia," said he, "there are but two of these men, and on my return it is my intent to hang them both."

It must be confessed that his humor is often a little crude. On one occasion, while driving in a dog-cart with his mother and father, the pony fell down and precipitated his two parents to the road. Baring-Gould laughed, and when his father reproved him excused himself by saying that "they looked so like rooks taking flight from a field where they had been feeding". He speaks of the conversation of the neighboring clergy. "They talked of old Betty's cough and the legs of Polly that ran, or rather bad sores in them that ran." Yes, without doubt there is a certain bucolic vein in his writing. Whatever actually happened, that he puts down in plain English, just as a farmer might express himself with realistic unreserve while taking his boots off by the fire.

But what pride he possessed! Pride of family, pride of his conversational powers, pride of his knowledge of what is good for the world: "One who has ideas gauges the capacities of those with whom he is engaged in converse, and if he detects in them an inability to receive any other seed than groundsel, he holds back his superior grain."

Evidently he felt no small contempt for the chatter of his immediate entourage. "Those whose words I really do value are to be found in books, not in small talk on foods, motors, lawn-tennis, bridge and novels." He began life as a Liberal, but in latter days was constrained to modify his opinions: "I think that Radicalism has passed beyond the limit regarded as permissible and the attainment of which is desirable."

We feel quite sure that if any present-day "noodle" had pressed for an explanation of this truly aristocratic utterance, he would have been answered after the manner of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "I have no exquisite reason, but I have reason good enough."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

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A ROYAL BIOGRAPHY

KING EDWARD VII: A Biography. By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. I. From Birth to Accession, 9th November 1841 to 22nd January 1901. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the late nineties *Punch* published a cartoon showing an immaculately dressed, stout, elderly gentleman with a beard, looking much like the late King Edward, gazing out of a window at a heavy downpour in the streets of London. Under it was the caption, "It's a mighty long rain we're having!"

Sir Sidney Lee's biography covers most of this reign, and long as it is—the first volume contains over eight hundred large pages—it is interesting from beginning to end. As an "official" history it has the advantage of being based on important unpublished material. At the same time it has the natural disadvantage which attaches to any "authorized" biography. Sir Sidney's work has been further handicapped by the fact that much of the material concerns persons still alive, and a good part of it can hardly be made public without inviting diplomatic complications. He has been forced to pick and choose, and yet has done this with sufficient skill to present a full picture of the part which King Edward as Prince of Wales played in international politics. Perhaps the King's foibles are too readily overlooked. Certainly the depiction of his nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany and Doorn, is too satanic. That the former Emperor is impetuous, foolish, vain, and unreliable, has long been known. Any doubts on this subject were dispelled by the publication of his own memoirs three years ago. In Sir Sidney's biography, however, he figures as a combination of Mephistopheles and Machiavelli. This does him too much credit.

Despite the fact that this volume is important as an historical document, and should be considered in the light of the new material which it offers for the study of international politics during the reign of Queen Victoria, to the general reader its principal interest is in the picture which it gives of three personalities—Victoria, Edward, and William II. The interchange of letters between these three, and with their countless relatives on nearly all the thrones of Europe, gives a vivid idea of their weakness and strength, and a clear understanding of the curious inter-

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play of family affections and antipathies that had profound effect on the politics of the world.

The Queen Victoria who lives in these pages is not altogether the same figure as the Victoria of Mr. Lytton Strachey. In the early part she is more of a mother, in the latter more of a politician. In both rôles her distrust of her son's judgment continues unabated. At first she appears as a stuffy, over-solicitous parent, trying to impose her will by force on her children. In later years she proves to be a wiser person, shrewdly appreciating her son's impetuosity and tendency to be swayed by his personal likes and loyalties.

The account of the education of the Prince of Wales under the heavy hand of the Prince Consort, whose orderly German mind and cold, inhuman nature led him to impose "systems" to fit the young Prince for his ultimate rôle as King, is painful reading. In the light of modern theories of psychology the marvel is that the boy didn't go to pieces under it. He was allowed no playmates of his own age. He was forced to study many hours a day. He had few recreations and but little exercise. His entire time was spent in the company of his elders, who apparently were more anxious to correct than to encourage him. Family affection was fostered as a duty, rather than as an instinctive response. Everything was ordered, everything was forced, everything was calculated to restrain. The Prince Consort was ever ready with lectures and theories. Victoria was always waiting to disapprove.

The restraints of every nature were held upon the young prince until long after he became of age. He rebelled, of course—privately, like a well brought up Victorian child—and "played hookey" whenever he could. In the army in Ireland he was first associated with persons of his own age, and the reaction was greater than if he had not been so firmly tied to Victoria's apron strings.

In one respect, however, his rebellion was unblushing and open. He despised books, and never read after he had passed his study years. In their stead, he eagerly sought the company of men of achievement in many walks of life, and plied them with countless questions. Information thus obtained was never forgotten. As a result, although he disappointed his father, who

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considered books better teachers than men, he acquired vast information and wide interests. He hated to be alone. His personal cronies, after he grew up, were mostly from the ranks of high society, but his interest in scientists, explorers, actors, diplomats, army and navy men, and all others who were doing something of interest and value, never ceased. He constantly demanded their company, and loved nothing better than to draw them out and hear what they had to say. To all with whom he thus came in contact he remained strongly loyal.

"Mama" never took her eyes off her son, and rarely ceased to criticize him. Parental inability to forget that he had grown up and was old enough to look after himself accounted for some of this. But the old lady was shrewd enough to realize that "Bertie," as his relatives knew him, was inclined to be impetuous, and did things unthinkingly which not only were out of keeping with his position, but which were embarrassing to the British Government and sometimes clearly wrong. For this reason she refused, until the very last years of her life, when the Prince of Wales was over fifty, to delegate to him any share of her authority. She did not think that he was fit to have much responsibility, and so she declined to encourage any of his incessant efforts to "be of use". The Prince, however, increasingly showed his keen interest in affairs, and particularly in international politics. He managed on various occasions to accomplish much by personal contact with the crowned heads and leading politicians of Europe.

In view of the developments since King Edward died, particular interest attaches to his relations with his many German relatives. His mother by training and by marriage had acquired a keen sympathy for Germany. Her infatuation for her German Prince Consort tended to strengthen her love of that country after he died. She was, therefore, much pleased when her eldest child, Victoria, married the heir to the throne of Prussia, Frederick. To "Bertie" however, this was not an agreeable event. His older sister was one of his few intimates. Her cold reception in Prussia, where many of the nobility resented the presence of a strongly English princess, rankled from the very beginning. As the years went by, and the Prince saw that his sister was often treated with Prussian harshness, he became still more impatient.

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The climax occurred when her husband died, and her son, William II, became Kaiser. Her palace was surrounded with guards, so that she was actually a prisoner and, in the opinion of her brother, the young Kaiser treated her with unbecoming indifference. Thereafter William did not fail to criticize her openly, and found fault with her devotion to her English relatives.

After his accession to the throne, "Willie", whose conceit and arrogance had long annoyed "Uncle Bertie", became more and more intolerable in his relations with his English relatives. He himself has told us in his memoirs how, when he first visited England after coming to the throne, his grandmother, Queen Victoria, had received him with the same affection that she had always shown to her grandchildren. The Kaiser, however, felt that more was due him. Had he written "I very quickly put Grandmama in her place" he would have expressed more directly his sentiments on the occasion. Thereafter, he proudly pointed out, she treated him with the deference due an Emperor and fellow sovereign. Victoria, grown more tolerant in her old age, was ready to overlook his conceit. To the Prince, however, Willie's bumptiousness was intolerable. As a man of the world and the Kaiser's senior by eighteen years, he sought to placate him, but on two or three occasions he was so angered by the Kaiser's deliberate affronts that it took all of the tact of his mother to prevent a serious breach.

Despite the fact that the incidents between the Kaiser and his uncle are shown from one side only, it is clear that the young Emperor of Germany was an ill-mannered, flighty man. He was intensely jealous of England, and apparently secretly hated his Uncle Bertie's suave manners and wide influence throughout the world even as Prince of Wales. His balloonified ego led him early to pose as the world's greatest monarch, and strengthened his ambitions to get for Germany her famous "place in the sun". Territorial aggrandizement was his first thought, followed by the expansion of his navy. This naturally brought him in constant conflict with England, whose widely flung Empire was occupying the remaining "free" land, and whose fleet was essential to its very existence. His are normally classed as "justifiable aspirations". The Kaiser, however, could not refrain from rattling

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his sword, even when he had no provocation. This, coupled with the fact that his Uncle Bertie and his grandmama had their own opinion about his boasted partnership with the Almighty, served to make them look askance upon his plans. When he was nearly forty he complained to the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, that the Prince always looked upon him "as a silly boy". This is undoubtedly true, for this he undoubtedly was and continued to be. But it naturally irked his ego to be so regarded. At the same time, he could not refrain from offering the Queen and the Prince of Wales constant advice about their army, their navy, their general policies, and finally, the conduct of the Boer War. In the meantime he made repeated advances to England for an alliance, but was bitterly resentful when his own terms, on which he insisted, were not deemed acceptable.

Sir Sidney's narrative stops with the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. It leaves the reader more impressed than ever with the pompous absurdity and danger of the German Kaiser, and with increased respect for Queen Victoria's political wisdom in her later years. King Edward, however, appears as little more than a man of the world, charming, vigorous, well informed. Aside from much common sense and a memory that enabled him to retain vivid impressions of his talks with all the principal statesmen and leaders of Europe throughout forty years or more, he does not stand out as an intellectual force. His loyalty too often got the better of his judgment, and while loyalty in a King is a great virtue, judgment is indispensable. Although the Queen's distrust of her son as shown in the first part of this volume seems unnecessarily severe, one closes the book with the feeling that her instinct was perhaps right in withholding much power from him during the first fifty years or more of his life. It was a long reign—for the Prince of Wales. But at least it gave him the opportunity to prepare himself amply for his kingly task. He was no schemer, like his German nephew. Nor was he flighty and unstable. But he was very human and easily impressionable, and by the very charm of his personality and strength of his prestige he might have been less fortunate as King had he earlier succeeded to the throne.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

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FRENCH LETTERS.

XXe Siècle, Première Série. Par Benjamin Crémieux. Paris: *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Le Chèvrefeuille. Par Thierry Sandre. Paris: *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Mousseline. Par Thierry Sandre. Amiens: Librairie Edgar Malfère.

Dialogues sur le Commandement. Par André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Oncle Anghel, Les Récits d'Adrien Zograffi, II. Par Panaït Istrati. Paris: F. Rieder & Cie.

Two very significant figures have disappeared from French letters during the last six months: Anatole France and Jacques Rivière. The death of the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* is being felt much more keenly, if not more widely, than that of the patriarch of the Villa Saïd. For Anatole France had few imitators and still fewer followers, in the world of letters. He was not liked by young men. Indeed, literarily speaking, he had ceased to exist many years before he died; and if one wishes a perfect proof of this, let him read the book which the great man's secretary saw fit to publish with startling suddenness after his death: *Anatole France en Pantouffles.* It has merit, doubtless. It is selling well, certainly. But it is not imbued with that spirit of moved reverence which the disappearance of a master should leave, one would suppose, in his closest friend.

Jacques Rivière was in all things a contrast to Anatole France. Young (he was not yet thirty-nine), having produced just enough to give great promise of the future, he died with only five days of illness separating him from a life of intense activity, the object of which was not in any sense the winning of laurels for himself, but the seeking out and encouragement of talent in others. His *Revue* was the centre of the most vigorous, the most distinguished and the most disinterested literary movement in present-day France. Jacques Rivière was, by their own confession, the inspirer and sustainer of a whole company of young writers whose works appeared in the familiar red-and-black printed covers. An extraordinary combination of uncompromising idealism, critical acumen and sound business sense had enabled him to make of his review and its publications the meeting-place of a

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group of men eager for high endeavor, striving unsparingly for technical excellence, and more pleased by a wide reading among the élite than by immediate financial advantages. Jacques Rivière was the one man in the world of Parisian publication who was never accused, even by his worst enemies, of any but the highest motives. And under his leadership the *Revue* has come to such a position of prominence that many very intelligent readers within and without France allow it to be their sole interpreter of French literature. The premature snuffing of this candle cannot be too profoundly regretted.

It is difficult to find any common characteristic of the writers of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* group, unless it be perhaps their high-minded seriousness. The personal taste of Jacques Rivière is easier to discover. It has been said of him that he brought French literature back to classicism, by dissuading from the mere romantic reproduction of sensation and sentiment, as the symbolists practised it, and encouraging the study of the passions by the intelligence. The sifting of the emotions by the mind is certainly classic, and French. But the basis of French classicism is not only reason, but also good sense, and good sense demands that the passions studied be not abnormal, but broadly human. Now Rivière's increasing interest, during the latter years of his life, was the isolation and microscopic examination of a passion so unusual, so extraordinary, that only the treatment of genius could convince of its relation to every-day humanity. His own attempt at such a study, the novel *Aimée*, is not very successful. But that the thing can be done, and made real, he has indicated himself by dedicating his novel to Marcel Proust. And Marcel Proust has perhaps done better than anyone else what Jacques Rivière considered as supremely worth doing in literature.

There has appeared upon Proust the first study to have any pretension to completeness. Benjamin Crémieux, novelist, translator of Pirandello, but especially critic for the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, in the first hundred pages of a group of critical articles which are being published under the title *XXe Siècle*, has taken up and dusted off, as it were, nearly all the moot questions which have been bandied about concerning *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*. His main

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endeavor is, however, to demonstrate the unity of Proust's work. A kind of unity has been grudgingly and vaguely granted Proust. But it is the unconscious unity which can be found underlying every utterance of any individual, especially of any artist, and which is the revelation of the oneness of the personality. Even this, however, has been doubted, because Proust's method of portraying character tends to show rather the diversity than the integrity of the self. M. Crémieux grants immediately this unconscious unity, "the confrontation of the '*moi*' of Proust with the universe", the "obedience to an interior rhythm". But he finds also unity of aim and unity of composition. The aim of Proust, like that of Balzac, was to leave a picture of his time, showing "the most characteristic crisis of the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries: the final uncrowning of the French aristocracy, the first leveling of the nobility and the rich middle class, prelude of the universal leveling of all classes accelerated by the war". His difference from Balzac lies, first, in an effort to present, not the voluntary, characteristic actions of men, but their involuntary gestures, result of deep-seated habit, and revelation of the hidden preoccupations of the subconscious; and, second, in the practice of introspection rather than observation for the gathering of his material. As for the unity of composition, M. Crémieux very ingeniously compares the entire work to a rose-window, each episode forming one of the "*lobes*", but the effect of the whole and the interrelation of the parts unperceivable before the work is completed.

Another contention of M. Crémieux is that Proust's work is profoundly, even exaltedly, moral. It encourages, to be sure, the refusal to follow blindly the dictates of ancestral habit, or the current platitudes of so-called moral instruction; but it incites to a study of our own soul so penetrating, so thorough, as to bring to light the root of every evil desire, of every lie-engendering passion. In the light, they die. No motives for action then remain save those of wisdom, which lead us as often to act for the good of others as for our own good. The sage of this philosophy practices "abstention, nearly related to stoic quietude and to Christian renunciation". The following episode, recounted by M. Crémieux, would seem to show the extraordinary reality for Proust

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himself of both his artistic practice and his moral code: "On his deathbed, Proust asked the nurse to bring him the page of his manuscript on which was found the description of the death-agony of one of his characters: 'I have several changes to make in it,' said he, 'now that I am almost there myself.'"

A similarity to the Proust technique is evident in the work of many contemporary Frenchmen. Two of the three novels for which Thierry Sandre was awarded the Goncourt Prize may be taken as examples of the adaptation to the traditional French manner of new processes used by Proust. Both books are short stories rather than novels. *Le Chèvrefeuille* is done in a way not unlike the "*composition en rosace*" which M. Crémieux ascribes to Proust. The story (a young husband is so overwhelmed by the tyranny of his wife's affection that he seizes the opportunity offered him by his being in the front line trenches at the Battle of Verdun to disappear), is presented as follows: First a friend of the couple digs about in his memory and brings out here an incident, there an observation, which give the reader a vision of the whole as through a veil; then the husband, turning up, explains to his friend the reasons for his conduct, thus lifting the veil in part; and finally, in the last pages, the wife is discovered to have just remarried, and the whole picture is flooded with light. More striking even than this in resemblance to Proust, is the immensely greater importance that the author gives to the secret workings of the inner self than to external voluntary action: perverse sentimental complexities drive into the background of a soldier's consciousness the events of the Battle of Verdun! It is certainly for this reason that, despite great technical qualities, the book leaves the reader rather cold.

Mousseline is a better book, perhaps the best of the Goncourt Prize novels since the war. The story is told carefully, slowly, chronologically. A father, concierge in a Parisian apartment house, cherishes an only daughter; overproud of her, and over-ambitious, he refuses her hand in marriage to a lodger; she runs off with the young man, and the father is plunged in grief and shame; as time goes by, his shame grows less; rumors come to him that Mousseline has become the mistress of a rich man, and hope dawns of comfort for his old age; the daughter returns, miserable,

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abandoned, with a baby, and he drives her in fury from his door. For the ending to convince, the reason for the change in the old man must be clear. And M. Sandre has used remarkable skill to make it so. In the beginning, the limelight of Père Trébuc's consciousness, the goal of his ambitions, the end of his every voluntary action, is his daughter: her virtue, her well-being, her marriage and future happiness. But in his little unconscious acts, the old man reveals that, unbeknown to himself, he has another and different primary demand upon life, namely, his reputation for integrity, for respectability, for uprightness, and the continued enjoyment of physical and moral comfort. To assure this, one is made to feel, he will consent to any compromise, to any abasement. And when the test comes, one readily admits that he accept with animal eagerness the prosperity which his daughter's shame may bring him, and that, on the other hand, he revolt in animal fury against the disgrace with which her innocent misfortune threatens to surround his last days. The book is, in the Zola sense, a sort of experiment: a disease of the personality is studied in the class of patient usually found in hospital clinics. No remedy is indicated. But as the case is presented, the only remedy imaginable is that implied by the ethics of Proust: an exhaustive study of the self.

The name of Proust is undoubtedly the greatest in French letters of today. But the "rhythm" of Proust becomes intelligible only in the light of purely modern thought. One feels beneath the sinuous delicacy of his art the conclusions of a Bergson, of a Freud, even of an Einstein. One fact of his life has, however, been insufficiently emphasized by critics: his asthma. He lived and worked in an atmosphere necessary for him, but stifling to healthy lungs. And a long sojourn in the society of the Guermantes or the Verdurin has somewhat the same effect upon the mind that a long visit in his tightly closed room might have had upon the body: one rushes to the street for air. The street, and the man in the street. One cannot indeed avoid a feeling of deliverance, of relief, when one finds that there are still in France men capable of high thinking whose fundamental reactions to life are those of the mass. Such is André Maurois.

Especially to English and American readers, no living French

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writer is perhaps more immediately sympathetic than he. The figures of Colonel Bramble and his staff were treated with a delicate humor and a completeness of understanding all too rarely found in Continental appreciations of the British; and the gentle but final destruction of the ethereal legend with which nineteenth-century criticism had shrouded Shelley, accomplished without provoking the slightest ripple of indignation from over the Channel, was no mean feat of international criticism.

If in these earlier books there is a sprightliness of fancy, a gracefulness of pleasantry, that make one look upon the author as a Frenchman who has acquired English virtues, in his latest book there are a soundness and an honesty of argument, a balance and a firmness of logic, a nimbleness and measure in demonstration, that reveal in him those qualities of the French which we consider most typical and most enviable. Not that here he has become heavy: the very form of the dialogue which he has given these conversations between a professor of philosophy and his former pupil is in the best classic tradition of elegant and playful discussion. It is always lightly that they touch, in the quick vagaries of their talk, on some of the gravest problems that have in all times puzzled great minds. But beneath their words is an earnestness, a candid love of truth, a lack of obstinacy before objections, a willingness to face every difficulty squarely, that are characteristically and beautifully French.

It is to Romain Rolland that we are indebted for two of the most striking books of the year. He found, recovering from unsuccessful suicide in a hospital at Nice, an outcast and wanderer come from the Balkans, who, after rolling from adventure to revolution and from revolution to adventure over a large part of Europe, Asia and Africa, had met Despair in the peacefully flowering sunlight of the Riviera. In his extremity, the vagabond called upon the Master. The Master came, and showed the vagabond the use that could be made of the voice that was within him. And now, Panaït Istrati has gone back to carefree peddling in the flowering sunlight, while his tales, written in French because he knew that language as well as another, are making hearts beat faster and breath come shorter here and there throughout the Western World.

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Kyra Kyralina, published in the early summer, and *Oncle Anghel*, in the autumn, are just bits of the past of Adrien Zograffi, son of a Rumanian peasant woman and a Greek merchant "who had no use for marriage", stories he has heard and things he has seen in his varied and precarious existence. Not however the reflections of misery, ugliness, oppression and stint that might be expected from a haunter of slums and a sleeper in lofts. For Adrien is a poet. His uncles are poets. They have the surge and lift of great passions within them. Life to them is color, movement, swift and utter enjoyment; not a gesture but is filled with meaning, instinct with the richness and fullness of life. Uncle Anghel, from his infancy, has a deep detestation for work on another's land. So he goes to the city, becomes a wine-merchant's helper. He saves. He buys a wine-shop beside the highway, and in winter his door opens to the "carter, with icicles hanging from his moustache". He marries the most beautiful girl in the village, has by her three children. He prospers, buys a farm, builds the finest house in the country. But his wife is stricken with a terrible laziness: she sleeps always, and stirs for neither noise nor blows. The windows are so covered with fly-specks that the house is dark: Anghel breaks them. An envious neighbor burns down the fine house. The two daughters are drowned in the Danube. The wife dies. The son is killed in a cavalry charge. At his funeral, the incendiary, guilty of conscience, confesses, asking Anghel to kill him. "He said: 'I forgive thee,' and left. None dared follow him. Home in his wineshop, he took down from the wall the ikon, the Virgin with Jesus in her arms, and also the pictures of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince. He took a pick, made a hole in the yard, put them in the bottom of it, and covered them with earth."

One thinks of the Books of the Kings, or of the Chronicles. And we, for whom the King James Version was the milk and barley of our intellectual up-bringing, may perhaps be pardoned for reveling in these wild tales of men in whom the proddings of the subconscious were translated with lightning swiftness into terrible and irremediable action.

PERCY CHAPMAN.

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SCIENCE AND FAITH

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Throughout the world, there is proceeding today a conflict, stern and continuous, between Science and Faith. In this momentous struggle, all Sciences and all Faiths are involved. On the one hand, the Presbytery of New York debates and votes upon the ordination of a student, trained by Union Theological Seminary, who says that he cannot accept the Virgin Birth, and the raising of Lazarus and of the Widow's Son at Nain. On the other hand, those Fundamentalists of Islam, the Kurds, rise in wrath against the Republic founded by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and demand that impious Modernism shall restore the Sultan and Caliph and again veil the face of woman. In India, too, pure reason is combating cults which enforce caste, the purdah, the widowhood of mere babes and other restrictions on human life. Here then is a problem that, in one form or another, is universal to the human race. It affects the redoubtable Dr. Macartney of Philadelphia as he seeks to safeguard the orthodoxy of theological seminaries like Princeton. Not less does it affect the incantations of a devil dancer in mid-Africa.

Before these assaults of Science, sometimes expressed as pure reason and sometimes applied to matters like health and locomotion, every religion save one is crumbling. The question is today solely whether Christianity, while permeating other faiths, will be found itself impregnable to the permeation of a destructive rationalism. Many observers would say that on the continent of Europe, the issue appears to be, for the moment, settled. The Scientist is an anti-clerical who regards the Church as a survival of the Middle Ages. And in Russia, the churches are placarded with Bolshevist abuse. But within the English-speaking world, a breach so definite as this has been avoided. Darwin may be damned in Kentucky but he is buried in Westminster Abbey, and many of his disciples are as devout as Isaac Newton, who was much more interested in explaining the Apocalypse than ever he was in enunciating the three laws of motion.

Professor Thomson is a scientist of this reverent type. Elec-

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tricity—he exclaims—"how big it is with mystery!" Biology—why it "does not do more than hint at the way in which even the simplest living creatures may have come into being". Suppose that "birds arose from an extinct reptilian stock". Even so, it follows that "always the resultant seems too large for the components". Science may formulate "Lowest Common Denominators". But Faith responds with the "Greatest Common Measure".

Here surely we have a gentler tone of voice than that in which usually Science has called on Faith to surrender. As the Israelites worshipped the golden calf because, though a poor thing, it was still their own, so do we, as a rule, exalt that which our hands or our brains have fashioned. Science has been by no means immune from this idolatrous temptation. What God reveals is His, not ours; what we find out is flattering to our pride. Dr. Thomson is a disciple of nature. To the methods of scientific inquiry into phenomena, he is wholly loyal. But he admits that such research should be illuminated by revelation. "With ordinary vision," writes he, "the young man in the ancient story saw what are sometimes called 'the facts of the case'—the beleaguering hosts and Israel's poor chance; but he looked again, and saw, beyond all that, 'the chariots of God and the horsemen thereof'. That was religious vision." And to this excellent illustration, Dr. Thomson later adds a reference to Professor J. B. Pratt's delightful picture of a country in which everybody, including the philosophers, was blind, except a few simple folk, who saw the sun. The philosophers began by denying that there was a sun. And when the simple people still insisted on believing the evidence of their senses, the philosophers told the simple people to be honest with themselves and confess that they only saw the sun when they opened their eyes. The blind philosophers thus concluded, by strict logic, that there was no sun but only a trick with the eyes, practised by simple people; who went away, none the less smiling as they said, "We see the sun."

Most of us are acquainted with books which defend Science against Faith; or Faith against Science; or which seek to "reconcile" the two. Dr. Thomson declares that there is no quarrel. Says he:

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An opposition between scientific description and religious interpretation is fundamentally a false antithesis. The aims and moods are quite different, and there is no justification for what has been called "warfare" or "conflict".

In other words, the rivalry suggests the famous description of a war between the German Army and the British Navy as a battle between an elephant and a whale, which is a line of argument often followed by peacemakers. The question is whether the argument really meets the case. Is it true that the elephant and the whale never fought? Did not the whale blockade the elephant? And did not the hawk drop bombs on both? Life is not a duality but one and indivisible. You cannot say that the Bible is merely a book of religion and that Einstein merely writes science. There may be religion in Einstein and there may be science in Ezekiel. Dr. Thomson himself talks about a "penumbra"—a "still half-conquered territory'—"a zone between light and shade", and he says that "psychic science" is "penumbral". But is it only a question of the "penumbra"? What if true Science and true Faith should embrace the whole of life?

Dr. Thomson calls for "a frontier commission" which will "render unto Science the tribute that is its due; and to God the things that are HIS". The delimitation of the penumbra he would refer, as it were, to the League of Nations, or the Hague Court. That is seeing life, not whole, but dual. And, as a solution, does it meet the case? Here, on this planet, are some hundreds of millions of people who say that they believe Jesus to be not good only but God. Their adherence to a dogma so stupendous may be, in many cases, nominal. Their worship and their obedience may be perfunctory. But it is by their formulas that they must be judged. That Jesus "emptied Himself" and so lived as man, is Pauline theology. But it is also Pauline theology that in Him was latent at all times, past, present and future, the fullness of the Godhead and that in Him should be summed up, not a selection of things, determined by Science, but all things, in heaven and on earth. Many Protestants would say that, in this, it is Paul and not Paul's Master that speaks. But no Catholic could believe less and remain a Catholic. And it is with Catholics as well as Protestants and with Fundamentalists as well as Modernists that Science has to deal.

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One idea is to reserve the material for the domain of Science and leave the spiritual to the domain of Religion. And between the material and the spiritual, Dr. Thomson assuredly presents a masterly differentiation. In language of genuine eloquence, he declares that energy, whatever form it assumes—and energy is the Greek God Proteus—is "conserved" strictly in amount. One moment, it may be heat. At another moment, it may be electricity. But its total does not change. That is, of course, a dogma. And apparently, it applies as much to radium which distributes energy as it does to lead, out of which energy has been distributed. Assuming then that the aggregate of energy is constant, what about thought? What about love? What about joy and peace and hope? Here are energies which, to exact science, are entirely imponderable. You cannot weigh them. You cannot count them in billions of atoms and molecules. They are independent of distance and of time and of measurement. They are outside the equation that conserves. You may know everything about the whole world and yet you may know nothing of your own soul. Even so simple a phenomenon as telepathy or thought transference, when presented to science by Sir Gilbert Murray, and attested by Lord Balfour, leaves the pundits without either an explanation to offer or an idea that any explanation will ever be forthcoming. It is, simply, "a miracle".

So far as it goes, that argument appears to be conclusive. It proves, for instance, that the theories of Einstein do not affect or explain what St. Paul called "the fruits of the Spirit". Relativity is a principle applied to matter in motion. But love, joy and peace are due to something which—whatever it be—is not matter, as matter is discerned by our faculties and the instruments which we use as aids to our observation. Einstein may argue, if he wishes, with Newton. But it is only over the material of which he has knowledge that he can have any argument with Christ. It would simplify the case if we could say that Jesus left the control of matter to the regular working of natural law. But unless we are to tear the records to ribands, we must recognize that this is precisely what He declined to do. He was "the Word"—meaning the Idea which according to Dr. Thomson transcends the energies of matter—but He was the Word made

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flesh. He wept material tears, yielded material sweat and shed material blood. He thus meets Einstein and all scientists on their own ground. The Cross meant that He submitted to natural law. But He did not thus submit until, according to the records, He had asserted, both for Himself and for His disciples, the power and, under God's guidance, the obligation to work miracles. The theory that, in His miracles, Christ acted according to material laws of which He had a knowledge denied to us, is certainly not His account of the matter. What He emphasized was that God's will is paramount over matter.

Nor is this merely a question for antiquarians, whether inside or outside of the Sunday School. In a France generally critical of faith, a million pilgrims annually visit Lourdes. And at Lourdes, more miracles of physical healing are attested by trained physicians, without being challenged by Science, than were ever described or indicated in the New Testament. That matter is controlled by mind is among the axioms of auto-suggestion. In other words, Fate is not master of man. But man is master of Fate. It is to some such conclusion that we appear to be led by the reasoning of Dr. Thomson himself. With the delightful humor which frequently flashes over these pages, he says:

> One may take three observations of a comet and three of a cat, but it is safer to predict the date of the comet's return than to tell how the cat will jump.

In other words, there is a limit to "the discovery of laws or general formulæ which will enable us to say: 'If this, then that'." There are laws which Science defines. But there is also something beyond Law, namely Will, which is beyond all our calculations. Let us agree that the cat was created by evolution. Let us further agree that secretions from appropriate glands stimulate the sensations of the cat. Even if all that be so, the cat is still unaccountable to any molecule when it jumps. Mankind also, like the cat, insists on jumping. And God also, though subject to His own laws, has the same right of action as the cat which He created. In denying this, Science has pressed the claim of predestination to an extreme surely amazing. To man's free will, there are obvious limits. But to contend that the Almighty has no free will at all, is to reduce Him and us all to mere machines.

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The alternative to an inevitable machine is a possible miracle. It is natural enough that, as a Scientist, Dr. Thomson should talk about God obeying His own laws. But it sometimes happens that scientists like saints lead a double life. These very demons of logic preach the dogma known as the survival of the fittest. And they then spend their energies in hospitals which are consecrated to the survival of the unfit. So with the fanatics for natural law. They are one thing as scientists and another as human beings. A physicist, who out-Calvins Calvin by declaring that all life is predetermined by the inevitable interaction of protons and electrons, is an excellent golfer, a kindly father and a romantic husband. If you were to tell him that he lives by natural law and has no faculty of choice, he would agree with you in the class-room, and laugh at you the moment that he got outside.

This attempt to subject the Supreme Being to the laws of gravity is, indeed, no novelty of the Twentieth Century. It is an old foe, draped in new trappings. The attempt to reconcile free will and predestination has been perennial for thousands of years. It involves, not species alone and astronomy, but prayer. It is as much a challenge to the Sermon on the Mount as it is a challenge to the miracles. We try to draw a distinction between forgiveness of sins or avoidance of temptation and walking on the water or raising the dead. No such distinction was drawn by Christ. To cure a drug addict is just as hard as to cure cancer. To convert the soul is just as definite a reversal of law as it is to convert water into wine. The philosophy which declares that law is supreme may be "scientific". But it is merely Mosaic and indeed Islamic. It is the deification of Fate as God. And in considering the Mosaic Law, from which, as from Scientific Law, there was to be no escape, we must remember that there was a mitigation provided by sacrifice of bulls and goats. The atonement in the Temple may have been inadequate to the conscience. But, at least, it was attempted. It indicated that, under a universe of law, man could not live and retain his sanity. As Christ on the cross confronted Sinai, so now—according to His Church—does He confront Science. Between the pitiless inevitabilities of cause and effect, He interposes an Atonement.

Take Professor Thomson himself as a subject for vivisection.

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Lay him out on the table, and then dissect him. He argues for the majesty of natural law. And then he adds three learned appendices on relativity, the quantum theory and states of matter by "my youngest son, David Landsborough Thomson, M.A., B.Sc." Do we not discern in that acknowledgment a touch of true parental pride? Is not "my youngest son" at least as important to our professor as the theories of relativity, of quantum and of states of matter, all put together? Scientists, like Saviours, are "both human and divine". After all, around a fireside, they are not such very terrible fellows. If they teach a law too heavy to be borne, they act as if the real fulfilment of law in their own relations were love. It was from the human father that Jesus, as it were, argued His way to God. And he taught His disciples that it is love which, in one word, defines the Supreme Being. Is love bound by a material law? None of us would say so. The defiance of law by love is a theme of poetry, biography and utmost realism. If God be mind, creating and controlling matter, then it is love that deals with natural law. That law is doubtless an expression of love. But is love to have no expression save determinable routine?

The real mystery in life lies far deeper than physical miracles. To explain them is mere child's-play compared with the task of determining the how and the why and the what of evil. That is the inner riddle to be solved. And towards its solution, it cannot be said that Professor Thomson, with his academic speculations, has furnished a signpost. It would be untrue to say that he has cut out Hamlet from the play of *Hamlet*. But he has omitted Iago from the play of *Othello*. Whence came Iago? And by what law was he permitted to be? Why is this world out of joint? Elucidate that secret; and you get somewhere.

For I fear that this interesting book will be for the few alone. The multitude is still "accursed", not knowing the laws, whether of Moses or of Einstein. We laugh, we cry, we marry, we pray, we sin, we repent, we love, we hate; nor do we ask the how, the why, the whence or the whither. We may be right—we may be wrong—but most of us think it more important to live than to know by what concatenations of atoms our life is sustained within us.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

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REVOLUTION AND PATRIOTISM

THE SOCIOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION. By William McDougal. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE NEW BARBARIANS. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

If the study of sociology should result in the discovery of fixed and comprehensive laws governing the group behavior of mankind, a curious paradox would seem to follow. For if such laws existed, the study of them would be futile—except for the satisfaction of what Veblen has named "idle curiosity"—since the laws would operate inevitably, whether understood or not. In point of fact, however, all that these "laws" appear to tell us is that this or that will be the outcome unless we *will* otherwise. There is, thus, in almost every sociological discussion an ethical implication, which becomes more prominent at critical times.

Such a time is the present. The disappointment of the hope, very natural under all the circumstances, that the millennium would begin the moment the war was over, the almost insuperable difficulties encountered in adjusting international relations, the critical internal conditions of many European nations, the collapse of Russia, and finally the appearance in many countries, even in the United States, of threatening subversive tendencies—all these causes have stimulated thinking of the ethical type and have demonstrated the need of it.

The great work performed by Professor Sorokin in his work on the sociology of revolutions appears to be in reality the stripping of camouflage from revolutionary propaganda. It is true that he looks at revolution from a purely scientific point of view, regarding it as a natural phenomenon—something that is bound to occur when the conditions are right, just as does the eruption of a volcano. It is, in point of fact, an uprush of inherited instincts that have been suppressed or unduly "cramped". These inherited dispositions are certain to prevail over acquired habits of thought and behavior. They carry all before them—traditions, law, morality, religion—and this result is inevitable from the very nature of the forces involved. "Secondary reactions" cannot

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stand against "primary reactions". Such is the teaching of psychology, and such are the observed facts in all great revolutions. But it may be questioned whether the chief value of Professor Sorokin's book lies, after all, in this naturalistic view of the subject, necessary as this may be for the sake of objectivity and clearness.

To adopt a principle stated by the late Charles Peirce, questions that involve human responsibility or "free will" are not really questions of fact but rather questions of the *arrangement* of facts. We may arrange the facts regarding crime, for example, so as to give the meaning, "It is impossible but that offences will come", or we may arrange them so as to mean, "Woe to those through whom they come!" And both views will be correct. Similarly, we may arrange the facts regarding revolution so as to stress the idea that revolution is a natural phenomenon certain to occur under the appropriate circumstances—and this will be the true view for a ruler; or we may arrange them so as to mean that revolution, being the release of the lower instincts in large masses of men and being fated to pass through certain profitless and painful phases, is in no way a means to the "good life", but an irrational and baneful thing from which we should all seek to be delivered—and this view (which assumes control of the future) is the natural and true view for a citizen.

From this latter point of view it is the *meaning* rather than the (ultimate) causation of revolution that is important, and the meaning is revealed by Professor Sorokin as perhaps no other writer has revealed it.

To write against revolution is not so superfluous a task as it may seem to those who desire above all things peace and order. In the abstract, most men would deplore the overthrow of the existing social order, but under the appropriate conditions the concrete revolutionary movement will always have its well-nigh irresistible appeal for many. Make men aware that revolution is invariably "a bad method for the improvement of the material and spiritual condition of the masses". Prove by facts that while "verbally promising the realization of many of the greatest values, it actually leads as often and as much to opposite results". Show that "whatever gains it yields are purchased at a prodigious

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and disproportionate cost". And make clear, as Professor Sorokin has done, that all this is true not merely of particular revolutions, but of revolution in general. Then you will have done something to increase the power of those restraints which are necessary to the welfare of society.

But it is not enough to be anti-revolutionary; it is necessary also to have a true conception of the value of nationhood. Here again the facts, scientifically and historically interpreted, must be relied upon to guide that moral purpose in mankind without which, it may be assumed, all knowledge and all effort would be vain. Surely, the serpent will bite without enchantment, and if men were utterly selfish or by nature traitorous, neither psychology nor history could change them a whit. But for normal persons there is inspiration in the account that Professor McDougal gives of nationhood in general and of the United States in particular. When we examine the facts, when we compare nationality with its alternatives, with anarchy or with a hypothetical world-state, we are fairly driven to the conclusion that "nations are indispensable means to the good life for the masses of mankind". They furnish the only available means of harmonizing the social impulse and that of self-assertion and mastery. Nations, being historic growths, cannot be destroyed without irreparable loss. Though not perfect, they cannot be torn down and rebuilt, like mere mechanisms.

The echo in our emotions of this historic and organic character of the nation is patriotism. In another book, Professor McDougal has gone so far as to deny the value of all universal systems of morality and to found ethical consciousness in national consciousness. Without conceding the whole of this thesis, one may agree that patriotism is an important element in moral consciousness; that without it most men are, morally speaking, but half alive. And one may add that no one has labored to better effect than has Professor McDougal to find the deepest and surest foundation for this sentiment.

The hard-won unity of the United States of America is a real thing. Manifold causes help to make us one, both physically and spiritually. Unity of purpose has on the whole prevailed from the beginning. Americans have proved the strength of their

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determination to be a united nation and to make that nation a political and social democracy.

This unity is precious not only for reasons that give value to all nationhood, but especially because of the democratic character of our government and our life. For democracy, as Professor McDougal points out, is not a mere accident or an experiment; it is of the very essence of nationality. The highest type of nation, the fullest form of nationality, cannot exist without it. "A true nation is a people so organized that all its members take part in its deliberations and decisions, are influenced by and in turn play their due part in the moulding of public opinion, the final arbiter in all questions of public policy. That is to say, a people can advance beyond the first steps in the scale of nationhood only by achieving democratic organization."

Briefly, then, the American Union, as an accomplished fact, represents the continuous and successful workings of a purpose to secure under democratic institutions the largest possible measure of the "good life" for great masses of people, and as such it is no mere fiction or accident, but an august reality.

Toward complete nationhood, however, one further step, thinks Professor McDougal, needs to be taken. The aspect of national unity most difficult for any democracy to attain is unity with respect to foreign affairs, and this is for America peculiarly hard. "The American Nation," says this candid critic, "has consistently displayed a naïve self-righteousness, a child-like belief in the purity and nobility of all its aims and actions in relation to other States, and a primitive, uncritical conviction of its moral superiority to all other States. At the same time it has naturally displayed a correlative childish impatience at all criticism coming from outside, a touchiness and petulance unbecoming to a great nation, and an incapacity to exert impartial moral judgment in international affairs." Whether or not this picture, when we actually contrast American diplomacy with that of certain more "mature" nations, seems overdrawn, few would dissent from the view that a wider and sounder knowledge of foreign affairs, and a greater disposition loyally to accept all treaties that have been constitutionally made, would be of advantage to the United States as a nation.

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In its comprehensiveness and wide grasp of the situation, in its energetic frankness, and its essential justice and tolerance, Professor Abbott's book is remarkable. Never lapsing into the attitude of the *laudator temporis acti*, nor confining himself to what might be called a technical criticism of political or economic doctrines, the author aims to outline the facts and to find the cause. "We all," writes Professor Abbott, "admit the evils of unrestricted capitalism, and seek to stamp it out." To that extent we are all Socialists! But "capitalism" is not the real root of our discontent. The principal cause is, in fact, "overproduction of the human species wherever industrialism has gone". The whole problem, from jazz music to Communistic propaganda, is really a problem of masses.

This situation, which is a very real and serious one, faces equally the "proletariat" and the "bourgeoisie". It is manifestly impossible to end it by abolishing industrialism or by exterminating a part of the population! Nor does the situation involve any necessary opposition between the classes. Both together are involved in it, and both must work it out. The real conflict is not a battle of one "class" against another, or of rival "interests", such as labor and capital. It is a conflict of equalitarianism with democracy. No point seems better worth stressing than this. "Socialism" is the name of a doctrine; "Radicalism" is the name of a tendency which may be only liberalism, progressiveness, or an eagerness for prompt reform; but "equalitarianism" is the name of a spirit—it is the pervasive thing everywhere, the breaker-down of distinctions, the voice of the crowd *as a crowd*.

To demonstrate the theoretical unsoundness of Socialism, of large programmes of nationalization, of Syndicalism, of the "economic State", seems not so important as to define the issue between equalitarianism and democracy. The real distinguishing mark of all these proposals is the doctrine of "equality of enjoyment, of the right of every individual to have his equal share not only of the material rewards of life but of its amusements". Opposed to the ideal of "leisure and pleasure in ample measure"—an ideal which in practice turns out to be almost wholly materialistic—is the democratic ideal of equality of effort and of obligation. "The real problem of social equality," writes Professor Abbott, "is to

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substitute for the ideal of a life with little work or none a spirit of endeavor to do and be something better than we are . . . This doctrine of equal endeavor must replace the principle of equal amusement among the modern moralities, whether of rich or poor."

The equalitarian spirit would abolish or radically alter our present institutions. That is its remedy for a situation which is indeed, as has been said, serious enough. Or, to state the case perhaps more exactly, this spirit finds its opportunity in the industrial situation already described. But it is one of the fallacies of the classic Socialism to suppose that this remedy is the only one possible and the one destined to be put into effect. The "dependence of the bourgeoisie upon the proletariat" has proved to be a fiction, and, indeed, instead of a dragging-down of the bourgeoisie to the level of the proletariat, what we have seen and what we are likely to see is rather a gradual elevation of large numbers of the proletariat to the level of the middle class.

Nor is it correct to suppose that the latter class has no fighting spirit and no programme. Just the contrary is the case. The middle class in this country appears to be energetic and fearless. The contented democratic part of the population far outnumbers the discontented Radicals, and if it possesses no definite unalterable programme and no doctrinaire theory, it has been the author of many reforms and of much progress. Even a partial enumeration is impressive. On the industrial side we have profit-sharing, share in management, stock distribution, group insurance, workman's compensation. As a part of the social and humanitarian effort, we have hospitals, public sanitation; public schools and universities, public libraries, churches and missions, boys' clubs, settlement work, Americanization.

Will the programme succeed! If not, it would seem that the high value of nationhood which Professor McDougal has so convincingly described would be lost, the indestructible union would be destroyed, and we should begin one of those fatal cycles which Professor Sorokin has outlined. The success of the alternative policies proposed would amount, in fact, to revolution. There are many signs that the democratic programme will finally prove adequate. If only we can keep America "the land of opportu-

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nity", if only reasonable "equality of opportunity" remains, if only the effort to raise the standard of living and of culture among the less fortunate be not frustrated by economic causes, there need be no fear of revolution.

Glancing back over the considerations discussed, one cannot help being once more impressed with the idea that every sociological problem involves the ethical element. Revolution is chiefly a moral disaster. The nation is preëminently a moral and spiritual unity, a union of purpose. Though the assault upon democracy carried on by the "new barbarians" has its economic cause, its fallacy lies primarily in its lack of a sound moral foundation. If such treatises as those just passed in review profit us, it is not because history or psychology furnishes us with new methods of controlling events, but rather because they reveal the true meaning of facts and ideas and enable us to pass moral judgments upon the situation before us.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

STARK YOUNG

GLAMOUR: ESSAYS ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Stark Young's latest book, *Glamour: Studies in the Art of the Theatre*, places him as the one critic of our theatre who brings to it a broad, deep conception of the theatre as an art and an expression of life and who views its possibilities and shortcomings in the light of a greater theatre, which is the fundamental form to which all civilizations and nations and movements have contributed. He has no stereotyped humor nor pseudo-destructive criticism to cover over any gaps of knowledge and insight. The anecdotal side of the theatre is left entirely alone. His reader remains before the stage itself, seeing and sensing every movement and the implications of gesture, hearing the overtones of the sentences spoken there; and the reader realizes that he has never seen nor been shown the theatre in this light before. His mind is a maze of vivid impression,

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subtle suggestion, sharp contrasts, all interwoven in a great pattern of a larger yet clearly and sharply projected theatre.

I think Mr. Young's writing of the theatre is like the acting of Duse, of whom he writes a second—one recalls his "Letter to Duse" in his earlier volume *The Flower in Drama*—and a more profound and glowingly beautiful tribute to her genius:

> To people for whom Duse's art was a power and a new impulse of life, her supreme quality was what lay behind no art in particular, but behind all art, the response to life. The poet, the musician, the painter and architect, and actor or dancer, and the saint, also, whose life and ways possess the continuity and creative passion of art, all draw life to them by their capacity for it. In them life is gathered, it refracts, simplifies, finds out its essential and eternal principle or idea and a new body for it, and so goes on. And in Duse of all artists people most felt the thing they most respond to in all living, an infinity of tragic wonder and tenderness.

He speaks of Duse as expressing the greatest living, the keenest sensitivity. So, of American critics of the theatre, he expresses the greatest living, the deepest sensitivity. He is an impressionist in the sense that all art impresses in him a subtle, responsive medium that translates it in its own terms, its own perspective, in which its idea lives again in its peculiar depth and color. That is impressionism far different from writing one's particular impressions of a special work; for Mr. Young's sensibility involves a pattern of life, an underlying and overarching conception, just as deep living and sensibility reflect and do not refract the images of life. And as art is the essence of life, reflection can impart to us far more than refraction. Pure reflection is the artist as Leonardo da Vinci would have him and the perfect reader as Mr. Percy Lubbock imagines him. Mr. Young is the perfect spectator and listener of the theatre.

His latest studies have a greater depth and inclusiveness than his earlier studies in *The Flower in Drama*, which was a cross-section of our theatrical life caught in gem-like clarity from its passing phases and set down in its wider and deeper connection. He has included more observation in a more profound analysis of the elements in the art of the theatre. His criticism is concentrating; the farther reaches are being drawn into a broad central stream that follows a course like a work of art itself.

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What he has achieved is the classic, "the poetry of the individual soul set forth with reticent intensity in universal forms."

The peculiar quality of his vibrant mind is that his observations and reflections are so present and yet timeless. Both *Glamour* and *The Flower in Drama* are wholly of the theatre today,—even when he writes of the Greek theatre,—yet when one puts them down, it is with a feeling that one has walked in realms of the theatre, that one has overlooked from a great height all the life that crowds the theatre and is there transformed. This height is not aloofness; it is rather poetical participation, a journey in which our wonder leaves in us a sense of vivid reality and far away beauty, the puzzled contemplation of a soul like that shy poet and boy in "Sophocles' Guest" that has surged with emotion and feels both the presence and distance of what has touched it:

> The boy sits there by his window looking out on the mountains, Lykabettos, and the long slopes of Pentelicos, and the country around. The light lies yellow on them, on the walls of the town; the Bay of Salamis stretching to the southwest grows darker and bluer. The lines of this world he looks upon are clear and final; they establish a final relationship together. He feels a still and lucid power among his thoughts, as if life were all pure space seen in the light and music of his contemplation. And sitting there he sees the wonderful night come on. Over the sad land he sees the stars rise. And to-night at least, watching them in the clear heavens and the forms they take, he thinks not on the mystery but on the pattern of his soul.

In the midst of much widespread writing for the merely expedient, endless comment and observation that hide a lack of grounding and ideas, but impart a cheap individuality to the writer, the work of Mr. Young stands out as clear light after a mist, a little bewildering at first as is sharp intelligent conversation after a group of bores. His is a mind that searches the fundamentals of art. Every art has its own terms in which to express itself and can be judged only so far as it has completely expressed itself in these terms. To speak of art as a divine result independent of any craft, of technique, is to lose sight of the fact that it is precisely in the complete exploitation of its craft that any art rises through and above life. There is reality that is the flower and not exact reproduction. "If one aims only at the beautiful the

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flower is sure to appear." That is reassuring if one knows and can judge the beautiful. It is elusive, so dependent at times on realities about us; we see it all about us and feel it in us in happiness; in sadness it is a dream, a hope, far-distant, and austere. But the beautiful can be the sum of all life, not a collection of objects striking us as beautiful. It can be the poetry of prosaic life. Reality it has because it is founded on life, but imagination gives it depth and breadth and over-arching luminosity. The beautiful is reached by moving in terms of reality about us to the greater truth of something eternal that art gives back to life.

Mr. Young possesses above all a great breadth of learning, a remarkable assimilation of tradition. He knows the theatre and its plays of many countries, and his knowledge moves evenly through all periods and changes in the theatre. There is no classical learning, mere accumulation of Greek and Latin literary modes. He absorbs the deeper meaning of a past civilization. He looks into the life that stirred and pushed, which an earlier art expressed. That expression has life and vitality behind it; it is to be felt, not studied. The theatre of the Elizabethans, the Italian, the Spanish, the French, the Russian, the Japanese, he has been moved by all of them; he has felt their special qualities in the life they have acted. He is at home in them in the sense that he carries to them all a sensitive vibration to beauty. He asks what it is they are trying to express, wherein does it fit the larger order of things. He brings them a mind that understands their efforts in the light of the theatre in which is expressed all life that can be expressed in its terms. His is a lonely if powerful voice raised in the interest of acting as a craft based on technique, and whose analysis not only penetrates to the fundamentals but also establishes the relationship of acting to music, to the rhythm of speech, to the realities of the theatre, and to the history and spirit of the play. His sympathy in the theatre is wide and deep; in fact his breadth and confinement give him his depth because he possesses knowledge of many theatres while that knowledge remains of the theatre as it expresses life. As broad as his knowledge of the drama is, he ever brings that knowledge to bear on and illuminate the movement, the shortcomings and possibilities of an American drama. He seizes on every lack and merit in our

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theatre, judging them in the light of the ideal of great art, of permanency, the abstract pattern, universality.

Stark Young writes of the theatre first of all as an art that has its own terms and expression. It has its medium, as every art has, and must work in terms of it. There is little use of one's bemoaning the fact that the theatre cannot spread the canvas of the novel or attain the purity of music or the flowing change of the permanence of architecture. It is theatre. It is an expression of life that has its possibilities and limitations. It is harried by an audience that knows too much about it, by actors unsound in technique and without idea, and by writers guided in their work by the general condition of the theatre. And the critics to whom we should be able to look for more significant judgment, a criterion of a period in art risen from art's vast store of experience and far-reaching tradition, write about the literature of the theatre, about personalities that flicker and die out; and they write pages of observations that not only indicate a relapse of imagination but also leave a feeling that they know nothing of life but a photographic reality. In Stark Young one is both at rest and constantly stimulated. It is restful to understand through another the fundamentals of an art. One knows the language and can now learn to speak its dialect. The mental poise of a well-grounded and adjusted outlook bears fruit in deeper insight to life, a narrower acceptance of but wider sympathy with life, greater intensity and contemplation rather than in action, and a reality in the poetry of the imagination which is "a soul in reality". This soul in reality is the stimulus of a restful mind.

Mr. Young is a pagan in his love of beauty in life and his conception of a higher morality founded not on repression but on release of the spirit. Life is a vital thing to him, rich in color and contrast and the heat of living; and yet as closely as he feels life he stands aloof from it, not in any sense of withdrawal but in a sense of intense contemplation. Life of the earth is real and hard; no "lost stars" can live that life, with their inability to evolve from reality a spiritual life; its closeness and openness and breadth make for a higher abstract, a wider pattern.

In recalling life that has moved in past ages, he feels that life so intensely that the reality of it becomes one for his reader. His

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prose has an earnestness and strong dignity far more effective than any imploring appeal to remember the past. It is not a dead past to him. It is an eternity ever presenting a new side. He feels the continuity of life in its shifting aspects through the centuries and his contemplation is not the reflection of a period in history but the reflection of a mind imbued in the continuous theme of the infinite variation of life. He sees beauty in reality and in spirit. He has the power to make the real seem spiritual and the spiritual real. He thinks of religion as he does of dramatic art, as an expression founded on life and yet above life, a vital emotion wherever life exists, varying in outward form but ever the same in spirit. Acting becomes art when it ceases to be life, he has written; and just so does any art become art; but art must possess the vitality of life and this he will not have dried up in academic sterility. As Vernon Lee wrote, even if a character does not act, it must be intensely. In his approach to the theatre it is knowledge of the continuity of dramatic art that is Mr. Young's own vitality and it marks him off in his peculiar quality of finding poetry in reality and reality in poetry.

His is a vibrant prose of colors and contrasts, balanced, realistic in precision of detail, yet, in the choice and order of detail and his tendency toward the ideal and abstract, natural, if by natural I can convey the idea of realism without a prepossession of details and restraint without classicism's priggishness. His prose has an evenness and balance which give at times a chant-like flow, sometimes monotonous and wearisome, even affected, but at other times stately; one feels the air and settled centuries of Italy in a calm, understanding mind.

Mr. Young is a poet writing criticism of the theatre. His poetry is his clarity and depth, his sparseness but greater precision of detail, his form to which he shapes the life he feels, and his searching mind that illuminates that form through closer truth in imagination. When he speaks of attaining beauty through and above the reality about us, one thinks of his own attainment through the realities of the theatre. He has penetrated to the "soul in reality", which in any art is its profound relation to the other arts and its final identification with the art of life.

EDWARD HUSSEY.

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